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JAMES THE SECOND;

OR,

THE REVOLUTION OF 1688.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

EDITED BY

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ILLUSTRATED BY R. W. BUSS.

BOOK III.

II.

HOW THE EARL OF SUNDERLAND CONFORMED TO THE CATHOLIC FAITH.

"THIS constant opposition of Lord Sunderland is intolerable," observed Father Petre, as he and Barillon were closeted one evening with the king. "I wonder your majesty bears it so submissively. Never was it more necessary than in our case for a sovereign to remind his ministers of the somewhat trite maxim, that 'union is strength.'"

"If you all made it a rule to agree with me in opinion," rejoined James, drily, "you would rather be flatterers than counsellors. Your reverence recollects, perhaps, the instance of Canute and his courtiers."

"I am no flatterer, my liege," replied Father Petre, somewhat piqued; "and though I may sometimes venture to differ from you, I should think I very imperfectly discharged my duty by cavilling at all your projects, especially when, as in the present instance, there can be no question as to their necessity and propriety."

"Sunderland is too cautious by half," muttered Barillon.

"Some people say it would be well for me if there were a greater leaven of caution in my council," said James, sharply. "Many good Catholics warn me that I am moving too fast."

"Such is not the opinion of your majesty's most approved friend and brother, my august sovereign," returned Barillon. "He applauds your pious schemes, and urges you to prosecute them with unremitting vigour. But your majesty can scarcely expect that measures which have for their aim the welfare of the Catholic faith will have the support of a heretic."

"Sunderland will not favour our religion, certainly," said James, in a musing tone. "I cannot trust him on that point. Yet it is strange the countenance he receives from Catholics—even from the Pope himself."

"His holiness is more of a politician than a churchman," said Barillon. "But Sunderland will be found a traitor to all. Has not the countess been discovered in correspondence with the Prince of Orange?"

"The woman who would be faithless to her husband may well be faithless to her king," observed James, slightly shrugging his shoulders.

"Sunderland sits very easily under the imputation," pursued Barillon, with a sneer. "But a sense of your majesty's peril compels me to speak

boldly. You must hear the undisguised and unpalatable truth. Hesitation and dissension in your councils will endanger your throne."

"Your excellency shall hear the truth from me in return," rejoined James. "I believe I shall lose my throne in the attempt, but even at that hazard I am determined to re-establish the religion of Rome."

"You will find the most formidable opponent of your design in your own cabinet, my liege," said Father Petre. "Your excellency will, perhaps, acquaint his majesty with what Lord Sunderland told you this morning," he added to Barillon.

"Speak out fearlessly," said James, as the ambassador pretended to hesitate.

"After inveighing warmly against the unjustifiable (as he termed it) prosecution of the bishops," said Barillon, "his lordship expressed his determination to resist in future every measure calculated to be detrimental to the established church of this country."

"Ha! did he so?" exclaimed James, with a sudden explosion of passion. "Then I will soon teach him another lesson. I will strip him of his honours and appointments. To-morrow shall witness his dismissal."

"Why not to-night?" suggested Father Petre. "He is now closeted with the queen, endeavouring to bring her over to his views. Will your majesty authorise me to inform him of your intentions."

"I will do it myself," rejoined James, sternly. "I will spare him nothing of his merited punishment. Come with me, and witness his disgrace."

And rising, he hastily quitted the closet, followed by the Jesuit and Barillon.

About an hour previous to the interview above narrated, Sunderland had sought a private conference with the queen, in her cabinet.

"Your majesty will believe that I would not seek you at this hour if my business permitted delay," he said. "I find that my enemies in the council, aided by the French ambassador, are prevailing against me. You, madam, I am well aware, are pleased to entertain a favourable opinion of me, and on some points I should feel assured, also, of the countenance of the king. But there is one question on which I am opposed to him, and my opponents will undoubtedly avail themselves of it to effect my dismissal."

"I understand your allusion, my lord," replied Mary. "Alas! since you oppose the re-establishment of the Catholic church, you deprive me of the power of assisting you."

"But suppose I should incontestably prove myself the friend of your religion, instead of its enemy," said Sunderland, "what would your majesty say then?"

"How can you prove it, my lord?" demanded Mary. "No heretic—forgive me for applying such a term to you—can be a real friend of our religion."

"Your majesty is now a mother," rejoined Sunderland. "Not only is the throne of your consort, but the birthright of your royal son, is risked by this contest, and I solemnly warn you that any attempt to subvert the established church of England will result in the downfal of your line. It is this conviction that induces me to oppose the king's wishes, although, I repeat, I am eager to support the Catholic religion. In proof of my sincerity, if you will order your chaplain to be in attendance to-morrow morning, he shall witness my conformity to the religion of Rome."

"Ah! that, indeed, would be proof of your sincerity, my lord," cried Mary, joyfully. "Who has been the happy instrument of your conversion?"

"Your majesty," replied Sunderland, with an air of deep conviction. "The arguments you have used have sunk deeply into my heart, and have satisfied me that the religion of Rome is the only true faith."

"Heaven keep you in that belief, my lord," cried Mary, extending her hand to him, which he pressed respectfully to his lips. "But why defer the execution of your pious project till to-morrow? The Père d'Orleans shall attend you instantly in my private chapel."

"I am as eager for my reconciliation with your church as your majesty can be for it," returned Sunderland.

"Remain here, then, my lord, and I will summon you as soon as all is in readiness," rejoined Mary.

And quitting the room, she left the wily minister to reflect upon the extraordinary step he was about to take. In a short time a page entered, and informing him that the queen awaited him in the private chapel, he immediately repaired thither.

Attended by Father Petre and Barillon, James proceeded to the queen's apartments, and, on the way, crossed a side passage leading to the private chapel. To his surprise, he heard the voices of the choristers chanting high mass, and summoning an usher stationed at the door, he asked the meaning of this unusual service, and was informed that it was the ceremonial of the admission of a neophyte to the church of Rome, but who the convert was the man could not say, except that he was a personage of exalted rank.

"You see, father, that our religion is making progress," said the king, with a gratified smile. "Who can the noble convert be?"

"I hope not a time-server and a hypocrite," cried Father Petre, a sudden suspicion of the truth crossing his mind.

As he spoke, the folding doors were thrown open, disclosing the interior of the chapel, blazing with light, and fragrant with incense, while before the altar, which was decorated with the sacred utensils, knelt the convert. On one side of him stood the queen, and on the other, the Père d'Orleans, in his full robes, and in the act of pronouncing a solemn benediction. At this moment the organ burst forth into a full peal, and the neophyte arising to receive the priest's embrace, disclosed the features of Sunderland. The ceremony over, the group descended from the altar, and James, who was filled with astonishment, advanced to meet them.

"Can I trust the evidence of my senses, my lord?" he said to Sunderland. "Have you, indeed, renounced your errors, and conformed to the true religion?"

"He has, my liege," replied Mary. "And after this, you cannot doubt the zeal and sincerity of your minister."

"It were impossible," replied James. "I came here to upbraid him, and, perhaps, dismiss him, but I will load him with higher honours."

Father Petre and Barillon exchanged glances of anger and mortification, while James, passing his arm affectionately over Sunderland's shoulder, and taking the queen's hand in his own, led the way towards the private apartments.

III.

LADY PLACE.

Lady Place, near Hurley, in Berkshire, a large pile of red brick, boasting little architectural beauty, but embosomed in a grove of noble trees, was erected in the reign of Elizabeth, by Richard Lovelace, a soldier of fortune, on the ruins of an ancient monastery, some remains of which were preserved in the western wing, and in the vaults of the mansion. An avenue of fine elms led to the hall, which, though situated on a gentle eminence about a quarter of a mile distant from the Thames, and overlooking a wide range of country, was extremely secluded.

At the period of this history, Lady Place was the seat of Lord Lovelace, an active partisan of the Protestant interest, who had long been regarded with suspicion by James's government.

In a vast subterranean vault beneath the great hall, which, from its size, and the remarkable landscape frescoes (attributed even to Salvator Rosa) with which it was adorned, gave a singular character to the interior of the mansion, were one night assembled, the Earls of Shrewsbury, Devonshire, and Danby; and Lords Lumley and Lovelace; with Admiral Russell, Colonel Sidney, and the Bishop of London.

The vault was approached by more than one secret entrance, and a single lamp shed a feeble light around it, leaving the greater part in obscurity, though here and there a niche might be distinguished, which had once been occupied by a coffin—the chamber having been used as a place of sepulchre by the holy brotherhood who once inhabited the monastery of Hurley. The walls and arched and groined roof were blackened with age, and a damp, mouldy odour pervaded the atmosphere. In the centre was an oaken table, at which sat Sidney, holding in his hand a parchment, which he had just read aloud to the assemblage.

"Now, my lords," he concluded, "we must have no further hesitation. If you really desire the assistance of the Prince of Orange, you must sign this requisition to him."

"The tyrant must be deposed!" cried Lord Lovelace.

"Hush! hush!" exclaimed Shrewsbury, timidly glancing around to see that no one was hovering about in the gloom. "This invitation will endanger our heads."

"What is more, it leaves us entirely at the Prince of Orange's mercy," observed Danby. "I am not an advocate for deposing the king, and we ought to stipulate that the prince should have no power to interfere in our affairs, except under certain restrictions."

"By imposing conditions, my lord, you will prevent his coming over at all," said Sidney.

"Well, then," replied Shrewsbury, with an uneasy look, "why not confine ourselves to a mere verbal invitation? This will prevent confusion hereafter; and free us from the apprehension of premature discovery."

"This is child's play," cried Sidney. "I repeat, my lords, that the prince will not stir without a requisition from you. You must give him the guarantee of your hands and heads. As to restricting his authority, I am empowered to declare that his highness will be ruled in all things by a Parliament to be assembled on his arrival. But I am weary of so much vacillation; and I now declare, once for all, that if you do not sign this

parchment, I will withdraw from the confederacy, and leave you to fight for yourselves."

"Give me the pen," said the Bishop of London. "I will be the first to sign."

"We will all follow your lordship!" cried Russell.

And without further remark, they successively affixed their signatures to the document. Last of all, Sidney added his name to the list, when, as he took up the parchment, with a smile of triumph, a stone crucifix, placed in a niche in the adjoining wall, fell to the earth, with a dull, heavy sound.

"What is that?" cried several of the confederates, looking round in alarm.

"A good omen!" rejoined Lovelace. "Behold! the symbol of Rome lies prostrate."

"We accept the augury as favourable," said the Bishop of London.

"The coincidence is most strange!" exclaimed Sidney, advancing towards the fallen crucifix, when, to his surprise, he perceived the figure of a man standing within the niche. This person had evidently dislodged the cross by his approach.

"A spy here!" cried Sidney, springing forward, and dragging forth the intruder.

Exclamations were uttered by the conspirators, and several of them drew their swords.

"You then are the author of the miracle which we supposed had operated in our favour," cried Sidney. "Kindle a torch, and let me examine his features."

And as the light was brought, he recognised Lord Mauvesin.

"Ha! is it you, my lord?" cried Sidney, sternly. "Do you know the peril in which you are placed?"

"You fancy I am in your power, Colonel Sidney, but you are mistaken—you are in mine," answered Mauvesin, coolly. "The house is surrounded by troopers, under command of Colonel Trelawney. Snewin, the constable, awaits me without, and if I do not rejoin him in half an hour he will call in the dragoons, and conduct them here. You will then have to account for my disappearance, as well as for the purpose of your meeting."

There was a pause, during which the confederates regarded each other in silent dismay.

"I have no wish to disturb your deliberations, provided we can come to terms," resumed Mauvesin. "What I have to say is for your ear alone, Colonel Sidney."

"Follow me then, my lord, and remember that any attempt to escape will be followed by your instant destruction," replied Sidney, drawing his sword, and walking down the vault with him.

"I have obtained certain assurance that you favour the pretensions of Charles Moor," said Mauvesin, pausing as soon as they were out of earshot of the others. "Now I will suppose, for the sake of argument, that that that young man's claims to the Mauvesin inheritance are better than mine. It follows, in the event of a change in the government, that you might enable him to dispossess me."

"Shrewdly guessed, my lord," replied Sidney, drily.

"Will you pledge yourself to support me if I do not give you up to Trelawney?" said Mauvesin.

"Hem!" cried Sidney. "Well, I fancy there is no alternative," he added, after a moment's hesitation. "If you fulfil your engagement, Moor shall shift for himself; but should you practise any treachery, I will take care that the evidence I have collected is placed in his hands, and you will find it will quickly establish his claims."

"Have no fear of me," replied Mauvesin; "the coast shall be clear in less than half an hour."

And he was turning towards the recess, when a door was suddenly thrown open, and Charles Moor entered the vault.

Mauvesin muttered an imprecation and drew back, while Sidney and the other conspirators looked surprised and alarmed. Some drew their swords, and Lord Lovelace advanced with the torch so as to fling the light full on the face of the intruder.

"Colonel Sidney," cried Moor, undisturbed by the tumult around him, "I have come to warn you that the house is surrounded by troopers. Fly this instant, or you are lost; but before you pass, you must give me up the document you hold in your hands."

"Never with life," cried Sidney, firmly. "But how is it, Mr. Moor, that you take part against the Protestant church?"

"I deny that I am taking part against it," replied Moor. "On the contrary, I am ready to hazard my life in its service. But I will not abet treason to my sovereign."

"King James has forfeited his allegiance, and it is treason to your country to uphold him," returned Sidney.

"We shall not serve our country by delivering it up to a foreign invader," rejoined Moor. "But I will not argue with you, Colonel Sidney. Once for all, I command you to yield up that document to me. If you refuse, I will call in the soldiery."

"You had better consider how you are to execute your threat, young man," cried Lovelace, planting himself before him.

"You see that resistance will be vain, Mr. Moor," cried Sidney. "Since you have threatened to denounce us you must remain a prisoner."

"His death alone will effectually preserve your secret," cried Mauvesin.

"Right," rejoined Lovelace. "There is no help for it. He must die."

Other voices concurred in the decision.

"Blood will tarnish our cause, my lords," cried Sidney. "There is a cell at the other end of the vault, where the prisoner can be secured, and we can decide hereafter on what is to be done with him."

Mauvesin again expressed his dissatisfaction, but he was over-ruled by the others.

Moor was then removed to the other end of the vault, and thrust into a small cell contrived within the thickness of the wall, the door of which was instantly closed and barred without.

"Your time must have well nigh expired, my lord," said Sidney to Mauvesin. "Do not linger a moment longer, or Snewin may become alarmed, and defeat your schemes."

"Why not dispel my fears for ever, and at the same time secure your own safety?" said Mauvesin, in a low and significant tone, and glancing towards Moor's cell.

"I understand you, my lord," rejoined Sidney, sternly. "But know that I would hazard my own life as well as the success of the great enterprise I am engaged in, rather than countenance deliberate murder."



The Confederates alarmed by the appearance of Charles Moor in the Vaults of Lady Place

Mauvesin turned sullenly away, and entering the recess, disappeared through a secret passage leading to a chamber above, where he found Elkanah Snewin, and with this ally he hurried out to Colonel Trelawney, who had posted himself outside the garden with a party of troopers. Calling him forth, Mauvesin told him that he had been misinformed; that he and Snewin had thoroughly searched the house, and that no meeting of conspirators had taken place that night at Lady Place.

In ten minutes after this, Trelawney and his men were on their way to Henley-on-Thames, while Mauvesin lingered behind meditating some desperate scheme.

Shut up in the cell, Moor remained for a considerable time undisturbed; but after an interval of about an hour, when profound stillness reigned throughout the vault, he heard footsteps approaching, and presently afterwards, a wicket in the door was unlatched, and Sidney presented himself at it, with a light.

"I have just seen Mr. Saint-Leu, and learnt from him that he brought you here, Mr. Moor," said Sidney. "This alters my opinion of your conduct; for I was under the impression that you had been playing the spy. You have placed your life in jeopardy; and my object is, if possible, to preserve it. There is only one way in which I can ensure your safety."

"If that involves my concurrence in your designs, I must decline it, whatever hazard I may run," replied Moor.

"You mistake me," replied Sidney. "I do not ask you to sacrifice your principles. But I set out for Holland to-night, and if I leave you a prisoner here, I cannot be responsible for the consequences. Neither can I set you at liberty without compromising my confederates, and therefore it is necessary that you should accompany me. Will you go?"

"I am in no position to refuse you, colonel," answered Moor. "I will."

"Then, give me your word that you will not attempt escape," said Sidney.

Moor gave the required pledge, and setting down the lamp, Sidney unbarred the cell-door, and allowed him to come forth.

Without a word more, he led the way to an aperture in the wall, and creeping through it, entered a long, narrow passage in which they were scarcely able to stand upright, and traversing it, they arrived at length at another small opening, admitting them to a close, damp vault, half filled with old mouldering coffins.

At the upper end, a ladder led to a trap-door above, and they were mounting it, when a gleam of light suddenly shot along the wall, and instantly disappeared.

They listened a moment, but all was still, and cautiously raising the trap-door, Sidney led the way into what proved to be a church.

"Wait here a moment," he said, as they gained the transept. "I will return with the key, and in a few minutes you will be in safety."

Moor watched him descend through the trap-door, the light gleaming dimly on the ghostly walls of the church, which had originally formed the chapel of the convent, founded by Geoffrey de Mandeville, in the reign of William the Conqueror. The next moment the sacred structure was buried in darkness, and Moor was meditating on his situation, when he was suddenly seized from behind, and ere he could offer resistance, his arms were secured with a stout cord, and a bandage was passed over his head, so as effectually to stifle his cries. He was then hurried along,

despite his struggles to free himself, by two men, who dragged him out of the church, and forcing him to walk forward for nearly a quarter of a mile, brought him to the brink of the river, and then tumbling him into a boat, pushed off into the centre of the stream.

While they were thus occupied, Moor contrived to loosen the bandage from his mouth, and called lustily for help. Voices were heard answering from the road; and, muttering a terrible imprecation, one of the captors fell upon Moor, and endeavoured to stifle his outcries with his hands.

The moon was partially obscured, but a trace of light appeared, revealing the thickly-wooded shores, faced by tall reeds and flags, extending some distance into the water, but leaving the mid-stream in obscurity. As Mauvesin and his accomplice arrived here, they perceived a boat starting in pursuit of them; and, exchanging a hurried whisper, they quitted their oars, and seizing on Moor, threw him into the river.

For a moment the men gazed at the water in which, after a struggle, their victim had sunk, when, reminded of the approaching boat, they caught up their oars, and made for the opposite shore. At this juncture a splashing was heard, and Moor, who had contrived to free his hands from the cords, reappeared on the surface.

His enemies would willingly have knocked him on the head, but no time was allowed them for further violence, as the other boat was swiftly approaching, so, pulling ashore, they disappeared. The next moment the other boat came up, and its inmates, who proved to be Sidney and Saint-Leu, drew alongside Moor, and hauled him in.

Assisting him to a seat, they congratulated him on his escape, and instantly resumed their oars.

"You will soon be out of your enemy's reach," said Saint-Leu. "Our horses are waiting for us a little lower down."

"And we must not draw the rein till we reach London," cried Sidney. "The brig I have secured will weigh anchor as soon as we get on board."

Moor made no reply, and after proceeding about half-a-mile, they pulled ashore, and landed in front of a small public-house, close to the water's-edge, and which a neighbouring wood rendered extremely secluded. Here they found the horses they had expected, and after Moor had swallowed a glass of brandy to restore his circulation, they mounted instantly, and rode off in the direction of London.

It was broad daylight by the time they reached Westminster; and here, while Sidney engaged a wherry to convey them to their ship, Moor lingered to take leave of Saint-Leu.

"You will tell Sabine that my last thought was of her," he said, mournfully. "If I ever return I will strive to find her out."

"She needs no assurance of your devotion, but I will deliver your message," replied Saint-Leu. "Would that you could cease to think of each other!"

Silently pressing his hand, Moor joined Sidney in the boat, and in less than an hour afterwards they had set sail for Holland.

IV.

NOTTINGHAM'S COUNSEL TO THE KING.

FOILED in his attempt to overthrow Sunderland, Father Petre waited with impatience for the next meeting of the council, in the hope that he

might still be able to accomplish his object. On the day in question, the whole of the ministers assembled at Whitehall, and, proceeding to the council-chamber, were presently joined by the king.

Rumours of a conspiracy had reached the palace, and James looked agitated and alarmed.

"Is there any certain information of this alleged conspiracy?" he asked.

"I have little doubt that a conspiracy exists, my liege," replied Sunderland; "but we have failed in our endeavours to discover the traitors."

"Perhaps Lord Nottingham could give us some clue to them," observed Lord Berkeley.

"If a conspiracy exists, Lord Nottingham should be sent to the Tower," cried Father Petre. "Whoever the malcontents may be, depend upon it he is at the head of them."

"Lord Nottingham is one of those who proclaim their discontent," rejoined Sunderland, "and this is not the practice of conspirators. For my own part, I place more reliance on an adversary like him than on many smooth-spoken courtiers."

"I quite agree with you, my lord," remarked Jeffreys.

"It may be so," cried Melfort, "but in a crisis like the present, the arrest of Nottingham would be only a proper precaution."

"What do you think of it, Sunderland?" inquired James, anxiously. "There is no denying that Nottingham is dangerous."

Before the earl could reply an usher opened the door, and announced that the French ambassador requested an immediate audience of the king.

On receiving the royal permission, Barillon appeared, his disordered looks proclaiming that he was charged with some extraordinary mission. Advancing to James, he drew forth an open despatch, and presented it to him.

"This document, my liege, will inform you of a design to subvert your throne," he said, in an agitated voice. "The Prince of Orange, supported by a powerful army and fleet, is on the point of invading England."

Turning deadly pale, James received the letter in silence, without regarding the exclamations of surprise which escaped his ministers. A pause ensued, but it was at length broken by the king.

"This news is but too well authenticated," he said. "I must instantly take measures for my defence."

"The king, my master, will support you with sixty thousand men, and a fleet of forty sail," cried Barillon.

"These will enable you to overcome the invader, at the same time that they will overawe the disaffected among your subjects," said Father Petre.

Several of the ministers were about to support this opinion, when Sunderland interposed.

"I entreat your majesty to decline the offer, however well-intentioned, of the King of France," he said. "Your people are ever jealous of foreign interference, and are especially averse to a close alliance with France. Besides, we have no need of such supplies. Why look for aid abroad, when your own forces, both by sea and land, are superior to those of your adversary?"

"You cannot be in earnest, my lord," cried Father Petre, furiously. "No loyal subject of his majesty will advise him to refuse this generous offer of assistance."

"I will not refuse it," said James. "At such a juncture I must not trust to accident, when I am offered the means of insuring success."

"The measure will have precisely the opposite effect to what you suppose, my liege," returned Sunderland. "I repeat that the intervention of the King of France will be highly distasteful to your subjects, and by alienating their affections from you, will make them the willing instruments of the invader. Your own army and navy will be the first to regard it as an insult."

"Your lordship is right with regard to the navy," observed Lord Dartmouth, the Admiral of the Fleet. "If they heard the French were to join them, they would instantly go over to the enemy."

"You do my seamen injustice, my lord," cried James. "They have fought and bled by my side, and will not desert me in the moment of danger. M. Barillon will inform my brother Louis that I accept his proffered assistance."

"Your majesty having made this decision," said Sunderland, "I have nothing left but to tender my resignation. I am ready to lay down my life in your service, but with my consent no foreign army shall ever set foot in England."

A profound silence followed this speech. Torn with indecision, James darted a rapid glance at the other ministers, as if to assure himself of their support, but every eye was fixed on Sunderland. The very enemies of the minister seemed to dread his secession, and in all the council Father Petre alone looked forward to it with satisfaction.

"Now is the time to accomplish his disgrace," whispered the Jesuit to Barillon, who was standing at his side. "Say but a word, and our object is effected."

To his surprise, the ambassador seemed to discountenance his views. Indeed, though his personal dislike of Sunderland remained unshaken, Barillon entertained the highest opinion of his ability, and, since his last conference with Father Petre, he had received instructions from France to lend his support to Sunderland. Turning a deaf ear, therefore, to the Jesuit's solicitation, he urged James, in a whisper, to come to an understanding with Sunderland.

"It must be so," replied James, in the same tone, and he added aloud to Sunderland, "important as I deem these proffered supplies, my lord, I consider the service you can render me still more important. You will, therefore, retain your office, and M. Barillon will inform his august master, that while I feel grateful for the offer of his assistance, I have no present need of it."

"I rejoice to obey your majesty's commands," replied Sunderland; "and you will, I am sure, find it more advantageous to rely implicitly on the affection of your subjects than any allies. Meanwhile, something should be done to encourage the well-disposed, and to conciliate the disaffected."

"It is by coercion not conciliation, that we must meet the disaffected," cried Father Petre, "and as a first step in this course, I again recommend the immediate arrest of Lord Nottingham."

"You speak well, reverend father," answered James. "Let a warrant for that purpose be prepared, and I will sign it."

In obedience to a gesture from the king, the clerk of the council proceeded to draw up the warrant, and James was about to sign it, when the usher announced the Earl of Nottingham.

James was so surprised at the announcement that the pen dropped from his hand.

Every eye was turned on the door as the Protestant leader appeared. Always grave, his face was now clouded with anxiety, which he did not seek to conceal. Advancing, he bent the knee before the king.

"This visit is unexpected, my lord," said James, coldly. "To what do I owe the unusual advantage of your presence?"

"In your majesty's prosperity I held aloof, inasmuch as I could not approve of the proceedings of your ministry," replied Nottingham, "but information has just reached me that your kingdom is about to be invaded, and you must not find me absent in the moment of danger."

A deep flush mantled the king's cheeks. Turning his eye quickly round the council-board with a look full of meaning, he arose, and gave Nottingham his hand.

"Welcome, my lord," he exclaimed, with gracious dignity; "no one can better advise me what to do in this emergency. Take your seat by my side, and afford me the benefit of your counsel."

With a low obeisance Nottingham arose, and seated himself at the table.

"I would submit to your majesty a proposition for conciliating the church," he said; "I recommend that all Catholics, holding other than military employments, shall be dismissed your service; that the dean and fellows of Magdalen College shall be reinstated in their dignities; that the ecclesiastical commission, which has become so obnoxious, shall be abolished; that a proclamation shall be issued, announcing your majesty's intention to submit the question of the dispensing power to the decision of the Parliament, and, finally, that the royal charter shall be restored to the city of London."

"I will never consent to these measures," cried Father Petre, furiously: "they undo all that we have done, and if his majesty assents to them he will undermine his throne."

"They are essential to its preservation," said Nottingham.

James was silent, restrained alike by the searching looks of Nottingham, and by a distrust of his own capacity; but a warm debate ensuing among the council, a large majority at length expressed their approval of Nottingham's proposition, and recommended its adoption.

"You have not joined in the debate, my lord," said James to Sunderland. "What is your opinion of the proposed measures?"

"I am sure, my liege, that they will be highly acceptable to your people," replied the earl.

"Then I will not hesitate to adopt them," returned James; "and now for our military preparations. You will each place your respective departments on the most effective footing. My Lord Preston, you will attend me to the camp, and you, my Lord Dartmouth, will instantly set out for the fleet."

And dismissing the council he quitted the room, and shortly afterward proceeded on horseback to the camp on Hounslow Heath.

END OF THE THIRD BOOK.

BOOK THE FOURTH.

THE INVASION.

I.

THE PRINCE OF ORANGE.

In 1580, when the United Provinces were struggling with Spain for their independence, William, First Prince of Orange, was appointed Stadtholder of the republic, and captain-general of its armies. After forcing the Spanish troops to evacuate the states, William the First was assassinated at Delft, on the 10th of July, 1584, but the Stadtholdership was continued in his family till William the Second, his grandson, endeavoured to render himself absolute, when the house of Orange became unpopular, and on the death of William the Second, the office of Stadtholder was abolished. Soon after this occurrence, his widow, Mary Stuart, daughter of Charles the First, gave birth to a son, William Henry, who was confided by the states to the care of John de Witt, the celebrated patriot, then Grand Pensionary of Holland; and perceiving early indications of the great capacity of the prince, De Witt purposely neglected his education, in order to obscure as much as possible the talents and virtues he was supposed to inherit from his ancestors, and which the Pensionary believed might prove prejudicial to the liberties of his country.

Notwithstanding this disadvantage, the prince had scarcely attained his twenty-first year, when an occasion arose which proved him a worthy representative of his race. Engaged in an unequal contest with the united forces of France and England, the Dutch, reduced to the greatest straits, fixed their last hopes on the young Prince of Orange. At the head of an inefficient force, William took the field against the vast armies of France, and forced them to retire, with great loss, to Alfen, from which place he ultimately compelled them to retreat over the frontiers. Meanwhile, his adherents rose in the different cities, and demanded the repeal of the edict which had abolished the office of Stadtholder. Surprised and terrified, the republican party everywhere yielded, with the single exception of Cornelius de Witt, the brother of the Pensionary, who, notwithstanding the menaces of the mob, and the entreaties of his friends, refused to assent to the measure. Enraged at his resolution, the Orange party accused him of having offered a low barber, named Ticklaer, a bribe of 30,000 guilders, to assassinate William, and though the only testimony adduced against him was that of the barber, the venerable patriot was consigned to the rack, where, while suffering the most excruciating torment, he infuriated his enemies by reciting, in a calm voice, a passage from Horace.

Though obliged to acknowledge that the evidence would not justify a conviction, the judges sentenced the unfortunate statesman to perpetual banishment; but nothing less than his blood would satisfy the populace; and as he appeared at the prison-door, attended by his brother, the Pensionary, on the morning after his trial, an immense multitude demanded that they should both be put to death. Perceiving that their destruction

was resolved on, the brothers had just sunk into each other's arms, when they were knocked down by the mob, and trodden under foot; after which, their crushed and mutilated carcases were dragged in triumph through the streets, next suspended from the common gallows, and finally cut into a thousand pieces, some of which were boiled and eaten by their inhuman assassins.

Raised to the dignity of Stadtholder of Holland, William, in a short time, compelled France and England to conclude a peace with the States, and proceeding on a visit to the English court, afterwards espoused the Princess Mary, eldest daughter of James, then Duke of York. Scarcely had the marriage been solemnised, when he conceived the design of ascending the throne of England, by intriguing for the exclusion of his father-in-law.

Baffled in his attempts to supplant James in the succession to the crown, the Prince of Orange began to affect the utmost deference for his father-in-law, but, at the same time, secretly fomented those divisions which the arbitrary policy of James excited among his subjects. By these means he caused himself to be regarded as the champion of the Protestant interest, both by the Church and the Dissenters; and the birth of a Prince of Wales determined him to appear openly in that character, and endeavour to drive James from the house.

Under pretence of resisting the ambitious designs of Louis the Fourteenth, he entered into an alliance with the pope, the emperor, and the King of Spain, together with several princes of the Germanic Confederation, by which the contracting parties severally bound themselves to assist each other with arms and money to the utmost of their power. The League of Augsburg, as it was called, served him as an excuse for making the most extensive preparations, both by sea and land, in which he was zealously aided by the states of Holland, and the Dukes of Zell and Wolfenbuttel; and shortly after the birth of the Prince of Wales, he had collected a force of 14,000 men, together with a squadron of men-of-war, and five hundred transports, with which he waited only for a favourable moment to sail against England.

Louis the Fourteenth having opened the campaign on the continent by investing Philipsburgh, in the territories of the emperor, instead of attacking Maestricht, which would have carried the war into the Netherlands, the Prince of Orange found himself at liberty to prosecute his designs against England, and, accordingly, he issued a manifesto animadverting on the policy which had been pursued by James, referring in terms of especial acrimony to the prosecution of the bishops, and stigmatising the Prince of Wales as a base-born pretender, adding that he was invited over to England by a large number of the nobility for the purpose of redressing these grievances. His forces embarked in the *Zuyder-Zee*, on the 17th of October, 1688; and three days afterwards, the whole armament being assembled, the prince weighed anchor from Helvoetsluys, having first arranged his fleet in three divisions; the van being under the command of Admiral Herbert, the centre led by himself, and the rear by the Dutch vice-admiral Evertizen.

Favoured by the wind, this formidable armament shaped its course for the English channel, amidst the roar of cannon from the shore and the acclamations of the adventurers on board. But, as night drew on, a

violent gale arose, which so scattered the fleet, that when the morning dawned not two ships were to be seen in company. Crowded together on the previous evening, the vessels, in the darkness, had dashed against each other; the cannon broke from their lashings and rolled over the decks, which, cumbered with baggage and ammunition, and thronged with soldiers, afforded no room for the operations of the seamen; and the immense fleet was almost at the mercy of the wind and waves.

A great portion of the artillery and baggage, and nearly one thousand horses were thrown overboard; and within forty-eight hours after his embarkation, William returned to the harbour of Helvoetsluys, followed only by three ships of war and a few transports.

In order to gain time and lull James into false security, he caused the most exaggerated recounts of this disaster to be spread in England; but his unhappy father-in-law was too surely informed that he was repairing his losses, and might be expected to re-embark with the first easterly wind. On receiving this intelligence, James caused an enormous weather-cock to be raised on the north end of the banqueting-house at Whitehall, where it may still be seen, so that he might always be informed of the direction of the wind; that which blew from the east being now dignified with the title of the Protestant wind, while the other points of the compass were denominated Papish. This circumstance is thus alluded to in the popular ballad of "Lillibullero":—

Oh! but why does he stay behind?
By my soul 'tis a Protestant wind!

The propitious wind came at last! and having in the meantime gathered together his scattered fleet, repaired the damages it had sustained, and taken on board fresh supplies of ammunition, William, on the 1st of November, again sailed out of Helvoetsluys. The English fleet, under Lord Dartmouth, was stationed off Harwich, for the purpose of intercepting him, but the wind which favoured the Dutch was adverse to the English, and the invading force arrived unmolested in the channel. The splendid spectacle of six hundred ships sailing past was watched with interest, in the more contracted parts of the channel, by thousands of spectators, on either shore, by whom the flag-ship of William was distinguished in the van, as well by its greater dimensions, as from the standard which flew on its mast. The wind continued favourable; and on the morning of the 5th of November, 1688, the magnificent armament passed Dartmouth and anchored safely in Torbay.

II.

THE LANDING AT BRIXHOLME.

It was a fine clear November morning, and the sun shone brightly on the Dutch fleet now thronging the broad basin of Torbay. Many of the vessels had already taken up their ground and cast anchor, and a string of signals* was flying from the mast-head of the admiral's flag-ship, commanded by Herbert, by which others were directed to their station. Boats were out from some of the men-of-war and towing them forward;

* The method of communicating by signals had been invented some years previously by James, then Duke of York, by whom it had been introduced into the English navy, from which it had been borrowed by other naval powers.

the crews, as their vessels passed each other, exchanging loud hurrahs; sailors were seen aloft furling the sails; cables were heaved up from the locker preparatory to casting anchor, to the sound of the fife and drum; and the cheering vociferations of the seamen could be heard far and wide.

Scarcely had the ship containing the Prince of Orange come to an anchor, when an accommodation-rope was shipped in the gangway, and the prince's barge lowered alongside. The yards of the ship were manned, as a mark of honour; a guard in the barge presented arms while its crew stood up before them, with their oars aloft, and the prince, attended by Colonel Sidney and Marshal Schomberg, then descended to the barge.

William was dressed in a military costume, studiously fashioned to conceal the defects of his person. He was of middle stature, slight, round-shouldered, and singularly awkward in his gait. He was sharp-visaged, stern-browed, and eagle-nosed, but his eyes were bright and keen, and lighted up an otherwise cold and impassive countenance.

His companion, Armand Frederic de Schomberg, Marshal of France, was the son of Menard de Schomberg, who was employed by the Elector Palatine Frederic the Fifth, to negotiate a marriage with the Princess Elizabeth, and died while the future marshal was yet an infant. Educated under the guardianship of the elector, young Schomberg soon manifested an inclination for the profession of arms, and displayed all those qualities that render men illustrious. When only sixteen years of age he was present at the famous Battle of Nordlingen, where the Swedes were defeated by the Imperialists, and afterwards served at the retreat of Mayence, under the orders of Rantzau, who, for his meritorious conduct, gave him a company in his own regiment, in which the young soldier acquired new distinction. Incurring the displeasure of the Emperor, Schomberg proceeded to Holland, and entered the service of Henry Frederick Prince of Orange, who soon took him into favour, and Schomberg remained with him till the prince's death, in 1650, when he repaired to France, where the civil war was then raging, and served with distinction in Poitou and Champagne, and at the seige of Rhétel, where he commanded the infantry. Cardinal Mazarin, as a reward for his valour, appointed him lieutenant-general of the army of Flanders, in which capacity he considerably increased his reputation, but while prosecuting the siege of Valenciennes he had the misfortune to lose his son, who was killed under his eyes in the trenches. He commanded a wing of the French army at the Battle of Dunes, and contributed mainly to the success of the day, which ended in the complete overthrow of the Spanish army under the Prince de Condé. On the conclusion of the war Schomberg repaired to Portugal, then threatened with a Spanish invasion, and was entrusted by the regent with the command of four thousand men, with which small force he successfully encountered the Spaniards on several occasions, and finally gained the decisive victory of Villa Viciosa, which put an end to the war. Previous to his leaving Portugal the regent created him a count, and returning to France he was shortly afterwards presented with the baton of marshal, and appointed to the command of the army in the low countries. Here he forced the Dutch to raise the siege of Maestricht, and then of Char-

leroi, and was about to enter Germany when a truce was signed with the emperor, and his orders to advance were countermanded. On the revocation of the edict of Nantes in 1685, he requested permission to retire to Portugal, and after remaining in that country for a short time, he repaired to the court of the elector of Brandenberg, and was in the service of that prince when he was invited by the Prince of Orange to accompany him in his expedition to England. Madame de Sévigné, who was intimate with his wife, describes him as "one of the most amiable husbands in the world, without counting that he is a hero," and speaks of his mental acquirements and natural intelligence in terms of high commendation.

As the prince and his companions alighted in the barge, the guard grounded arms, and the crew dropped and shipped their oars, and under a royal salute from the admiral's ship, which was answered from that of the William, the barge was pulled towards the shore.

William glanced proudly at his fleet, and then at the shores of the bay, which, opening between two capes, called Hope's-Nose and Berry-Head, formed a vast semilunar basin, about twelve miles in circumference. Great ramparts of rock hung round the sides, from which, however, here and there, wherever a patch of earth presented itself, tall trees sprang up; and the bottom of the bay arose in a verdant slope, crowned with luxuriant woods.

At this point a row of cottages, forming the village of Brixholme, straggled up from the bay; and groups of fishermen and smugglers watched from the beach the approach of the barge, while above were seen some stout farmers and yeomen from the country, in carts or on horseback, and a man stood on the tower of the village church, making signals to another below, who instantly mounted a stout horse, and galloped up an adjacent lane, to carry off the intelligence of the arrival of the fleet to the villages in the interior of the country.

As the barge gained the beach, William was the first to spring ashore. He was followed by Marshal Schomberg, bearing his standard, and Sidney, and they all appeared surprised that no person of importance was there to meet them.

"Heaven sanctify our enterprise!" exclaimed William. "I come to defend the religion and liberty of England!"

A loud cheer arose from the soldiers and seamen, but the country people were silent. William turned with a look of disappointment to Sidney.

"A poor assemblage and a sorry greeting," he said, somewhat bitterly. "Where is the enthusiasm you promised me? where are the crowds?"

"Both will come in due time, your highness," replied Sidney, and taking off his hat, he waved it in the air, crying "God save the Prince of Orange! Heaven speed the champion of the Protestant Church!"

The soldiers and seamen again cheered loudly, but the spectators still kept aloof, and gazed at each other irresolutely.

"Hum!" muttered William, with a dissatisfied look. "It would have been more auspicious if we had landed yesterday, seeing that it was my birth-day."

"It is more auspicious for our cause, your highness, that we have

landed to-day," replied Sidney. "It is the anniversary of the deliverance of England from the popish treason of Guy Fawkes. We are once more rescued from the devices and treacheries of Rome."

"Once began, I will not slacken in the work," rejoined William. "No coolness in the people shall discourage me. The troops will be landed without delay, and we shall be ready to march forward to-morrow. But see, here comes Dr. Burnet."

As he spoke the ecclesiastic in question landed from a boat and approached them.

Born at Edinburgh, on the 18th of September, 1643, Gilbert Burnet was the son of an advocate, who ,after being exiled for his loyalty during the civil war, was created a Lord of the Session at the Restoration, by the title of Lord Cramond. Swift, indeed, asserts that he was merely a *laird*, but this is merely a stroke of his malicious pleasantry.

Early distinguished for learning, young Burnet took the degree of Master of Arts at Marischal College, Aberdeen, at the age of fourteen, and afterwards visited both the English Universities, whence he proceeded to the continent, and passed some time in Rotterdam and Paris. Returning to Scotland, he was presented by Sir Robert Fletcher to the valuable benefice of Saltoun, the duties of which he discharged in the most exemplary manner. As an instance of his generosity, it is recorded by Chalmers, that on one occasion, one of his parishioners being threatened with an execution for debt, he applied to Burnet for relief, when the latter asked him how much would be required to set him up again in his trade, and the man naming the sum, Burnet ordered his servant to pay it him. The servant replied it was all they had in the house. "Well, pay it to this poor man," rejoined Burnet. "You do not know the pleasure there is in giving happiness."

Shortly after his presentation to Saltoun, Burnet was intrusted by the Duke of Hamilton with the papers of his father and uncle, from which he compiled the "Memoirs of the Dukes of Hamilton," and about the same time he clandestinely paid his addresses to the duke's niece, Lady Margaret Kennedy, daughter of the Earl of Cassilis, but their correspondence being discovered, he was compelled to fly to England, and he prevailed on the lady to accompany him. On arriving in London, he went over to the party of the duke's adversary, the Earl of Lauderdale, and, under his auspices, commenced his "History of the Reformation," which, appearing just as the popish plot was in agitation, accorded so well with the prevailing views, that its author received the thanks of both houses of Parliament. Burnet was successively appointed preacher of the Rolls Chapel, Lecturer of St. Clement's, and chaplain in ordinary to Charles II., and while holding these preferments, distinguished himself by converting Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, of whom he afterwards published a memoir, which, Dr. Johnson says, "the critic ought to read for its elegance, the philosopher for its arguments, and the saint for its piety." He is best known, however, for his "History of His Own Time," a work which, though remarkable in itself, presents its writer in anything but an amiable point of view.

On the accession of James the Second, having become obnoxious to the Catholics, Burnet retired to the continent, and after visiting Paris and Rome, finally settled at the Hague, whence he waged a paper war against

James, in which he was strongly supported by the popular party in England.

Dr. Burnet was a large, stout man, with a bold and somewhat presumptuous expression of countenance.

Bustling forward, Burnet hastened to make his devoirs to William, who smiled as he approached, and offered him his hand.

"God save your majesty!" exclaimed Burnet; "I am first to hail you king of England."

"You are always very zealous in my service, doctor," replied William; "but let me be Prince of Orange till I am made sovereign of this realm by Parliament."

"I shall salute your highness in such manner as you may command," replied Burnet, "but, believe me, you are now *de facto* King of England."

"And if your highness and the Princess Anne should unhappily have no heirs, the doctor has provided for the future succession to the crown," observed Sidney, sarcastically.

Burnet coloured, but the affected gravity of Sidney's deportment, and the look of attention assumed by the prince, reassured him.

"Yes, your highness," he cried, "I have fixed on the Princess Sophia of Hanover as the next in succession. But these points can be settled hereafter. May I ask where your highness intends to encamp?"

"Encamp! eh!" cried William. "What is your opinion of predestination, doctor?"

Unconscious of the rebuke conveyed in these words, Burnet replied at some length, arguing strongly in favour of the disputed doctrine; and William listened with seeming attention, though his thoughts were really occupied by his duties as a leader.

As this was passing, another person, in full uniform, landed, and advanced towards them. Saluting him as General Bentinck, William caught him familiarly by the arm and took him aside.

Bentinck was William's early favourite, and their attachment was mutual, and of the strongest kind. Descended from a family that had long resided at Overyssel, in the United Provinces, Bentinck was born in 1649, and at an early age was appointed page of honour to William, and shortly afterwards was made gentleman of the bed-chamber. Previously to his promotion, William having been attacked with the small pox, the young page was so attentive, that, during sixteen days and nights, William never called once that he was not answered by Bentinck, as if he were awake the whole period. On the prince's return to convalescence, Bentinck requested permission to return home, and had scarcely arrived at his father's house when he was himself seized with the disease in its most virulent form; but he recovered soon enough to attend William to the field. Here his station was always by the side of his master; and after serving him zealously in several important missions, he had accompanied him in the same vessel on his expedition to England.

"Our men seem dispirited, Bentinck," said William. "I am afraid the people who invited us here will not be very forward to assist us."

"They have not had time to join us yet," answered Bentinck. "We shall no doubt meet some of them to-morrow. The troops, too, will be

in better condition in the morning. They have been cooped up for a week in the ships; but the march will soon raise their spirits, and I have no doubt they will behave gallantly."

"The enemy, it seems, intends to leave us to seek him, instead of seeking us," observed William; "but here come our horses; let us mount and reconnoitre the country."

While the foregoing conversation had taken place, indeed, several horses had been landed, and mounting, William galloped off, attended by Bentinck, Schomberg, and Sidney.

During their absence the disembarkation of the troops was continued, and conducted with such dispatch, that, in the course of the day, the whole army had landed.

As night approached, dense masses of cloud gathered overhead; the wind rose to a gale; and when it abated the rain fell in torrents. From the violence of the storm, it was with difficulty that the soldiers could maintain the watch-fires. Here a party of some twenty were stretched in the open field, round a glimmering fire—some already asleep—others leaning back on their horses, and others vainly endeavouring to keep alive the fires, while some few still sat bravely up, smoking their pipes, and handing round the social canteen. Deep silence pervaded the vast assemblage. No snatch of song, or burst of laughter indicated that the soldiers were making light of the discomfort of their situation, and excepting an occasional shout from the sentinels, announcing that all was well, not a sound was heard. In this way the first night was passed by the invading army.

III.

THE MARCH TO EXETER.

The next morning found William surrounded by his staff, while scouts were constantly arriving with intelligence, and the principal officers of the army were making their reports.

The Prince looked dispirited. The army was without provisions, excepting such supplies as could be procured from the ships, and various foraging parties had been scouring the surrounding country with but indifferent success. Added to this, the commissaries had been unable to muster sufficient waggons for the transit of the baggage and ammunition, and, in many cases, had been obliged to resort to violence with the neighbouring farmers, in order to obtain the use of their teams. Owing to these circumstances, the morning was far advanced before the army could commence its march.

The spectacle it presented in its progress was any thing but cheering. The colours were furled and cased; the horses of the cavalry-regiments looked jaded, and hung their heads; the soldiers, drenched with rain, and shivering with cold and hunger, marched along in silence; and the women were crowded in the baggage-waggons under tarpaulin covers. The roads were in many places flooded, or covered ankle-deep with mud; soldiers were constantly falling out of the ranks, unable to continue the march; and occasionally a field-carriage, used for the transit of cannon, would become so jammed in the ruts, that a halt was obliged to be made till it could be extricated. The inhabitants of the towns and villages through which they passed received them coldly, holding altogether aloof, or regarding them with stupified wonder; although William caused his

proclamation to be read aloud, representing himself as their deliverer, and inviting them to join his standard.

In this way William marched onward for two days, and it was not until the third morning that he came in sight of Exeter, though it was only twenty miles from Torbay. Arrived within a mile of the city, the army was ordered to halt, and an officer was despatched to summon forth the mayor and corporation, while William prepared to enter the city, on their appearance, in a triumphal procession, which should excite the admiration of the citizens.

A momentary gleam of sunshine promised to favour his design, and he hastened to take advantage of it. The procession was opened by two hundred English refugees, in their richest attire, and mounted on Flemish horses, splendidly accoutred. These were followed by as many negroes, from the Dutch plantations in America, whose appearance was rendered more striking by richly-embroidered caps, lined with white fur, and plumed with white feathers. Next walked two hundred Laplanders, armed with broadswords, and with the skins of wild beasts thrown over their armour. Then came fifty gentlemen, and as many pages, supporting the banner of the prince, borne by heralds, who were succeeded by fifty war-horses, fully accoutred, and each attended by two grooms. William himself rode next, on a milk white charger, and clad in burnished armour, supported on each hand by a number of officers, in sumptuous uniforms. These were followed by two hundred gentlemen, mounted on Flemish horses, and attended by their pages; while six troops of the prince's body-guard brought up the rear.

In this order the procession approached the city, when it was met by a scout, who informed William that the mayor refused to receive him, and had thrown his messenger into prison. Mortified and enraged, William ordered a squadron of the body-guard to precede him, and bring the mayor to terms, while the procession followed more leisurely, and did not arrive at Exeter till some time afterwards. In the interim, the force in advance had presented itself before the mayor, who, as he had no means of resistance, was compelled to throw open the gate, and the Dutch guard instantly took possession of the city.

As the procession drew near, William espied his colour flying from the summit of the gate, announcing that the city had surrendered. But the reduction of a defenceless place afforded him little ground for exultation, and he looked in vain for some manifestation of popular sympathy. In obedience to a proclamation from the mayor, the shops were all closed, and the procession passed up the deserted streets in silence. Halting in the market-place, William caused a proclamation to be read, in which he announced himself as the champion of the Protestant religion, and called on the citizens to arm in his cause; but, though many of the latter looked on from the windows of the neighbouring houses, his appeal had no effect, and not a single person joined his standard.

Scarcely able to conceal his disappointment, William now inquired for the bishop and dean; and finding that both had fled on his approach, he resolved to take up his quarters in the Deanery. Here he was soon joined by the chief of his officers; and, by their advice, determined to make a further trial of the temper of the inhabitants, before he ventured to resume his march.

Meanwhile, as the public tranquillity remained undisturbed, the citizens

began to feel more secure; many of the shops were opened, and the majority of the inhabitants went about their usual avocations. This show of confidence inspired the adherents of William with new hopes. The prince's proclamation was printed, and dispersed over the country; a large bounty was offered for volunteers and recruits; the persuasions of Sidney were exerted to overawe the bold, and the oratory of Burnet to overcome the scruples of the timid.

The large choir of the cathedral was crowded to excess, as Burnet ascended to the pulpit. Rich and poor, old and young, of both sexes, thronged even the aisles, while every face bore the impress of expectation and curiosity. Amidst profound silence, Burnet read forth his text, in a deep, sonorous voice, from the 107th Psalm:—"Whoso is wise, and will observe these things, even they shall understand the loving-kindness of the Lord."

The preacher proceeded to show that this loving-kindness had been signally manifested towards the Prince of Orange, in his present glorious expedition, preserving him from the dangers of the sea, and the snares of the enemy, and bringing him, at last, safely to the land which he sought to emancipate. He then lauded the prince's virtues, prowess, and patriotism—spoke of his attachment to the Protestant Religion, and his right of succession of the crown, now occupied by a popish tyrant, and destined to a popish pretender, and finally hailed him as the deliverer of the nation.

His discourse gave rise to an indescribable scene of confusion. Men, women, and children, were observed scrambling to the door, overwhelmed with dismay. The whole congregation became disordered; and, perceiving this, Burnet became more intemperate in his language, and concluded by reading the prince's proclamation.

There was now a general rush to the door; but, persisting in his purpose, Burnet read the declaration to an end, when he called out, in a loud voice, "God save the Prince of Orange!" To his surprise, no one cried "Amen!" and, looking round, he found that the whole of the congregation had retreated, and that he and a few choristers were the only inmates of the cathedral.

Full of rage, Burnet flung out of the pulpit, and hurried off to communicate with his master. But the news of his failure had preceded him; and on arriving at the Deanery, he found William and his leading officers consulting on what was to be done.

"The reports from every quarter are unfavourable," said William; "I suspect I have been betrayed."

"Our friends are backward, your highness, but there is no ground for supposing them treacherous," observed Sidney. "If we were only joined by one person of note, the whole body would come over to us."

"Then they are restrained by cowardice," cried Marshal Schomberg, "and therefore little reliance can be placed upon them."

"I will at least show them that they are in my power," said William. "If I am not joined by some of them before to-morrow night, I will publish the invitation they sent me, with the whole of their names attached to it, and then leave them to the fate they deserve."

"Give them a few days longer, I entreat your highness," cried Sidney.

"Not an hour!" exclaimed William. "Indeed, I cannot if I would;

for we have now come to such a pass, that if we remain here, we must either pillage or famish, and I have no inclination to do either. What say you, Bentinck?" he added.

"I cannot conceal from your highness that I think our best course would be to re-embark," replied the favourite; "the troops themselves begin to murmur."

"We must strike a blow first, if only for the honour of our flag," cried Schomberg.

"Hear me a moment, your highness," cried Sidney. "I see Speke in the ante-chamber. He has been among the Non-conformists, and I have no doubt brings us such a report from them as will determine you to push forward."

And passing to the open door of the ante-chamber, he beckoned Speke to advance.

William regarded the treacherous emissary with a look of suspicion.

"Well, sir, what news do you bring?" he demanded, sternly.

"Such as I would rather not report, your highness," replied Speke. "I went to the meeting-houses this morning, but could only gain admission by forcing the door. The Dissenters will not render you any assistance."

"Well, Colonel Sidney, what think you now?" cried William.

Lowering his voice, Sidney conversed with him in an under tone for several minutes, when they walked together into an ante-room, where William called an orderly, and giving him some private instructions, the soldier disappeared, but shortly afterwards returned, ushering in Charles Moor.

The young man's demeanour was resolute, though respectful, and was in no way affected by the stern look of William.

"You have demanded your liberty," said William; "I have detained you in order to allow time for escape to those persons who might be implicated by your disclosures. This, no doubt, has made you more anxious to proceed."

"I do not deny it, your highness," answered Moor; "I am anxious to warn my sovereign that he is surrounded by traitors."

"Your warning will come too late," rejoined William, with seeming composure; "the persons you would denounce are already beyond the king's reach, and have taken effectual steps for placing him in my power."

"Yet some of them owe all they possess to King James's bounty," rejoined Moor; "how then can your highness repose confidence in such men?"

"His highness will not trouble you for your sentiments on this subject, Mr. Moor," said Sidney, drily; "the distinguished patriots to whom you allude have sacrificed every private consideration on the altar of their country. It would be well for you if you did the same. Nothing now can save James."

"If he seeks to pursue this contest, I certainly cannot answer for his safety," observed William, "but I will be no party to the violent measures which will be directed against him. You are devoted to his service, Mr. Moor, and may be the instrument of his preservation. A fleet horse is ready saddled for you at the door. Hasten to London and warn your

royal master that his only safety is in flight. He must leave England instantly."

"I will tell his majesty, that this is your highness's advice," answered Moor; "but I bound to add, that I shall urge him not to adopt it. If I can prevail upon him he will never quit England."

"I find I am mistaken in you, sir," said William, coldly; "I thought you were anxious to preserve the king's life."

"I am anxious to preserve not only his life, but his throne," answered Moor.

"He has lost his throne, and you would endanger his head," observed Sidney. "I procured you the offer of this service, because I thought it would be gratifying to you to be the means of saving the fallen monarch's life, at the same time that it would raise you up a friend in his highness. You must see that James has no alternative but flight or death."

"Better he should meet death than dishonour," replied Moor. "I will never counsel him to fly."

"Be it so," replied Sidney, coldly. "Let Lord Mauvesin be introduced," he added, to an attendant, and presently afterwards the young nobleman appeared.

"You are aware of his highness's wishes, my lord," said Sidney to Mauvesin. "He entrusts the execution of them to you."

"What if I fail in persuading the king to fly?" said Mauvesin.

"He must then be taken off by force," cried William.

"How can that be done, when he will be surrounded by an army?" asked Mauvesin.

"Easily," said Sidney. "Here is a cypher, which will let you know the numbers of the officers on whom you may rely, and the key I gave you this morning will furnish you with their names."

"If I can really rely on their assistance, your enemy will not give you much trouble," said Mauvesin, with significance. "But how are they to know I am authorised to treat with them?"

"By this signet," said William, taking a ring from his finger, and giving it to him.

"Lose not a moment," said Sidney. "Take Snewin with you and begone."

"As I hazard my life in this business," said Mauvesin, in a low tone to William, "your highness will promise me before I go, that you will protect me from the schemes of this pretender."

And he turned to where he supposed Moor stood, when, to his surprise, he found the young man gone.

Moor, indeed, had marched boldly into the ante-room, and observing the orderly in attendance, directed him to conduct him to the horse that had been prepared for him by the prince's command. Having no suspicion, the soldier obeyed, and they found the horse in an outer court. Springing to the saddle, Moor instantly rode off.

Scarcely had he disappeared, when Sidney and Mauvesin rushed into the court, followed by William himself, who directed instant pursuit to be made after him. At the same time fresh horses were ordered out, and in a few minutes Mauvesin and Snewin galloped off in the direction taken by Moor.

DECEIVED BY APPEARANCES.

BY E. P. ROWSELL, ESQ.

How it came to pass, no one could tell. Some hinted at the possibility of too much brandy-and-water prior to starting on his journey homewards; but was it credible that the grave and cautious Mr. Joshua Tubbs would at any time have committed the folly of suffering himself to be robbed of his customary calmness and composure by the influence of inebriating beverages, and especially with the prospect before him of a long walk home—and at night too—by the river-side? No one could believe that. Yet how came he into the river? Had he been thrown in? had he thrown *himself* in? had he tumbled in? It was no use spending time in idle conjectures. A coroner's jury, after occupying half-a-dozen hours or so in hearing all the evidence that could be adduced—listening to a fearfully protracted oration from the worthy coroner, and holding amongst themselves a stormy debate upon a variety of matters wholly unconnected with the question at issue, returned the very safe (if not satisfactory) verdict of "Found drowned." Then the public troubled itself no more about the premature demise of Mr. Joshua Tubbs.

But the decease of the said Mr. Tubbs was to one individual productive of certain important results, which I proceed to relate. The unfortunate gentleman, at the time that he bade farewell to earthly existence, held the highly responsible and respectable appointment of head clerk to the house of Messrs. Bubble Brothers, general merchants. His death caused of course this situation to become vacant. Now there were three persons who respectively considered they had strong claims for the appointment; and these three persons were three several clerks in the said house of Bubble Brothers—Mr. Reuben Gilchrist, Mr. Raymond Smallcloth, and my unworthy self, Mr. Frederick Adolphus Leslie. Many were the heart-burnings and jealousies which the clashing of these rival claims occasioned, and when it was announced that I was the successful candidate, I immediately concluded I had made for life two mortal enemies in the persons of my less fortunate companions. The manner of one of them towards me seemed to verify my supposition. Raymond Smallcloth openly declared that a great injustice had been done him; but with regard to my other rival, Reuben Gilchrist, so far from his betraying any resentment towards me, his manner was perfectly kind and cordial—he even, in most friendly terms, congratulated me on my success; and candidly acknowledged, that though he had opposed me from motives of self-interest, he had all along considered my claims to the vacant office to be superior to his own. This difference of manner naturally made me the firm friend and well-wisher of Gilchrist, whilst it caused me to regard Smallcloth with something of dislike and distrust.

One day a letter was received by the head of the firm containing tidings which caused him to give me instructions to leave town within a couple of hours. I prepared myself accordingly, and was just setting off from the office, when a person came in and paid me in cash the sum of 300*l*. on account of the firm. In my hurry I threw the notes into my desk loosely, intending, when I had made the necessary entries in the books, to pay the money over myself to Mr. Bubble; but it happened that at the moment, another person entering the office, engaged me in conver-

sation, and immediately he had left, my attention was required by several other parties waiting. They having been duly attended to, I remembered something which I had forgotten to do, and which it was imperatively necessary should be done prior to my starting; this I had to set about directly, and the consequence of all such hindrances was, that I quite forgot about the payment that had been made to me, and the money that I had thrown into my desk.

I arrived safely at the place whither I had been sent—executed my business in the course of a couple of days—seated myself outside the fast-going coach, the "Safety" (alas! alas! what hath become of that famous vehicle!—there is not a coach on the road now—no, not one), and was quickly journeying back to London.

It was a bright and beautiful afternoon. The country around me was lovely in the extreme, and, accustomed as I was to the dark and dirty city, its vitiated atmosphere, and noisome smells, engaged, too, perpetually in its soul-contracting occupations, I revelled in the luxury of the pure air, striving to drink it in in mighty draughts, and fancying my whole frame grew lighter, stronger, and healthier every moment. I revelled, too, in the beauteous scenery around me. My eyes, habituated unceasingly to the poring over documents and papers, ledgers and day-books, rested upon green fields, and lordly edifices, and noble parks—hill and valley, and stream—with delight beyond expression. But the intoxication was soon over—ere long was London reached—we entered on the dreary region of bricks and mortar—I closed my eyes, and scarce opened them again till I was set down at my own door.

The next morning I went of course to the office of Bubble Brothers. It struck me as being odd that the porter, instead of as usual touching his hat to me on my entrance, grinned after a peculiar fashion. I passed him, however, without remark. But I was considerably astonished when my fellow clerks made little or no reply to my salutations, and I forthwith requested an explanation of the mystery. Before any could be given, however, the porter intimated to me with another devilish grin, that Mr. Bubble wished to speak with me in his private room. Anxious to learn the meaning of the strange behaviour shown towards me, I went in at once, and found myself in the presence of Mr. Bubble, his two younger brothers, and the other partner, Mr. Slimwood, all of whom regarded me for a minute fixedly, without speaking, with very grave countenances. At last Mr. Bubble, senior, spoke.

"Mr. Leslie—base and unworthy as has been your conduct—from my heart I am sorry for you."

I started violently; and the natural emotion caused by so alarming an observation, displayed itself in my countenance.

The circumstance was immediately turned against me.

"Say not a word in explanation, young man," continued Mr. Bubble; "your looks condemn you—conscious guilt is shown in your aspect." Then more sternly, "Your wicked fraud is fully discovered—you have nought to do but humbly to throw yourself on our mercy."

Then I got a word in, and expressing my astonishment at what I had heard, and my perfect guiltlessness of any thing calling for such remarks, I asked for an explanation of the alarming mystery.

"Have you any recollection, sir, of receiving on account of this firm, on the day on which you left town, the sum of 300*l.*?" inquired Mr. Bubble, senior, with great severity of manner.

The circumstance of this transaction before narrated, and my forgetfulness of it to the present moment, at once occurred to me, and I gave the whole particulars, expressing my regret that the matter should have escaped my memory.

"A well-contrived explanation, sir," was the reply, "but it will not avail you. Now, sir, I will give you a different version of the affair. Have the goodness, sir, to cast your eye over these entries."

Here he placed open before me two or three books kept by me, and pointed to some items appearing therein.

I advanced and examined the books, carefully noting the entries referred to. The blood mounted to my forehead immediately. Certain entries in a handwriting so exactly like mine, that I was quite staggered at the resemblance, appeared in the books, having the effect of defrauding the firm of the exact sum of 300*l*. Well might I say to myself, "an enemy hath done this." For some minutes, during which I *felt* the earnest gaze of the whole firm was upon me, I stood motionless, still gazing at the books, in a state almost of stupefaction, yet knowing the while how likely it was that my behaviour would be construed as sure and certain evidence of conscious guilt. At last I did venture to look up, and the effort made, I met boldly the gaze of my judges.

"That there is here quite sufficient to justify the bringing this charge against me," I said, "I will readily allow, but I declare most solemnly that these fictitious entries relating to the sum of 300*l*. are not mine, though made in a handwriting so precisely similar to mine, that I confess I am utterly astonished. Some base person has adopted this plan to ruin me, and a foul and malicious one it is." I paused for a moment, and then continued, "But there is one thing I am glad of, which is, that I have the money safe in my desk, and will at once produce it."

"Pardon me, young man," said Mr. Bubble, senior, "the money is *not* in your desk. Neither, I will venture to say, was it ever put into your desk in the manner you describe. Upon the discovery of this fraud, my partners and I considered it requisite immediately to have your desk opened, and carefully examined in our presence, and no such sum was found in it." Here he whispered to his partners, and a momentary consultation was held between them. Then turning to me the old gentleman resumed, and the air of sorrowful severity with which he spoke affected me deeply. "Mr. Leslie, my partners and I are of one opinion—the only one which it is possible to form under the circumstances. You yourself admit that the books now before you, which you are accustomed to keep, show on your part a defrauding of the firm to the amount of three hundred pounds. When asked for an explanation you tell us about having received the amount alluded to in a hurry—having thrown the notes into your desk, and forthwith forgotten the whole transaction. Whether the first part of your story be true or not, is a matter of no consequence. The point is, the fraudulent entries—you solemnly assert they were not made by you, but must have been made by some malicious party designing to injure you. We cannot give credit to your defence, viewing its improbability, and considering also the circumstance of the money not being found where stated to have been deposited by you. Still, there being some doubt concerning your guilt, we refrain from any other proceeding than simply dismissing you from our service."

I was speechless—I could but bow, and rush out of the room like a

madman. "They only take the view every one else would take," I thought, "and what can I say against it?" My own idea of course was very different. "That villain Smallcloth—that execrable wretch must have been in the office when I received the three hundred pounds, must have seen me throw the money into my desk, and noted my forgetfulness to make any entry of it in the books. Then with devilish art, when I was departed, he must have set himself to work, and used all his skill in penning the fictitious entries, and the completion of his villany would be easy enough, the desk was easily opened by a skeleton key, and the money abstracted. Thus at the same time he would satisfy his vengeance, which I felt sure he had ever hoarded against me, and enrich himself to the tune of three hundred pounds."

Snatching up my hat, and driving past the porter, whose diabolical grin had now expanded into a broad laugh, I darted into the street.

I hurried on, doubtless thought by some to be a madman; loudly railed at by others as a drunkard; by all abused; by many cursed. Oh! how unsympathising is a crowd. Who cares for that man dashing onwards with wild eyes and mad excitement, neither looking to the right nor to the left, whose only object is to proceed with greater speed; he may have some dear relative dying—at the very last gasp, and may be flying to receive the parting word and last adieu—pshaw! the people soberly trudging their several ways, what have they to do with *that?* and why should they trouble themselves to move aside to let him pass more quickly. And the man whom sickness has assailed and conquered, whose journey to the grave now draweth very short, who scarce can totter along, see how *he* is knocked against and rudely pushed and scornfully regarded by the stout and strong. The deformed and maimed, too, how delighted is the crowd to greet them with the vulgar stare and coarse remark, and make them *feel* their imperfections. Oh, I hate the crowded streets at all times, but ever hate them doubly when my heart is heavy, and I am sad and sorrowful.

Away—away—up street—through court—down alley, as though life depended on it, I madly dashed, for the time, incapable of thought—only conscious of a dull heavy pain in the forehead, which rapidly increased. At length I stopped from sheer exhaustion and leant against a wall. Then, slowly, consciousness seemed to return; in time the occurrences of the morning displayed themselves vividly before my mental eye, and I was enabled to reflect upon them with some degree of calmness. I should perhaps have stated ere this that I had for some time held the affections of a young and beautiful girl who had promised to become my wife. It was a dreadful thought that which first arose within me—that she might credit this foul imputation, cast me off, and thus fill my cup of bitterness to the brim. To relieve this overwhelming anxiety, I flew to her at once.

I was soon at the house. The door opened—I dashed in, and was quickly in the presence of my Emily. She started at seeing me, and I perceived she had been weeping.

"You have heard," I gasped, "and you believe?"

"I *have* heard," she replied, "but no, no, I do *not* believe."

I murmured my thanks; and, sitting down beside her, I inquired how the evil news had so soon reached her.

An anonymous letter, she said, had been sent her, containing the statement that I had been, on the clearest evidence, convicted of an

atrocious fraud, committed upon the firm in whose service I was—that I was at present from town, but was expected to return the next day or the day after, when the charge was to be brought against me, and when I should doubtless be dismissed with ignominy from my situation, and perhaps be prosecuted for the offence—that it was earnestly to be hoped that she would not be duped by any thing I might say in denial of the charge, but that she would take the right and proper part of casting me off for ever.

She had treated this letter with contempt, she said; but what was her amazement when, from a friend well acquainted with the Bubbles, she heard that its contents were substantially true! She had fearfully grieved; but, oh! her confidence in my integrity was perfectly unshaken. She doubted not my innocence for a single moment, and was still mine as wholly and as heartily as though no cloud o'ershadowed me, and no gloom encompassed.

I forgot all my miseries in the transport of joy with which I received this declaration, and it was then I asked to see the anonymous letter, so charged with malevolence. Emily gave it me. One glance showed me the handwriting of the detested Smallcloth—the wretch who seemed determined to hunt me down in every way. The discovery drove me almost frantic. Emily soothed me at last, and ere I left her I was quite calm, but my mind was made up, that, come what would, Smallcloth should not go unpunished.

I easily obtained from the office the information that he had left town for S—— the previous night, and was not expected back for some days. To S—— I accordingly repaired, and roamed about the streets from morn till even, looking for my man in every direction with eager eyes. I did not search long in vain. In the evening of the day on which I arrived, I strolled out from the town, and ascended one of the bold and lofty mounts with which the place abounds. I had just gained the summit, when I beheld suddenly him whom I was seeking—Smallcloth—seated on the topmost ledge, gazing at the setting sun. It was a fit place for the stormy colloquy which I knew must ensue; and I was delighted to think that here I had him fast: I had found him in a place where I could tell him (yes, and if need be, force him to listen to me) all I had to say.

And all this I *did* tell him—straightway—forthwith—almost before he had recognised me. He started violently at first, and then stood as though amazed, and but half-comprehending what I said. He heard me patiently to the end, then coldly asked me "whether I were drunk or mad?"

"Drunk!—mad!—wretch!" I almost shouted, "no, neither drunk nor mad, though with wits almost sent wandering by your heartless iniquity. Do you dare deny that *your* hand penned those false entries laid to my charge—that by *you* the money was abstracted from my desk—that *you* wrote that infamous letter to my — ?"

"What in the name of Heaven do you mean?" he cried.

Fearfully aggravated by his duplicity, I reiterated my charge, with more minuteness, but with increased vehemence.

He heard me with perfect calmness, and when I had finished, said,

"Hark ye, Mr. Leslie; whether you yourself have been guilty of fraud and embezzlement I know not—I will not judge you—but your endeavour to shift the charge to me, without the slightest ground, is utterly

absurd: yet I would have you know I will not be thus insulted with impunity—so beware, sir. Begone now, if you are wise; and come to me at my lodgings at ——, to-morrow, and perhaps I may be of service to you."

Oh, had I but followed his advice! But, in very truth, I was mad—stark mad—and knew not what I did. His speech—its patronising air—galled me beyond expression—he, the villain who had so injured me, thus to talk! I have but slight recollection of what followed. There was more altercation, growing higher and more vehement every moment, but whether it continued long or not I cannot say. I seem to remember that at last I lost consciousness of what I was saying, and began to talk at random; then Smallcloth turned and fled: I remember *that;* I followed him, caught him in an instant, and grappled with him fiercely. Here there is a gap—I believe that my senses for a brief space at this time forsook me utterly; but they seem to have been recalled by the dark, final catastrophe—a scream (the recollection of which even now almost freezes my blood) would appear to have been the summons for their return—and I awoke to a terrible consciousness of having hurled my unhappy adversary over the edge of the mount. I cast a shuddering glance down the dread declivity, but it was too dark to see that which I dreaded to behold. I drew back: it was almost impossible to think otherwise than that the miserable victim would be killed on the spot, and dreadful were my feelings. After a moment's irresolution I turned to fly; but, no, no, I *could* not, could not thus depart without ascertaining the fate of the unhappy man, atrociously as he had injured me. He might not be killed, but badly hurt perchance, in which latter case, life at all events might be saved, and I not have the stain of blood upon my hand and before my eyes for the remainder of my days. I descended the mount as quickly as I could, and was soon upon the spot where Smallcloth lay, motionless. Shuddering, I examined the prostrate form, and was seeking to ascertain whether it possessed life or no (no signs at first were visible), when I felt myself rudely grasped by the collar behind by some one exclaiming,

"Villain, you have murdered him!"

Doubtless the struggle on the mount had been witnessed by the third party, who thus held me in custody. Not a moment to be lost. In an agony of apprehension I wrestled so violently with my captor, that I freed myself from him and fled precipitately.

Ay, fled, fled as he alone can fly, who has before him liberty and life, behind him bonds and death. On, on, on, never stopping, never wearying, never looking back, with every energy aroused, every muscle strained, every faculty, both of mind and body fearfully in action. Away, away—what is that? Whence that sound? Pursuit, pursuit, 'tis the rattle of the chain, the fetter, anxious to encircle the limb and hold the guilty one fast—oh, how fast!—till the arrival of that day which, as bringing the execution of the murderer's doom, shall render its service henceforth needless. Did not that man passing by look fixedly? was there not some meaning in his stare? he must by some means—say not it were impossible—by some means or other, no matter how, have heard that a murder has been done, and have known that he was gazing on the murderer. Yes, yes, I am discovered—it is hopeless—no matter where I fly, what I do or what I say, I shall be taken, seized, and captive led, to a just, but fearful, doom. Such were my feelings as still I continued to fly the whole of that dreadful night. Morning dawned, and found me far away. The sun

shone out and brightened the face of nature—I heard the songs of birds—I cast my eyes up to the bright blue sky—I felt the reviving air blow upon my fevered cheek, and then, shuddering, thought what a blot a *murderer* was upon the scene. I threw myself upon a bank, and with an inconceivable sensation of utter wretchedness wept bitterly.

Anon, I was on my feet again, and journeying onwards rapidly. My course of action was soon resolved on, to reach the nearest sea-port town, and take my passage in the first ship starting for any foreign land, I cared not where. I fortunately happened to have rather a large sum of money with me, so on that score there was no difficulty. A few days after and I was on my way to America.

Years have rolled by. See me now, reader, in the United States gaining a humble livelihood as a tradesman—never having been molested—knowing no great trouble—but settled in a deep melancholy, and without a hope of happiness this side the grave.

One morning a friend lent me an English newspaper. I had not seen one before since I left England. Almost the first thing that met my eye was, "Execution of Reuben Gilchrist for Forgery." I had almost forgotten the name, but soon recalled to memory my fellow clerk (of whose kind and friendly manner I have made mention) at Bubble Brothers. Much shocked that he should have come to so untimely an end, I read the account eagerly.

Having perused the particulars of the execution, conceive my utter amazement on coming to the following paragraph.

"We understand that the criminal, prior to undergoing his sentence, gave to the clergyman in attendance a sealed letter, requesting that it might not be opened till he was no more. His request was complied with. The paper afterwards proved to be a confession of the unhappy man of the numerous misdeeds committed by him during a long, and hitherto successful career of guilt and sin. Amongst other enormities, he confessed to having some years ago acted the villanous part of robbing the desk of a fellow clerk in the office of Bubble Brothers, London, of the sum of three hundred pounds, then making in the books, kept by the clerk alluded to (imitating his handwriting with such nicety as to defy detection), certain fictitious entries, giving the appearance of a deliberate fraud and embezzlement on the part of his victim, and (as a crowning point) proceeding forthwith to lay the books before his employers, pointing out the innocent clerk's apparent baseness, and receiving all credit for his acuteness in its discovery."

The paper fell from my hands. *Could* it be true? Reuben Gilchrist—*not* Raymond Smallcloth—the truth revealed—and justice done! Amazement! I read the paragraph again and again. There was no mistake, there it was plainly written. But, alas! the ecstatic joy on one account sobered, feelings of unendurable bitterness arose on another. The man who had *not* injured me I had punished with death, the hypocritical villain who had ruined me I had held in memory even to the present time with sentiments of respect and esteem. Oh how my heart was wrung at the recollection. I was about to throw the paper from me, when my eye, wandering mechanically over its columns, was arrested by an announcement, that Mr. Raymond Smallcloth, of 6, Lower Castle Street, Blackfriars, had just been united in matrimony to Sarah, eldest daughter of Samuel Salt, Esq., of Barbican.

He was not dead, then—not dead! I was no murderer, and no curse

rested upon me. Wonderful discoveries in the space of half an hour! I could return to my own England, my own loved land, return to *her* —my Emily—who had doubtless pined and wasted, wept and mourned unceasingly since my departure; return to enjoyment the more bright and precious in contrast to the misery and wretchedness I had lately known.

Again in England, my heart bounding and eye beaming with renewed hope, revived energies, restored happiness and peace.

I went straight to the office of Bubble Brothers, and was received by the worthy merchants with positive delight and expressions of the deepest regret for the error they had committed, and the evil I had suffered in consequence. The second clerkship in their office (and so greatly had their business increased of late years that this was now an infinitely better appointment than was the head clerkship in my time), fortunately had just become vacant, and I was installed in it at once.

It was with no little emotion that I again met Smallcloth, and shook the hand of the man with whom when last we were together I had been engaged in deadly strife.

I was beginning to mumble out something, I don't know what, but he, good-natured fellow, stopped me at once with,

"Think no more of it," kindly taking my hand, "all has come right at last, and we'll drop the subject at once and for ever."

And so we did, and Smallcloth and I became the closest friends, and my Emily I found still, still my own, looking paler and thinner, certainly, but as beautiful and amiable as ever. Here was a termination of my troubles, henceforth my lot was indeed a happy one.

HE ENVIED NOT THE POMP AND POWER.

BY REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

He envied not the pomp and power
Of kings in their triumphant hour,
The deeds that win a lofty name,
The songs that give to bards their fame.

He sigh'd not for the gold that shines
In Guinea's brooks, in Ophir's mines;—
He stood not at the festivals
Of nobles in their gorgeous halls.

He walk'd on earth, as wood-streams pass
Unseen beneath the freshen'd grass;—
His were pure thoughts, and humble faith,
A blameless life, and tranquil death.

He kept, in days of strife and wrath,
The Christian's straight and narrow path;—
But weep thou not;—we must not weep
When they who rest in Jesus sleep.

THE AGENT'S WINDOW.

BY MRS. WHITE.

It was the afternoon of a winter's day. Driving showers, which were neither snow nor rain, but a mixture of both, had at length yielded to the influence of a strong east wind, that blew in stormy gusts through the openings of the streets and round the larger buildings, sending the foot passengers pirouetting past the angles of corner houses and off the ends of the kerb-stones, propelling some along with most undignified celerity, and laying a strong interdictory force on others.

It was a half holiday at Christ's Hospital, and by twos and threes such of the boys as had friends to visit, passed through the gates and departed; presently a solitary lad, so slight of frame, that he made his way with difficulty against the storm, approached the wicket, looked doubtingly around, and was apparently upon the point of returning, when a lady with grey hair beneath her widow's cap, tall, pale, and thin, stepped out from the shelter of a shop close at hand, and the boy sprang forward to meet her. Whoever had followed this fragile child and the equally fragile woman, mutually sustaining and protecting each other from the harsh buffetings of the storm, might have read their story at a glance. The thinness of the widow's garb for the time of year, and the pale face and sharpened features of the wearer, proclaimed poverty of the severest kind, but sustained with so composed and uncomplaining a demeanour, as to interdict those associations of sordid abjectness, which an appearance of pecuniary distress too often suggests. Even the boy's quaint clothing, his ecclesiastical frock, leather girdle, yellow stockings, heavy shoes, and bare, closely cropped head, beside the mourning garments of his mother, became eloquent of charity and orphanage.

Scarcely able to keep their feet, they were carried by the wind, rather than by their own exertions, along Holborn Hill, and turning down Chancery Lane, proceeded along the Strand to Cecil Street. The house at which they stopped was one of those that but a few years back were tenanted by noblemen, and even now exhibit so apparent an air of quiet independence that no one could suspect them of concealing circumstances like those I am about to describe.

The Widow Thornton neither stole in under cover of a latch-key, nor did she ring, or ask for admittance by the one, two, or three distinct knocks, that in less genteel neighbourhoods distinguish the exact position of the lodger on the social scale of the establishment. She gave a somewhat modest double rap, and was admitted into a handsome hall, with a very fine lamp suspended in the centre, and classic casts in plaister of Paris, in the corners and on the stairs. A door on one side stood open, and disclosed a warm-looking, well-furnished dining-room, with a table set forth with preparations for dinner on the most approved principles of boarding-house gentility. A mirror nearly opposite the door, temptingly reflected the arrangements, and the fire-light, strengthened by the close curtains, added a fictitious glory to the German silver, the sullied damask,

and the rather soiled, than brilliant, specimens of glass with which it was furnished.

As the mother and son pursued their way up-stairs, other equally comfortable apartments presented accidental glimpses of themselves, but having traversed three flights, all broad, well-lit, and carpeted, a fourth, so steep, narrow, dark, and bare, so completely separated from the rest of the establishment by the poverty of its appearance, as scarcely to appear a part of it, presented itself, and up this staircase the widow conducted her son.

"I shall have my health so much better up here, my dear Charles," said the poor lady, laying her hand on the lad's shoulder, and pausing at the door to recover her breath after the exertion required to reach it. "The air is always so much purer at this elevation than in parlours, or even second-floors, and though it does not look quite so nice, where is the advantage of appearances if one has not health to enjoy them?"

So saying, she opened the door of the apartment, which, in spite of her exordium on its salubrity, appeared to her son a very sorry exchange from the cheery parlour she had shortly before occupied. It was, in fact, a low-pitched, unpleasant-looking attic, with one window opening on the tiles, and commanding a vista of zinc-roofs and chimney-pots, with many unknown specimens of zoology in tin-ware, cowls, and other contrivances, with which it was endeavoured to delude the smoke up the chimneys. The apartment was by no means burdened with furniture, and what there was seemed the refuse of auction-rooms and second-hand shops. One of those pretending, paltry, apologetical pieces of upholstery, a sofa bed, covered in the coarsest moreen of a purple colour, and ornamented with brass beading, took up one end of it, and was flanked on one side by an antique chair of faded velvet and worn-out gilding, and on the other by a crazy cane-bottomed chair. Under the window some boxes piled one on another, and covered with a crimson table-cloth, did duty as a table; and with two or three more chairs (each of a different pattern), a broken book-shelf, a chest of drawers, black with age, and a Pembroke table, completed all that might be called furniture. By the way, I am wrong, there was an easy-chair in a state of considerable dilapidation, and over the chimney-piece an oval mirror in a carved and gilded frame, with patches of the quicksilver rubbed off, and so scrawled over with divers distiches and initials, that little or no power of reflection remained in it. There was also on the mantel-piece Hero, in black plaister, with a portion of her cheek and nose gone, holding a candlestick by way of a torch, her perfect profile turned to the other extreme of the chimney-piece, where, alas! Leander was not, but Paul Pry was, in red and green china, with his umbrella tucked under his arm. And this was all. The whole apartment had a strange, anomalous air, for with the exception of the sofa-bed, cane chairs, and Pembroke table, no item seemed suited to the other, the rest of the articles looked out of place, and had, besides, something of superannuated finery about them, which in their present position looked truly melancholy. There was, too, a want of harmony with its poverty in the accidental details strewed about, some score of French and Italian authors lay heaped on the supernumerary boxes, and two or three music books and portfolios of drawings were placed beside them. A basket of coloured wools, and some specimens of em-

broidery, carefully covered with silver paper, stood on the table, while the frame, with the half-completed flower, and the needle still remaining in the unfinished stitch, looked as if some one but a short time since had risen from it. To remove these, set a light to the fire, and draw forth a reserved plate of viands for her son, was the work of a moment to Mrs. Thornton, and then she drew a chair to the hearth, and continued to look on, till the boy had finished his meal, an operation that did not take him many more minutes than she had been occupied in setting it out. Having made an end of eating, the lad took another survey of the apartment, and appeared to like it better, upon seeing two or three of his own essays in landscape drawing pinned above the mantel-piece, and a bow and arrows, and some other relics of his pastime at home, occupying a conspicuous place on the walls.

Nay, he even bethought him of a little scrap of comfort to throw in with the healthfulness of the situation his mother vaunted, and informed her, that upon scientific principles, perfectly independent of the size of the grate (it was a wonderfully small one, by the way), it would be impossible to burn as many coals there as in the apartments from which, in consequence of the lightness of her pocket, the widow had just floated up—the distance between the fire-place and the chimney being so much shortened as to very considerably decrease the draught.

Leaving the mother and son to improve the philosophy of extracting virtues from necessity, let us fancy ourselves in Bond-street, at about the same hour that the lady and the Blue-coat boy left the gates of Christ's Hospital. About this time, a young female, also poorly dressed in faded mourning, her face shrouded in a veil, her delicate frame wrapped in a shawl, too thin to be of use in shielding her from the weather, her small feet embarrassed in clogs, issued from a Berlin wool warehouse in the vicinity, and with some difficulty (for the eddying wind was as severely felt in this locality as in the east) proceeded along Oxford-street in the direction of the Strand. Taking, wherever an opportunity occurred, a by-street, in preference to the general thoroughfare, where her appearance, in conjunction with the poverty of her apparel, instead of awakening commiseration for the sorrowful things it indicated, drew upon her glances, whose expression insulted modesty, and made her feel with tenfold bitterness her sad condition, fatherless and poor; filled with painful thoughts, the girl pressed on, for, in spite of application and elegant skill in the employment by which she contributed to the support of her mother and herself, she had discovered that to depend on it as a means of maintenance was useless. Every week was leading them into deeper difficulties, from which her earnings, as an embroideress, were wholly inadequate to extricate them. Engrossed with these reflections, she had proceeded as far as Hemming's-row, where the appearance of an agency-office attracted her attention, and seemed at once to open a medium of obtaining some permanent and better-paid occupation. Numerous cards, all headed "*Wanted*," lay in the windows, and an enormous list of situations to be had, on application within, dangled from a pane in the centre. To have looked down this category of requisitions, you would have fancied Mr. Samuel Sparrowhawk the local providence of all the respectable young men in want of employment, and the genteel young persons of the other sex in search of "comfortable homes rather

than emolument," who, under the mask of one or other letter of the alphabet, daily figure in the columns of the *Times*. Bailiffs, butlers, couriers, clerks, cooks, needlewomen, lady's-maids, governesses, and companions, were each in requisition ; and, as the young girl's eye wandered over these miscellaneous advertisements, the following announcement struck her as being one for which she was well adapted, and, at the same time, consonant to her own predilections,—"Wanted, by a lady about to travel, a young person of quiet manners, who speaks French, writes a good hand, and has no objection to make herself generally useful ; salary, 35*l.* per annum!" Poor May Thornton felt her heart suddenly elevated as she ran through this advertisement. French was as native to her as English, the greater part of her life having been passed in France, where her parents had removed, in order to educate their children and live more economically than at home. It was only for the sake of being near the lad at Christ's Hospital, that she and her mother had returned on her father's death. Rapidly as the thought passed through her mind, she determined to execute it ; and turning to a young woman who stood rapping at the door (which, contrary to all the usages of public offices, was closed), inquired if she could tell her any thing of the establishment.

"Oh! it is a very respectable office," replied the young woman, who looked like an upper-servant ; "Mr. Sparrowhawk does not charge unless you get the situation, I believe, and then you pay so much per centage on the salary."

Miss Thornton thanked her; and the other, after another series of raps, expressed herself determined to return the next day, as it appeared very uncertain when the agent would make his appearance. Scarcely, however, had she gone, when a boy, from within, unbolted the door, and the embroideress hastily entered a strange-looking little shop, with two great windows, one chair, and a counter ; behind which stood a bloated, slovenly-looking man, having, for the index of his nature, a countenance in which effrontery and cunning were blended with a servility of demeanour, proportioned to the description of applicant, and the prospect of obtaining a new victim on his list. There was something in the appearance of the young girl that drew forth his most cringing address; and motioning her to the solitary chair, he hastened to turn over the leaves of an official-looking volume on the desk, in order to find the particulars of the advertisement referred to.

"The lady is at present residing in the Adelphi," said the agent, lifting his eyes from the volume to the young girl, "and will start for Switzerland," he continued, oracularly, "as soon as she is suited in a companion."

"Will you have the goodness to give me her address?" said May Thornton, ingenuously.

"Oh! of course," answered the man ; "you understand, I suppose, the terms on which we do business ; five shillings is the deposit, if you please!"

"Five shillings!" it was as much as the little purse in May's bosom contained, the half of a hard week's earnings. "I understood," she replied, a little nervously, "that you did not make a charge till the

situation was obtained, and that it varied with the amount of salary agreed on!"

"Not at all, ma'am; not at all; those are our usual terms," rejoined the man, quickly; "and until they are complied with I have no further information to offer."

"And are you sure," inquired Mary, "that the situation is not already filled?"

"Yours is the first application we have had for it," responded the agent, "and the advertisement has only been placed in the window to-day."

In a moment the purse was produced, the deposit paid, and the needy canditate for the companionship received in return a written address, with which, in order to lose no time, she hastened to Adam's-street, Adelphi. New to such experiences, May Thornton felt at first a little embarrassment at opening her mission, but the kind manner of Mrs. Middleton, soon put her perfectly at ease, and she explained, with brief and graceful simplicity, the occasion of her call. Alas! the appearance of the advertisement in the agent's window was wholly unauthorised on the part of the lady, it had been inserted in a newspaper a week before, duly answered by sundry parties anxious to obtain such a situation, and, as may readily be supposed, very speedily filled.

This is no new fraud on the part of these self-styled agents. I have been assured that such a method is often resorted to, and in this way many a friendless being is heartlessly swindled (it may be of their last five shillings), by these unprincipled traffickers in the necessities of others. With a sorrowful heart, for her disappointment was sharpened by the remembrance of the money she had sacrificed, and the reproaches with which her mother would consequently receive her, Poor May was upon the point of bowing herself out of the room, when Mrs. Middleton, prepossessed by her appearance and manner, and instinctively penetrating her history through her worn mourning, her pale features, and dejected air, suddenly paused in the act of touching the bell-rope, and requesting her again to be seated, rapidly ran over in her mind a probability that had just occurred to her.

"I am not sure," she said, hesitatingly, "but I think I may possibly serve you with an old friend of mine, who is in want of a lady-like person to converse with, and write and read for her. She is old and eccentric, but she is rich; has no family, and though ordinarily parsimonious, sometimes does very generous things, and would, I make no doubt, prove a very valuable connexion to any one who would trouble herself to study her temper and peculiarities. She has frequently talked to me of her necessity for a companion; and if the impression she forms of you be half as favourable as that with which you have affected me, you will, after all, I trust, have no reason to regret the untoward affair that has introduced you to me. You can think over it to-night, and if you will call on me to-morrow morning, and tell me all about yourself, I will either go with you, or give you a note of introduction to Mrs. Scrope."

Full of gratitude for the kind interest thus unexpectedly elicited, and considerably relieved by the thought, that after all there was a chance of success, May Thornton proceeded homewards. Occasionally the pecu-

niary loss she had sustained, would recur to her, but more frequently she found herself hopefully speculating upon the probable consequences of Mrs. Middleton's interference in her favour. Meanwhile, the widow sat with contracted brow and lips, watching the gradually waning fire in the attic grate, but without making any attempt to replenish it. Out of doors the lamps had been some time alight; the general postman's bell had passed at the top of the street, and the muffin man's was heard sprinkling its invitatory vibrations from one area to another; the Blue-coat boy, who had long since exhausted his week's stock of school anecdotes, was peering through the chattering window, from which nothing could be descried but the light of an opposite lamp, and its reflection on the glazed hat and oiled-skin cape of a policeman as he passed to and fro beneath it.

"What a night for poor May to be out!" exclaimed the lad, returning to his mother's side, and putting his arm, with a faint shiver, round her shoulder.

"The fire will be out if she does not come soon," said Mrs. Thornton, rubbing her gloved hands, and attending to his remark only as the cause of it affected herself, for age, and contracted circumstances, are sad hardeners of a naturally selfish disposition, and daily strengthened their influence in that of Mrs. Thornton. "I am afraid," she continued, "to use the remainder of the coals, lest she should return without money," and her eyes followed her thoughts to a faded purse on the mantel-shelf, in one end of which the edges of 2*s.* were visible.

Alas! how meagre and wretched such details read, but God only can tell their importance to the beings affected by them. Under any circumstances, nothing could be more unlike Mrs. Thornton abroad, than Mrs. Thornton at home—here all the graceful patience of her looks oozed out, leaving deep lines of discontent and irritation, and the reaction of that pride which enabled her to bear misfortune bravely in the face of the world, took deep usury in ill-temper, and petulance when hidden from it. Naturally proud, violent, and overbearing, she put on mildness, deference, and humility, for social wear, and out of her own family passed for a very pattern of widowed meekness and affectionate maternity; her temper, like a wasp in cream, hidden beneath the smoothest exterior, and reserved for those who were necessitated from duty, to come in contact with it; but to Charles, who was seldom at home, little of this was exhibited, and at this moment, the lad actually felt repelled by the querulous and sharp expression of her features.

"Ugh!" she ejaculated, responding the boy's involuntary tremor, "this is pleasant in one's old age, to sit here half-starved with cold, waiting for one's daughter's pleasure, to know whether one may or may not have a fire."

"Oh, dear mamma!" interrupted the lad, deprecatingly, for the injustice of the complaint sounded harshly to his young and candid convictions.

"It is truth, child," continued Mrs. Thornton, heated by her own intemperate expression, and the consciousness that her son detected its unreasonableness, "she has no earthly business to detain her until now, but because she knows how inconvenient her absence is to me, she is de-

termined to make me feel it, idling her time in talking to those shop-women, or stopping in her way home to look at new patterns in Wilkes' window." And then, as the rattling of the sash, and hissing of the rain drops on the hot ashes in the fire-place, very audibly refuted this last suggestion—the expression of irritation that had sharpened her looks and tones, changed gradually to one of anxiety, and she rejoined, "I declare, Charles, I shall begin to think that something has happened to her if she do not come quickly."

"Hush! dear mamma, I think I hear her," interrupted the boy, opening the door to the advancing steps, and throwing himself into the arms of his sister, who, pale with fatigue and anxiety, stepped into the apartment.

We will pass over all Mrs. Thornton (whose compunction had vanished with her fears) gave utterance to. On hearing of her daughter's enterprize, her anger was extreme; especially as in the course of the day she had received two answers to an advertisement that, unknown to May, a friend had had inserted in one of the morning papers; and bitter were the tears the poor girl shed over the crust of bread and coarse pillow her own unassisted hardworking industry had provided, but which, so strangely had misery warped her mother's sense of justice and affection, she seemed to share by sufferance only. It was near the small hours of morning before the querulous tones of the widow's complaint ceased to ring in her ears, and when she woke, it was to find, that instead of proceeding to Mrs. Middleton's at the time appointed, her mother had resolved she should first call on the parties who had answered the advertisement. Putting on with her widow's bonnet and weepers, her ordinary aspect for the street, Mrs. Thornton passed into it, leaning on her daughter's arm, the very personification of resigned long-suffering. Their destination was the city, and when not vapouring her annoyance at the imposed necessity of walking there, she gave May, from time to time, hints for her first essay at taking a situation.

"If they ask if you are fond of teaching, don't say as you did at Mrs. Pym's the other day—which, by the way, you are more likely to say than any thing that will do you good—that you always try to make a pleasure of a duty, a marvellously fine sounding sentiment, but which I believe you feel as little as any body. Tell them boldly that you delight in it—that you have always felt it your vocation, and are most anxious to commence your task, and mind you look bonbons at the children, and however rude and ugly they may be, take care to call them beautiful, dear little creatures! or if their plainness be too palpable for this—though it is a climax I never found approached in a parent's estimation—get over it by calling them *fine*, it expresses a great deal, or as tenuous an amount of the quality in question as you please. Gracious! what specimens of infantile ugliness have I seen dismissed from a nursery review to the tune of what a fine fellow! what fine children, what a fine babe—when it would have been impossible to have said, what a beautiful fellow, what sweet children, what a lovely baby!"

In this way the distance between the Strand and Bishopsgate-street, was passed, and the mother and daughter found themselves at the number to which they were directed, and which to their surprise was

neither a shop nor private residence, but appeared to be an office for some railway scheme, either exploded or prospective, but from the circumstance of its being closed, and no one on the premises, it seemed the former.

At the moment of their stopping at the door an old gentleman with his throat wrapped high up in a brown and white striped shawl, and his hat drawn well over his face, crossed from the opposite side of the way, and almost rudely pushed past the young girl, so as to quite turn her face towards him; he passed them and then returned on the opposite side of the street, all the time with his attention evidently fixed on them, and at last turning into a court, continued to watch them from its shelter.

Mrs. Thornton's repeated knocks at length brought some one out of the adjacent house, who assured her that there must be some mistake, for that the premises though taken for the ostensible purpose of an office, were not tenanted, and therefore no governess could possibly be wanted where no family was in existence. It was very strange, the man added, that during the last few days several young persons had been making inquiries there upon the same occasion—he hoped there was nothing wrong in it; but it looked rather curious. All this time the man in the shawl, who had approached when he perceived them in conversation with the shopkeeper, was listening to all they uttered under pretence of looking at the wares in an adjoining window, when the man with a sudden sharp look at him hastily asked the ladies into his shop, and stopping but to place chairs for them, hurried out again, but too late to convince himself of the suspicion that had occurred to him, two omnibuses were driving out at opposite ends of the street, and the old gentleman had vanished. It had struck the man that for some days past, he had seen the same individual but in a different dress, at that precise hour pacing up and down the street without any apparent object, and his appearance, in conjunction with the inquiries of different individuals relative to an imaginary situation, fixed him in his mind as the perpetrator of the unmanly hoax if not the designer of even a baser plot.

Leaving Mrs. Thornton (who too disgusted with the issue of this application to attempt any inquiry relative to the other insisted on returning home), let us follow May, who having conducted her mother as far as Cecil-street, hastened onwards to the Adelphi where, as might be expected she had the mortification to find herself too late. Her new friend had been obliged to leave town for the day, but had with much consideration left a note for her, informing her that she had written to Mrs. Scrope, detailing their accidental acquaintance, and her belief of her fitness for the proposed situation; and naming an hour at which she was to call at Chester-place in order to talk over preliminaries. Thither Miss Thornton hurried, and found herself at the door nearly an hour after the time Mrs. Middleton had specified. The servant who answered her summons replied to her inquiries for Mrs. Scrope, by showing her into a handsome drawing-room from an inner apartment of which there issued a moment afterwards, not the old, eccentric lady she had been taught to expect, but a young and extremely fashionably arranged gentleman; his hair which was soft and light, was dressed in the Italian fashion and reached nearly to his shoulders, his shirt collar open at the throat, was turned down as we often see Americans wear it, and a hand of very ladylike proportions

and whiteness, so concentrated the rays of light by the aid of a magnificent brilliant which adorned it that you could scarcely look against it undazzled. A more effeminate-looking personage with a stronger affectation of effrontery, it would be impossible to conceive, and to aid this latter appearance he had established an eye-glass in the socket of one eye, which enabled him to stare at the poor applicant for Mrs. Scrope's companionship with the most unreserved boldness. Rightly imagining him some member of the latter's family, his appearance, though it surprised by no means alarmed May Thornton; she was not of that school of young ladies whose romantic apprehensions constantly keep them on the *qui vive* for adventures, and she was about to inform him of the occasion of her call, when to show his pre-knowledge of the business he abruptly broke into it, preparing his remarks by some fustian phrases, meant to be complimentary, but which sounded in her ears with their real worthlessness. He informed her that Mrs. Scrope, partly from necessity, but more to mark her exacting love of punctuality, had gone out immediately after the expiration of the time appointed for her coming, but had deputed him, in the event of her subsequently doing so, to make the necessary inquiries relative to her qualifications, age, &c. Upon these points May answered him unreservedly, and every moment the young gentleman assumed an air of stronger interest and even friendliness towards her; nay, in his zeal for her welfare, warned her to relinquish the idea of accepting an engagement with Mrs. Scrope, whom he described as an "ill-tempered, avaricious, exacting old gentlewoman, who would lead her the most miserable existence, and repay her with little beyond vague promises of the advantages that would accrue to her at her death." In a word, Mr. Twissleton had a companionship of his own to offer, and the audacity to break his proposal to the ears of the friendless, and therefore (to men of his quality) safe recipient of a gratuitous insult. This is no imaginary history, but the veritable incidents of a young lady's first attempt at seeking a situation, and my readers may rely upon it, that in nine cases out of ten, similar trials await the hapless beings thus situated; nay, it has been proved that there are individuals abusing the name of gentlemen, who from mere curiosity, or baser motives, are in the habit of answering advertisements, and heartlessly trifling with the time and expectations of the friendless subjects of them. Let such men imagine their own sisters or daughters in such a position, and learn charity from their own selfishness. Surprise almost as much as indignation took from May Thornton the power of immediately replying to him, and her sense of outrage had well-nigh found vent in tears, as the reality of her helplessness seemed to encounter her at every point, for as yet she had not learned what women do learn, to extract strength from this very consciousness. Trembling with disgust, her pale face flushed with blushes, her large patient eyes flashing with the violence of fear and anger, she rose up exclaiming,

"But a small share of the generosity you profess, sir, might have taught you to respect the circumstances that obliged me to call here, they are painful enough, without being unnecessarily aggravated by insult," and she was about to quit the room when her egress was stopped by the entrance of a lady some five feet eight in height, dressed in a black gown, of an obsolete fashion, with false, light hair under a widow's cap, and a grave, pale

countenance, that unlike most visages absolutely masked its owner's age, appeared at the door.

"Sit down, young lady," she exclaimed, "and you, Mr. Twissleton," she continued, as that gentleman with a very shrinking air removed himself to the opposite end of the apartment, "you may go, and whenever the 'ill-tempered, avaricious, exacting old woman' has any desire to see you, she will send for you, till then you will be so good as to keep on the outside of my house."

Without a word—for this echo of his own phrase was unanswerable—Mr. Twissleton departed with more haste than gracefulness, and Mrs. Scrope, turning to May Thornton, rejoined,

"I have heard all that passed, and you need not blush that I did so. I will endeavour to atone to you as much as possible for my kinsman's want of decency and honour."

And the old lady, adjusting a pair of hand spectacles, proceeded to survey the appearance of her visitor with a keen glance of scrutiny, which, however, soon subsided into one of satisfaction.

"It is now very nearly my dinner-hour," she continued, wiping the pebbles of her gold-rimmed glasses, and replacing them at her side. "You will dine with me if you please, and we can then talk over quietly the arrangement Mrs. Middleton has spoken to you about. My medical advisers tell me that the state of my nerves require me to have some one with me constantly, and that if I persevere in reading and writing, I shall go blind, but the fear of incurring an inconvenient expense has hitherto withheld me from following their desires, for my jointure" (it was 500*l.* per annum) "though respectable, will not admit of my living expensively; and, therefore, to begin, I cannot afford to pay you a large salary, indeed, with me you will not require it—I shall wish you to dress neatly but plainly—by the way, can you make dresses?"

May answered that except her own, she had no experience in that way.

"Because," observed Mrs. Scrope, "it would be a great object if you could save me in other ways the extra expense I shall be at in keeping you."

May thought of the "*generally useful*," offered or exacted in almost every advertisement, and bowed her head, but said nothing.

"Are you fond of writing?" resumed the lady.

She replied in the affirmative.

"And of reading aloud?"

"Very, when it does not last too long," May added.

"I shall try you after dinner," continued Mrs. Scrope; "in the mean time be so good as to look over this paper; it is a prayer of my own composing, and as it was copied in a hurry there may probably be some mistakes. You will find writing materials in that desk, copy it for me if you please in a clear hand, for my sight is very difficult."

May sat herself down to the task, and by the time it was finished dinner was announced. To own a fact generally slurred over by authors, the embryo companion had an appetite. She had risen early, eaten not a very sufficient breakfast, and her long walk, to say nothing of its being considerably past her usual dinner-hour, had rendered her absolutely hungry. It was therefore with some slight degree of interest that she perceived the elegant preparations for the meal—

plate, china, and glass were of the most expensive description, and made a very handsome display on the exquisitely delicate damask. Two small covers were served, and the hostess, requesting May to say grace, simultaneously with its ending lifted the one before her, and three mutton-chops disclosed themselves. Chops! to diminish the substantive in proportion to *their* substance, we should call them *choplings*. Any thing more slender in such a shape it was impossible to conceive; one good one triplicated and lapped in silver, a very libel on the legitimate, juicy, delicately solid cutlet so denominated—a triangle of potatoes equally diminutive and as aristocratically served, assisted this dish, and this was all. May felt her appetite rebuked, and with the certainty of one chop each, wondering what was to be the fate of the other. Whether Mrs. Scrope conjectured her speculations or not, but upon the question of its division being mooted, she observed that a pudding was coming, and presently a little composition in a china cup, a delicate crust enclosing a single pippin, made its appearance, and hinting that unless Miss Thornton was very fond of sweets, the apple would require no sugar. Mrs. Scrope assisted her to a portion of it. May quietly asserted her own taste by an application of the sugar-castor, and Mrs. Scrope, while pouring out a glass of Madeira, ventured a hope that she did not accustom herself to take wine, as stimulants, though necessary for old people, were very injurious to the young. She, however, qualified the suggestion by saying that as Miss Thornton had had a long walk and had another before her, she thought one glass could do her no harm. May, however, felt it no denial to refuse a luxury almost unindulged since she had been in England, and greatly relieved Mrs. Scrope by her abstemiousness. Almost as much amused as annoyed at these appearances of parsimony, engrossing enough to overturn even the conventional rules of hospitality, May could not help saying to herself, if she half starve me as a visitor what am I to expect as a dependant? Yet apart from the dinner-table, there was something so courteous and kindly in the old lady's manner, and so much of uprightness and good sense in her tone of thought, that May felt drawn towards her despite her homœopathical bill of fare, and really anxious for her verdict on the companionship. Meanwhile, in answer to her inquiries, the former related the simple history of her past life and present circumstances, and more than once in the course of it perceived tears filling the large, calm, grey eyes of her auditor.

At all times, and under all circumstances, the human heart opens itself to the soft influence of sympathy, but in youth we receive it even eagerly. And poor May Thornton, whose generous and kindly nature lacked all interchange of congenial feeling in her home, felt an absolute sense of gratitude for this show of heart in her aged listener.

After a time Mrs. Scrope drew her arm-chair closer to the fire, and after a few moments' reflection laid her hand on the bell-rope, saying, "Now, my dear, I wish to be left alone for a short time. Hudson will show you the room that will be yours, and you can point out to her any alteration you wish made. I should have liked you to have come for some time longer, as you have to-day, that I might be a better judge of your tastes and disposition, for when two persons are to live in such close intimacy as you and I, they cannot be too sure of their suitableness for each other. I like you and believe in you, and as I perceive that to do as I intended would be to ask a greater sacrifice on your part, than I can expect, or

that you, under the circumstances could afford, I suppose I must close with you at once, and arrange for your taking up your abode with me on the day after to-morrow. Return to me in about half-an-hour," she continued, as the servant entered the door, "and after tea Hudson shall see you to an omnibus."

When May returned from reviewing her future apartment, which was all the most fastidious could desire, she found the urn hissing on the table, a volume of Shakspeare on one side and Hudibras on the other, and Mrs. Scrope, the recipient of a jointure of 500*l.* a year, making tea by the light of one candle, which, when burnt to a certain distance, was extinguished, and its partner lit, till reduced to the same proportions, and so on alternately, both being regulated to the appearance of a pair, in case the dropping in of visitors should render such an extravagance necessary. How much of character had May become acquainted with through her accidental peep into the agent's window! Now came her second trial in the accomplishments required of her, and in spite of the dull light, her previous knowledge of the great bard, and her just appreciation of his beauties, enabled her to read with much effect, some of the most exquisite passages. Her clear enunciation, good accent, and poetic feeling, enabled her to pass through this ordeal with triumph, and it was only when her voice broke down that Mrs Scrope appeared conscious of the time she had been reading, so perfectly unwearied was she of listening to her.

While May was making the necessary preparations for her departure, Mrs. Scrope appeared to be lost in uneasiness, she walked from one end of the room to the other, opened first a cabinet, then her desk and escritoire, and lastly dived her hands into her pockets, as if in search of something she had lost. She had, however, lost nothing, but a resolution she had formed to herself while left alone, was wavering at the moment of its consummation; and while a natural impulse of generosity plucked her on one side, wariness whispered her on the other, but when May approached with her clear eyes shining with pleasant hope, and her cheeks and brow so pale and care-worn in the morning calm, and with a faint colour in them after the quiet day, and the happy excitement which the conviction of having established a kindly feeling between herself and her future patroness affected her with, all Mrs. Scrope's worldly reservations vanished, and with a hurried action, as if she feared she should recall it if not done at once, she placed in May's hand an enclosure, saying "I have thought over your circumstances, and it has occurred to me that you may possibly want some additions to your wardrobe, which will be better made before you come to me than afterwards. I must therefore request you to receive your first quarter's salary in advance; and nay, you must not feel it in this way," she continued, as May overwhelmed by an actso unexpected (and as she was situated, so beneficial and important), burst into tears, wonder-stricken, and full of gratitude to this eccentric but really amiable woman.

"Dry up your tears," continued Mrs. Scrope, "I meant to serve not to distress you, but if you must show me that you appreciate my confidence, for recollect I know nothing of you but what you have told me, let it be hereafter in bearing, and forbearing, with the oddities of an old woman like myself. Good night," she added, pressing May's hand affectionately, "I believe in you implicitly, good night."

Notwithstanding that May's sensibility felt a doubt implied in this very

repetition of Mrs. Scrope's assurance, the events of the latter part of the day seemed like a happy dream to her. But no sooner had she departed than the last episode of it appeared a frightful reality to Mrs. Scrope, in whose mind a hundred surmises took the place of the enthusiasm, that while its object was before her, spread like a halo round the generous action she had committed, and suggested so many instances of imposition, that before the poor girl could well have got through the next square, she feared her story might be a fabrication, and herself a cheat. To be sure her manner, looks, and education, pleaded for her, and Mrs. Scrope's fears for a moment faded, but, nevertheless, she passed a restless night, wearied out with surmises on both sides of the question, and wishing of all things, that the money she had pressed upon her was in her own keeping. Thus it is ever with impulsive people ; almost every action of their lives is one to be repented of on real or groundless motives. Meanwhile, May, in getting into the omnibus, had forgotten in her excitement and hurry to send back the servant who attended her, that she had not sixpence with her, but before they had reached Piccadilly she recollected her dilemma, and informed the conductor of it. The man inquired where she was to be set down, and upon her replying at Cecil-street, a well-dressed woman, who sat opposite to her, remarked that she also got out there.

" Perhaps," said May, with the innocent confidence of worldly ignorance, " perhaps you will have the kindness to lend me the fare till we get there."

The lady had no more change than she required. The conductor, who had kept quiet to hear her rejoinder, now began to be abusive, and when May talked of his going with her to her residence, wanted to know if she thought the omnibus was to be kept waiting while he ran after the money. One man, with a strong Scotch accent, and an impertinent emphasis, that brought the blood to the disconcerted girl's cheeks, observed ladies sometimes found it convenient to forget their purses, when a gentleman who sat next to her, and whose clever remarks to an acquaintance had made her longer forgetful of her oversight than she perhaps would have been, if her attention had been wholly disengaged, immediately requested to be allowed to lend the amount, which May very gratefully accepted, asking to whom she should have the pleasure of returning it.

The stranger appeared to think this quite unnecessary, but as she refused to be obliged on any other condition, he handed her his card, and she soon after found herself at Cecil-street. She had not seen the face of this person, nor had he hers, for she wore her thick crape veil closely drawn over her face, but it struck her that she had recently heard his voice, though she could not recall where. What then was her surprise, on looking at his address, to find that she was indebted to the man who had not scrupled to offer her an insult in the morning, but who, on hearing another behave impertinently, though to a woman whom he presumed he had never seen in his life, voluntarily stepped in to put an end to her annoyance, and save her from further misconstruction. So May arrived at the conclusion, that even he could not be all evil, and carrying out a resolve which this conviction suggested, her first use of influence with her after-friend and benefactress was, to restore Mr. Twisselton to his relation's regard. They do say at Chester-place that his gratitude has gone the length of proposing for Miss Thornton, but at present she is still Mrs. Scrope's companion.

As for the widow, she had been left a loop-hole to grumble through, in consequence of May's having made no specific agreement as to salary, though, to be sure, the presentation ten pounds (which Mrs. Scrope's enclosure contained), and which was said to be a quarter's payment, plainly settled the affair at forty pounds per annum. But even Mrs. Thornton did not think it worth while to bind down Mrs. Scrope to stipulations, especially as through her interest the Blue-coat boy has just been promised a commission in the marines, and May, whatever her means, appears to find no difficulty in supporting her comfortably in parlours.

As all these unhoped for circumstances resulted from the false advertisement in the agent's window, so it will be found, on examining our individual experiences, that many an incident, which on the face of it bore the semblance of misfortune, has indirectly led to beneficial consequences—a deduction that should teach us to walk humbly, but hopefully, along the path of life, trusting rather in the good, than fearing the evils which infest it.

ALPINE SCENERY.

BY THE HON. JULIA MAYNARD.

I.

Lo! those grim summits, cutting the soft sky,
Their sharp peaks capp'd with snow, each wondrous pile
As beautiful as wondrous—further lie
Gaunt groups of dark seam'd rocks, and blue lakes smile
Round these rude sentinels for many a mile.
There the black pine, with split root, cower'd down
Before the avalanche that burst erewhile,
A glacier snow-ball on both spire and town,
Whilst on the waters clear huge shadows darkly frown.

II.

The stars shone brightly o'er the dreary scene
Where desolation's masses are upheaved
In grand confusion, and the dazzling sheen
Of Finsteraarhorn's top the eye perceived
Clothed with the robe pure atmospheres have weaved,
Where whirlwinds lift snow flakes to upper air!
Nature's white surplices 'tis well believed,
Who preach stern truths to all now gazing there,
And bring to Atheist lips the long-forgotten pray'r.

III.

The purple gentian, like the deep blue eye
Of beauty meets the wanderer's dreaming gaze
On heights precipitous where crystals lie
Like everlasting dew-drops, which the rays
Of myriad suns could not exhale—here strays
The mountain goat, with step both fleet and free,
On crumbling heights stops fearlessly to graze—
Round herbs and flowers low hums the feasted bee,
And all Creation smiles a paradise to me.

THE EXPEDITION IN DIFFICULTIES.

By W. Francis Ainsworth, Esq.

I.—ALI PASHA AND THE BEY OF RAWANDUZ.

At the period of the first ascent of the steamer *Euphrates* to Baghdad, the fat and formidable pasha of that truly Asiatic city, was preparing for a campaign against the Bey of Rawanduz, a Kurdish chieftain, who was then in rebellion against the Osmanli government.

The capital of Turkish Arabia boasted, in consequence, of the presence of three pashas within its holy, yet crumbling, walls. Ali Raza Pasha held the rank of mushir, equivalent to the old standard of three tails; Askar Pasha, ferik or lieutenant, ruled in Ali Pasha's absence, and being less addicted to intemperance than old Ali, and less absorbed by profound astrological calculations, was able to bestow more time on the affairs of the province and city, and to bring to maturity a tolerably well got up Oriental intrigue, which unfortunately for him only failed by being detected when in full bloom. Lastly, there was Sarkush, or "the drunken" Pasha, who held rank as liva-pasha, or lieutenant-general of the sultan's forces in Turkish Arabia.

A day was appointed when the staff of expeditionists set forth to pay their formal respects to all these great men, decked out in whatever remained available of uniforms and good clothes after the long toils of the transport, mounted on steeds provided by the British residency, and splendidly caparisoned in Oriental style, preceded by silver stick and a guard of sepoys, and accompanied by the secretary and attendants of the residency.

As the streets of Baghdad are exceedingly narrow, it was necessary that the party should progress one by one; and, as in the bazaars, even this very primitive mode of progression was much impeded by the curiosity of a motley crowd of men in burnuses, turbans, and black and red caps, with peering faces of white, brown, and black, almost, indeed, as variously coloured as their garments, the levee threatened to be an affair of a whole day's work.

At length, issuing out of the interminable bazaar, with its numberless pipe and tobacco shops and viands frying in the open air with an oven temperature, and leaving the ruinous palace, citadel and barracks to the left, we passed out of the Bab al Mo'adhem, or "the exalted gate," so called from the tomb close by of Abu Hanifah, known as Al Adhem, or "the greatest of divines." Hence we advanced upon a perfectly level plain, which was bordered by gardens and date-groves on the river's banks, extended in front as far as to where a few dusty mounds still indicated the lines thrown up by Nadir Shah, in 1735, and formed to the east an apparently level and naked desert, only interrupted here and there by occasional santon's tombs, among which those of Muhammed Sakran and of the semi-fabulous Lokman were the most remarkable.

The tents of the soldiery were dispersed over this plain in picturesque and orderly distribution; and to the right, one made itself at once distinguishable from all others, by its magnitude, its gay colours, and the

gaudy standard that floated above. This was the tent of Ali Pasha, and to it we directed our steps. Nothing could be more simple than our reception. The obese governor sat on an elevated daïs alone, and received us, if not with cordiality, at least with perfect kindness; and after the usual cup of coffee, volunteered to show us his camp. His progression was of that waddling, unsteady character which belongs to all over-fed animals, nor was the ridiculous effect diminished by his train being borne by attendants. The pasha took great pride in his artillery, nor were the few guns at his disposal in bad order or inadequately mounted.

"Inshallah!" he said, waving his hand over his little park of artillery glittering in the sun; "the dog of a Kurd will be taught obedience."

The head of the expedition bowed his congratulatory expressions to the same purpose. The pasha then turned round, and taking a comprehensive and self-satisfied look at the display of tents which stretched away towards the groves of the Tigris,

"Indostan," he said, "has riches, and Europe science, but the sons of Osman have magnificence."

And with this last grandiloquent observation, and a final wave of the hand, Ali Raza Pasha waddled back to his canopy of state.

But Ali Pasha never moved against the Kurd. Askar Pasha was busy, while his superior was without the gates, drawing up a long memorial, criminating his chief, complaining of his mal-administration and his extortions, as well as those of his son-in-law, Hamdi Bey; and this, by dint of promises of better government, he got many of the principal inhabitants to sign. Among these, however, was Abdul Khadr Agha, the chief of the customs, who, terrified at what he had done, betrayed the plot to Ali Pasha, and the latter caused the messenger charged with the memorial to be waylaid, and thus prevented its ever reaching its destination, at the same time that he hastened to get his rival recalled to Constantinople.

But it was not only these local intrigues which detained Ali Pasha before the walls of Baghdad. His enemy, Rawanduz Bey, dwelt in one of the most inaccessible forts of Kurdistan. Mr. Ross had been despatched by Colonel Taylor, at the commencement of hostilities, to inspect the difficulties of reduction, and he had succeeded, with that well known spirit and enterprise which carried him twice to Al Hadhr in the Mesopotamian desert, to visit the eagle's nest; and some years afterwards, I had myself the opportunity of verifying, with my own eyes, the reports which he brought back of the almost insuperable difficulties presented to the subjugation of Rawanduz by Turkish troops. It is enough, indeed, to intimate, that it is approached from the west by a road which is carried in a zig-zag direction for an ascent of about two hours' duration up the perpendicular face of a rocky and wooded precipice. The Bey of Rawanduz was, however, brought to submission by intrigue, and was afterwards seduced to Constantinople, where, being treacherously imprisoned, he was released by the generous mediation of the British ambassador, and was even allowed to proceed as far as Amasiyah, on his way back to his native mountains. But beyond that rock and water-girdled city he never got; his countrymen do not know whether he fell by poison or by the executioner's sword, for he was hurried off in secrecy and silence; but they still revere his memory as that of a patriotic ruler,

whose only wish was to relieve the burden of an oppressive fiscal bondage.

From Ali Pasha's tent we repaired to that of his lieutenant, a mean-looking Turk, of small stature, and pale and sickly face, both mind and body being alike prostrated by those excesses which had earned for him his title of sarkush, or "the drunken" pasha. Not but that in a country where drink is forbidden by the religious law, and repugnant to the feelings of almost all classes of the community, such a title is not ignominious; but it was in this case associated with certain acts of personal bravery, which had, in earlier days, in the trans-Balkhan contests with the Russians, raised this sad incorporation of bravery and intemperance from the ranks to his present distinguished position. Our visit to Sarkush Pasha was one of mere ceremony: the usual compliments were exchanged through the medium of the dragoman, and we mounted our horses to return into the city by the "exalted gate," and, with some difficulty, to force our way to the habitation of the third on our list, or Askar, that is to say, the "soldier" pasha. We found him seated alone, in a corner of one of those windows generally known by the Persian name of Shah-nichin, or the king's seat. In person Askar was tall and thin. It was reported that he had been brought up in the seraglio at Constantinople, as one of the sultan's slaves, and the habit of remaining long in the inconvenient posture of humiliation, had so curbed his legs, that he was not able to stand up for any length of time.

II.—THE BRITISH RESIDENCY AT BAGHDAD.

These ceremonious visits accomplished, we were glad to wend our way back to Colonel Taylor's hospitable mansion, and take refuge in his sardab, or under-ground apartments, in one of which books and newspapers were always to be found, while dinner was served up in another close by. This repast, to which almost all British visitors to Baghdad were welcomed by the late hospitable resident, was distinguished by an artistic excellence which derived an additional interest from the admixture of Oriental with European science, and the presence of vegetables and fruits not common to western tables. Immediately after dinner, a servant with a kaliyun, or Persian water-pipe, and a stool to rest the cocoa-nut upon, waited on each of the guests. This was very refreshing; and as a punkah was waving to and fro during the repast, and the hour was late, the whole details were gone through with considerable comfort, and there was no want of a just appreciation of the generosity that provided the entertainment.

Colonel Taylor has now been replaced by a very distinguished Oriental scholar, Major Rawlinson; but it is impossible not to acknowledge that during a long residence at this responsible station, the colonel represented, ably and fitly, the interests and the honour of his country. His influence with the pasha and with the natives was very great, and he was universally loved and respected. An admirable Oriental scholar, he was also versed in all the learning, historical, geographical, and theological, of the East; and he had collected a vast mass of materials, but he had a not uncommon peculiarity, an innate distrust of appearing in print. He employed Mr. Elliott, better known as Dervish Ali, to follow the track of the Ten Thousand Greeks, and the Dervish's MSS. must be in existence somewhere: he would also intimate to Mr. Ross the points for antiquarian

research upon the great Babylonian plain; and he even got the living incarnation of the Deity, as so considered by the Ali Ilahis, to pay him a visit. Colonel Taylor was also as partial to natural history, especially botany, as he was to scholarship; and his garden, in which he spent his leisure hours, contained a great variety of European and Asiatic fruits and vegetables. He had introduced the potato into this hot country, and had succeeded in rearing it by planting it out in Autumn and digging it up in spring. From a long residence (I believe of seventeen or eighteen years' duration) at Baghdad, the colonel had imbibed many tastes of quite an Asiatic character. He was thus, at the time of our visit, furnishing up a room, the walls of which were to be all covered over with small mirrors, a saloon which is looked upon as the height of luxury and magnificence by Orientals, and constantly spoken of as such in their descriptive fictions.

Associated with Colonel Taylor was a certain Aga Katchick, an Armenian by birth, and well versed in the English language. Aga Katchick had an excellent residence on the banks of the river, next to Colonel Taylor's, and he was the colonel's factotum, secretary, treasurer, and confidential agent with the pasha, who often, in times of trouble, applied for loans from the British residency. Aga Katchick was a man of talent and affability, but he had the Oriental peculiarity of looking closely after the main chance, and that not always with that very close attention to an incorruptible integrity, without which the Englishman knows he can never rise in the world. Thus, the power of the British consulate to give protection to boats trading on the Tigris under the British flag, was so far abused by the secretary thereof, as, it is believed, to have been one of the main causes of the breaking up of the late politico-commercial establishment.

The position of Great Britain is now also much altered in respect to the two great rivers of Western Asia. The rivers themselves have been navigated and surveyed almost from their sources to their mouths. English steamers are now permanently employed on the glorious expanse of their waters. Mr. Hector is introducing the cultivation of cotton and sugar on their banks. The commerce of India is daily returning, to the annoyance of Russia, nearer and nearer to its olden channel. In case of any new Oriental question, of a complicated or comprehensive character, arising, or of the temporary (it is to be hoped) occupation of Alexandria by the French,* England will always have to fall back upon the basin of the Tigris and Euphrates, not only as the sole tenable line of Anglo-Indian intercommunication, but as the great central outpost to its vast Asiatic possessions. Under such circumstances, a younger representative, imbued with a sufficiently comprehensive order of ideas, was necessarily wanted, and has been happily acquired. It were only to be wished that, awaiting the progress of events, something was done towards colonising the now deserted, but infinitely fertile and productive tracts which are to be met with to an almost unlimited extent on the banks of both rivers, especially, for example, on the Euphrates, where the numerous stone aqueducts and Persian wheels attest to an assiduous cultivation in times long gone by; and on the Tigris, where herds of wild boar riot on

* See p. 58 of a pamphlet published by Smith and Elder "On the Communications between Europe and India through Egypt."

the luxuriant plains of Kalah Sherkat; or where Mr. Layard is now exploring the fragmentary remains of once great and populous cities.

III.—ANTIQUITIES OF BAGHDAD.

Although Baghdad is no longer the city described in "The Arabian Nights," yet it possesses the Oriental character in a higher degree than any other. Next to Mecca it may be considered as the principal place of assembly for pious Mohammadans. As the ancient residence of the khalifs it is held in especial veneration by the Sunnis, while the neighbouring tombs of Hassan and Husain render it a point of indispensable pilgrimage to all the followers of Ali. It is surrounded by walls, which are still in tolerable condition, and which, although not calculated to resist cannon, still afford an admirable barrier against the not infrequent encroachments of the Arabs. There is a wide space within these walls eastward of the city, which is not built upon, and is as naked and sterile as the desert itself. The swelling domes of the beautifully-shaped mosques, with their lofty pointed minarets, constitute, as elsewhere, the chief features of the city. Some of these mosques date from the time of the Khalifat, and are at once showy and characteristic specimens of Saracenic ecclesiastical architecture. The highest and oldest minaret (Minar), called the Risafah, stands near the centre of the city, and is encircled with a Cufic inscription, beautifully executed in brickwork, which narrates that it was erected by Mansur's eldest son, Muhammad al Muhdi. The mosque called Iman Adhem, previously alluded to as without the walls, boasts even of greater antiquity than this monument, having been erected by the khalif Mansur el Diwaniki. The tomb of Harun al Rashid's favourite wife Zobeide, a beautiful Saracenic structure, is on the plain to the west of Baghdad. Many travellers have expressed disappointment upon seeing this structure, which they have even proclaimed to be a mean and inferior memorial to so celebrated a woman; but it is as peculiar and characteristic a thing as any existing relic of the time of the khalifs. Its octagonal disposition and pine-apple shape is nowhere repeated, excepting to a slight degree in the Iman of Shaikh Shahab al Din. The French archæologist, M. Texier, made a detailed architectural drawing of this tomb, and each of the details eliminated new beauties, and a rare perfection in the structure of this curious monument. Close by are the crumbling relics of a mosque built by Harun al Rashid's eldest son, Ab Muhammed Amin. The mother's tomb was erected by a second son, Ab-dullah al Mamum.

The present custom-house is said to be in part the ancient palace of the khalifs, and close by, and at the head of the bridge, is the Madraseh, or college, called from its founder, the Khalif Abu Giaffar (Jaafar) al Mansur Mustansar Billah, the Madraseh al Mustansariyah.

In the principal bazaar is a caravanserai, a gallery running round, the interior of which is ornamented with small columns surmounted by elegant ogives, in the Moorish style. The Talism gate, or gate of the Taiisman, the finest and largest in Baghdad, being fifty-six feet high by fifty-one wide, is built up, being esteemed sacred, from Sultan Murad IV. having quitted the city by that gate. A banquetting house of the time of the khalifat has also been a monastery of Bektash dervishes since the epoch of the delivery of the city from the Persians by the same sultan.

Notwithstanding that Baghdad wears a general aspect of poverty and

decline, many of its citizens are said to be rich, and to live like princes in private; the external aspect of penury being only a means of evading the rapacity of the authorities. Within will often be found superb decorations and services of plate, and women decorated with pearls and rich jewels, while without, the garb of poverty and the air of resignation is assumed. To the present day, indeed, the rich citizens of Baghdad practise what was well expressed by the courtier wit of Harun al Rashid's buffoon, Abu Alnawass.

"Who is enjoying life?" asked the renowned khalif one day of his beloved mentor.

"*Man lahu bait yawih, wamrah tedarih wanahin la nadri beh.*"

"He who has a house to receive him, a wife to take care of him, and *we* do not know him," replied the father of fools.

IV.—AN OVER-ZEALOUS MISSIONARY.

Leaving Corporal Greenhill to carry, with the aid of an assistant, a line of levels across the plains, from the Tigris to the Euphrates, the steamer quitted Baghdad on the 5th of October. Although the current was in our favour, our progress, owing to a combination of causes, was but slow; in the first place, the waters were lower than on the ascent; in the second, the Arabs, unaccustomed to place reliance on promises, had failed to cut wood that should be in readiness for us, as they had undertaken to do; and lastly, some boats that had been hired to bring coal up from Bassora to meet us, having got into difficulties with the Arabs, had returned with their freight to Kornah. The result of this combination of unfavourable circumstances was, that we did not arrive at the junction of the rivers until the 16th of the month.

Here we found the Honourable East India Company's steamer the *Hugh Lindsay*, which had been waiting there for us with a mail for England, and two passengers, Messrs. Stewart and Alexander, since the 3rd of the month. This was bad enough in itself, but it had been rendered infinitely worse by the Arabs having assumed an aspect of hostility towards the steamer, and having refused to have any intercourse with the officers and crew, who were thus not only deprived of milk and eggs and other fresh provisions, so desirable in a hot climate, and after a sea voyage, but were also kept in a very unnecessary state of anxiety and alarm.

The *Hugh Lindsay* lay at anchor in the river Euphrates, while the steamer *Euphrates* brought to at Kornah, at the mouth of the Tigris, and information having reached us of the position in which the Honourable Company's steamer was placed, Mr. Rassam hurried on shore (somewhat to the surprise of the Anglo-Indians, who had been refused all intercourse whatsoever) to explain matters, and in less than half an hour all interdictions were removed.

The ill-feeling excited among the Arabs had had its origin in the *Hugh Lindsay* having brought with her as a passenger to these countries, an over-zealous missionary, of the name of Samuel, whose enthusiasm in the cause was not as is now so generally, we might almost say universally, and necessarily tempered in the East with a proper prudence and caution. Mr. Samuel had but a few years before placed the lives of all the inhabitants of the British Residency at Baghdad in the most imminent peril. Having gone forth to preach in the bazaars and public places of the city,

the fury of the more zealous Muhammadans fanned the popular indignation into active hostilities; the Residency was invested, and the lives of all were threatened unless the unlucky crusader should be given up. All parties were, however, saved by Colonel Taylor's presence of mind. He insisted upon the missionary making his immediate exit by a back door, and embarking him in a boat attached to the residency, hurried him off to Bassora, by which means he was enabled to assert that the intended victim had escaped, and thus gradually to appease the enraged followers of the prophet. This was the man whom the *Hugh Lindsay* had brought like a torch of discord into the very heart of a previously irritated and fanatic Muhammadan population. It is not surprising then, that when by the distribution of tracts, and certain proceedings which partook more of moral and religious eccentricity than of well-weighed and judicious zeal, the keen-eyed Arabs recognised their old opponent, that a quick spread alarm travelled with electro-telegraphic speed along the banks of both rivers.

The totally unexpected appearance of the steamer *Euphrates* among these rude populations had of itself excited much surprise, and no small amount of apprehension; and this was in no slight degree increased by the independent manner in which that vessel took her way up one river and down another, never long at one place, but yet equally at home in all. It was in this last point that lay the whole secret of our success. The Arabs were never treated as strangers, but always assumed to be friends. Their scowls were lost upon us, their apprehensions disregarded, and their fears and jealousies always allayed by a few moments' intercourse. But the arrival of another and a larger steamer aroused all the prejudices which it had cost us so much trouble to allay. Reports of foreign conquest, and of the unlimited ambition of the English, were rife, and were readily received and as readily transmitted from mouth to mouth. But when to this was added such a climax of diplomatic blundering as the importation by the new ship of a rash propagandist of an anti-Muhammadan doctrine, surmises became certainties; not only was the country deemed in danger, but the religion of their forefathers was supposed to be assailed under the protection of British guns, and this popular ferment attained a degree of violence which can scarcely be conceived among the people of more temperate climates. On our next progress up the river Euphrates, the whole population of men, women, and children turned out to hoot and yell at us, and to throw mud, stones, and all available missiles; while the men hurried to and fro shaking their tasselled spears with angry gestures and gathered hastily together in hostile groups. The scene was perfectly extraordinary; the date forests appeared suddenly to be endowed with life, and to swarm with angry tenants. It was upon this occasion that I first witnessed that which is, with the Eastern female, the manifestation of extreme religious hatred and indignation, the total exposure of the person, and, which in moments of excited fanaticism is, strange to say, looked upon as the height of shame and disgrace to those who, unlike Gyges of old, may become the sudden and unwilling contemplators of so extraordinary an act of self-sacrifice.

The conduct of Mr. Samuel, both at the time of the insurrection at Baghdad and upon this occasion, when he commenced his apostolic labours in the presence of two British steamers in Bassora, was naturally

much commented upon by the Indian press; many, for the sake of the good cause in which he was engaged, defending the missionary. But it is quite obvious, that whatever latent hopes may be entertained of ultimately imparting civilisation and the light of a true religion to the native population of antique Chaldea and Babylonia, that this must be preceded by friendly intercommunication. It is absurd to imagine that the prejudices of ages can be removed (except by divine interference) in a few days, or by merely distributing Bibles, or insisting upon addressing an unenlightened and deeply-prejudiced congregation. Time ought at least to have been given to the expedition to lay the seeds of friendly intercourse, or to expose the benefits derivable from civilised life, before it was attempted to attack Muhammadanism in its stronghold; and the importation of so notoriously a rash and injudicious missionary by a government vessel, really assumes the character of a very silly transaction, or, as the French consul, M. Fontanier, designates it, "an act either of provocation or imprudence, inexcusable on the part of any government."

V.—ARABIAN DIPLOMACY.

Only one day was lost at Kornah taking in coals, transferring the mail and passengers from the *Hugh Lindsay*, cleaning our engines, and making all other arrangements necessary to an ascent of the River Euphrates. The next day, October 20th, the steamer plied her way through the deep and tranquil channel of the Chaldean marshes. On our way we were hailed by a boat, which was found to contain our second interpreter Sayid Ali, who, having remained at Baghdad for the transaction of business which there had not been time to complete previous to our departure, had found his way across the Chaldean territory by the Shat al Hai to Suk el Shuyukh, whence he had obtained a boat to make a further descent of the river. It was, as we approached, "the market-place of the sheikhs," and between the village called "the mother of musquitoes," upon the confines of the marsh and date forests and that town, that the strange exhibition of fanaticism among a savage people took place previously alluded to. Passing the sheikhs' market-town, also previously described, we anchored the same evening off Kut, and immediately in front of the tent of the shaikh of the Muntifik Arabs, with whom it was Colonel Chesney's intention to have some interpellations in regard to the coal boats having been stopped on their way up the Tigris, as also to offer on his part some explanations that should, as far as possible, appease any ill-feelings and suspicions that might have been excited by the untoward proceedings of Mr. Samuel.

Accordingly, the next morning, after receiving a visit from the shaikh's first man, the minister and treasurer of the tribe—with whom compliments were exchanged, and to whom more tangible arguments in the shape of presents were made—a deputation was appointed to wait in formal embassy upon the semi-savage potentate.

A divan was extemporised in the open air for the reception of the embassy, composed of Colonel, now Brigadier-General Chesney; Major, now Lieutenant-Colonel Estcourt; Captain Cleaveland, Captain Charlewood, Mr. Rassam, and the author. A ring of many hundred Arabs, mostly armed, encircled the place of reception, preserving just such a distance as should enable each to be a spectator, or a kind of democratic participator in the conference. Such is uniformly the practice with the

Arabs. The poorest man of the tribe is entitled, upon public occasions, to enter and take his seat in the shaikh's tent, and all matters that concern the welfare of the tribe are supposed to be determined by universal suffrage; hence, as is unavoidable under such a state of things, the public reception is a nominal one, in which compliments are exchanged, and observations of a very general description, and of a more or less flattering and tranquillising character, are alone indulged in. A more private meeting is always afforded the same evening or the next morning by an Oriental chieftain, whether he be shaikh, khan, or pasha, for a business conference, and it is also then that he generally receives his presents, which he does not care to have exposed to the vulgar gaze. I have, however, seen exceptions to this. The patriarch of the Chaldeans, to whom a poverty-stricken mission could only convey a few pipe-heads and a little choice Latikiyah, humiliated the bearers by ostentatiously receiving their brotherly tribute in full divan.

It had been previously negotiated by Mr. Rassam, that the shaikh should, in order to save the scruples which, as an uncivilised Muhammadan, he would experience, to rise at the approach of the Christians, that he should enter at the same time as the embassy, and thus appear by his followers to be accidentally in that attitude of respect which is not usually granted by the Moslem to the Nazarenes. But whether by wilfulness or by accident, or as an overt demonstration of ill-will, which was the most likely, the shaikh did not come forth to meet us, nor were there any signs of the great man's approach, even some time after we had been seated. To the frequent questions put to an elderly gentleman, who, with a long stick, appeared to act as lord-chamberlain, the only answer was, that the shaikh was at prayers.

At length, the colonel lost all patience; and sensible of the slight put upon the expedition, he rose up to retire. It was with some difficulty that a way was forced through the dense crowd that encircled the place of audience, but this accomplished, we repaired for the time being to a white tent, occupied by an officer then on a mission to the shaikh from the Pasha of Baghdad.

Colonel Estcourt had, however, a friendly interview with the shaikh at a later hour of the day, and his son, a handsome youth of about fourteen years of age, visited us on board the steamer, accompanied by the minister, who was a business-like, sensible old man. The young prince wore the usual Arab costume, and had in his girdle a dagger, the handle of which was profusely studded with precious stones. He was, however, very timid and distrustful, and although sweetmeats were laid before him, and a variety of presents were made, according to Oriental fashion, nothing could allay his fears and apprehensions. Considering that the hostility of the tribe, excited to fanaticism by the propagandist labours of Mr. Samuel, had been previously roused, in a political point of view, by the French consul, I entertain strong doubts if this somewhat audacious visit to the shaikh would have gone off so peacefully as it did, had it not been for the terrible lesson given to the Arabs of the same tribe at Al Khadr, with which every man was intimately acquainted at Kut, by those reports which spread so quickly among the Arabs; as well, also, for the formidable look of the steamer, which lay too immediately off the shaikh's tent, with its guns peering ominously from its dark sides over an encampment of reed and grass huts, which, in case of a collision, would infallibly

have been fired in a few moments; but still, when the number of muskets (amounting to several thousands) which the Arabs would have brought to bear upon the handful of expeditionists is considered, the result of such a collision is fearful to think of, and unless the Arabs could have been driven to take flight, which they would scarcely have been induced to do when there was no one to pursue them, or unless the steamer herself could have got up her steam and dropped down the stream, few would have probably survived the conflict, and those few would not improbably have been picked off during the passage through the date forests of Suk al Shuyukh. There were, however, two other influences working latently in our favour which ought not to be passed over. First, the old-standing amicable relations entertained by the resident at Baghdad with the shaikh, between whom there had been a mutual interchange of civilities and presents for a long time, the shaikh having close relations with Bombay for the sale of Arabian horses; and also the virtual subjection of the tribe to the Pasha of Baghdad, who might not have been pleased with an Arabian population of dutiful subjects to the Sultan undertaking a small war with a British expedition upon its own account. Certain it is, nevertheless, as attested by subsequent events at Lemlun, that the real and positive safety of the expedition lay in its power to resent injury, and, whatever might have been the result to it of such an unfortunate event, of still inflicting such an amount of punishment as would have been frightful to contemplate, and which the Muntifik Arabs evidently deemed it judicious to avoid. The consciousness of personal danger, and the mere possibility of there being odds in a conflict, has more weight with these naturally belligerent and predatory people than all the power of their Turkish rulers; the influence of international amities or considerations of a remote policy extending far beyond their mental vision, which is, in their present state of civilisation, limited to that which is immediate, expedient, and profitable.

VI.—AN ACCIDENT TO THE STEAMER.

The ascent of the river was resumed the next day. On passing the groves of Al Khadr, the scene of our unfortunate collision with the Beni Hay kim, a sub-tribe of the Muntifik Arabs, the trumpet sounded to arms, and an effective position was taken up off the village, which, however, appeared as if deserted, and not a burnuz was visible. Mr. Rassam went on shore, and found nothing but women and children. The men had taken themselves off upon the report of our arrival at Kut, apprehensive that we should visit their contumaciousness with further requital. They were, however, quieted upon this score, and lectured upon the impropriety of their hastiness. The women were loud in their lamentations for those who had suffered in the conflict.

Beyond Al Khadr the steamer got involved in the Babylonian Marshes. The channel, at all times very narrow, was rendered more so by the waters being now very low, and the extreme tortuousness of the bed added to the difficulties of the navigation, as the steamer could not get sufficient weigh in one reach to enable her to answer her helm for the next bend that would almost immediately present itself. Under these circumstances it was necessary to get the Khazail Arabs, previously described as among the most savage of the dwellers on the banks of the Euphrates, to help and tow the steamer into a proper position. These

rude fellows, however, preferred dancing, singing, and laughing, to work; and when at length it was deemed advisable to unship the paddles altogether, and tow the steamer through this portion of the channel, the rascals would insist upon being paid for their day's labour beforehand, and would then disappear in the surrounding jungle.

Our small society had received a considerable addition from our two passengers, who had also added to the gratifications of our humble table the unknown luxuries of Indian preserves and English ale, of both of which they were equally liberal to the expeditionists so long as their small stock, originally intended for their private comfort, lasted. One of these gentlemen was still very young, but evidently sinking under the effects of climatic sickness, from which, indeed, he never recovered. The other, Mr. Stuart, enjoyed robust health, and accompanied me several times in some little shooting excursions in the marshes, although he was at first much surprised that it was possible to undertake such, amid a population so uncertain in its habits and so thieving in its disposition.

At length on the 29th of October, when the channel had somewhat widened, although very shallow, and the paddles having been re-shipped, the engines were once more at work, it was discovered, to our infinite mortification, that the cross-head of one of the air pumps was cracked, which, as it subsequently appeared, had been caused by some gravel that had been sucked in from the bed of the river by the bottom of the pump, and had obstructed its working.

By this untoward accident all hopes of any further ascent of the river Euphrates were for the present put an end to in the most abrupt and decisive manner. Universal consternation prevailed on board the steamer, and long faces were for some time the order of the day. The commander resolved, however, to forward the mail under all circumstances; and Lieutenant Fitzjames was selected or volunteered, I am not sure which, for this perilous duty. The prospect of going directly home, and of the promotion that would await the bearer of the first Euphratic mail, would have been enough to tempt any officer to the undertaking, but Fitzjames did not require any remote contingencies to bring his chivalrous and enterprising spirit into activity. Sayid Ali was appointed to accompany him, and a boat having been obtained from the Arabs, Messrs. Stuart and Alexander made up their minds also to tempt this venturesome mode of progress.

VII.—ROBBERY AND IMPRISONMENT OF THE PASSENGERS.

The result was bad, but luckily not so much so as might have been the case. The boat having reached Lemlun—that town of reed huts which is so unapproachably situated in the very heart of the Babylonian marshes, and where an attempt to plunder the steamer itself was made on the descent—they were, at first, hospitably received by the shaikh; but the next day, they were surrounded by upwards of thirty armed men, and a systematic pillage of the passengers' luggage took place in presence of the shaikh, who very coolly went on with his devotions during the appropriation of the strangers' property.

The party finding resistance was vain, very wisely avoided the spilling of blood, a thing that would inevitably have entailed the destruction of every individual; but when the Arabs, having obtained possession of the boat, wished also to disarm our countrymen, the latter made it definitely

known, through Sayid Ali, to the Arabs, that they would part with their lives before they would give up their arms. The Arabs were much surprised at such an unusual tenacity of purpose, and after a brief consultation, in which it was generally received that the English had intoxicated themselves for the fight, and would certainly shed blood if force was had recourse to, it was resolved to leave them their arms, but they were at the same time conducted, amid those savage sneers and that rude irony of inferior natures, which it is so difficult even for the meek missionary to put up with, to a mud apartment, in which they were confined for several days, and where our rich Indian merchants had to exchange their curries and preserves for a little rice, and their tankards of ale for draughts of stagnant water doled out in dirty skins. The pillage of the boat afforded a rich prize to the naked Arabs. Besides a considerable sum of money, the Messrs. Stuart and Alexander had also much valuable jewellery with them, and this, with the other property appropriated, must have gladdened the eyes of the miserable Khazailis exceedingly. They, however, did not interfere with the mail, which was in a number of boxes, and which, when they ascertained the contents thereof, they forbore touching or interfering with in any way.

M. Fontanier has asserted, on the authority of a certain Ibrahim Agha, that Sayid Ali was the cause of the untoward event. That the English having shown him little consideration, he felt sore at the treatment experienced, and complaining of it to the Khazailis, and urging that as a Muhammadan, and still more so as a Sayid, he was superior in station to unbelievers, he caused the imprisonment of the whole party. There may be some truth in this, but it is only a partial view of the case. Plunder was evidently the great object, and any double dealing so common to dragomans in the East, on the part of Sayid Ali, could at the best only have been made use of, as an apology for proceedings which were afterwards severely visited upon the Khazailis and their shaikh by the Pasha of Baghdad, whose ire was raised to the utmost by the report of the rich capture effected by these Shi'ah robbers, and who never ceased to persecute them, till he had made them disgorge their ill-gained booty.

The party had arrived at Lemlun on the 31st of October, and they were detained as prisoners until the 8th of November, when by selling some clothes, and a few objects that remained on their persons (a hint, to the effect of their departure not being opposed, having been given), they were enabled to hire a boat to take them as far as Dawaniyah, where they arrived on the 9th. The difficulties of their journey had not, however, come to an end. Dawaniyah happened, unfortunately, to be closely besieged at that moment by the Akra tribe of Arabs, and they were thus detained within its walls until the 16th, when they, at length, made their escape in the night time, having previously secured a guard of armed men by promises of remuneration at Baghdad, which city they soon reached by the way of Hillah in safety. Ultimately, Lieutenant Fitzjames started with the mail, accompanied by Sayid Ali and two guides on camels, and reached Anah on the 8th of December, Damascus on the 18th, and Baïrut the 26th; there he had to wait until January 4th, 1837, before an opportunity presented itself of conveying the mail to England.

THE VENETIAN WIFE AND THE COUNCIL OF TEN

AN HISTORICAL TALE.

By Thomas Roscoe, Esq.

> Oh, admirable laws of Venice!
> Which would admit the wife, in the full hope
> That she might testify against the husband,—
> What glory to the chaste Venetian dames.
> But such blasphemers 'gainst all honour, as
> Sit here, do well to act in their vocation.
>
> Marino Faliero.

I.

VITTORIA.

The almost royal progress and decided success of our great commercial traveller in Italy for the mighty cosmopolitan firm of Free Trade & Co. is, even in these utilitarian days, a sort of trade phenomenon, which augurs well for humanity, for peace, content, and moral improvement—for which there is such ample room—in this large and disorderly European family.

The monument, very far removed, we trust, in point of time, which will one day be raised by the united states of Italy to the venerated memory of Rome's enlightened sovereign, ought to have inscribed upon it an epitaph worthy of a Pius IX., that "amid the darkness and misrule of imperial despotism, he, the champion of religion and public order, was the foremost of persons to rekindle the torch of true science, the science of government, to pierce the 'dim obscure,' and form a new political world out of the chaos of anarchy and disorder, which threatened to engulph her. He it was who dispersed the thick clouds of Austrian barbarism, restored the brighter epochs of Italian freedom, of civil policy and of commerce purified of their disastrous factions and fierce licentiousness."

For, sanguine as such a hope may generally be deemed, there will appear nothing bold or extravagant in the prediction, to those who have watched the progress of modern events in Italy. It is in the order of dynastic revolutions of nations, almost as certain as the fixed period of the revolving planets, or the comet of a thousand years. The might of German oppression, of foreign conquest, of feudal strife, and family discords, with the sway of false principles of religion and of government, is flying before the dawn of another intellectual day. Adversity and experience have inculcated wisdom, thought moderation, while the press, that mental sun, has ripened all the best fruits they have produced, the growth of truths sanctioned by oracular ages, and exploded the fearful errors of the past.

Most of the states of Italy at this time are highly educated, boast men of superior and accomplished intellect; and they are educating and preparing the people for the assertion and enjoyment of true constitutional liberty. They are aware of the advantages of unrestricted commerce, of the undeveloped resources of their fertile country, of the noble sea-coasts, bays, harbours, and fisheries. The restoration of national government and importance is felt by all classes as no boon, but as rights to be restored, of which foreign conquest and internal treachery had deprived them. When the merchant princes of Italy's middle age covered the seas with their argosies, dictated to sultans and to kings, became the

capitalists, the Rothschilds of their brilliant day, they formed part of European history not to be forgotten. She is panting to restore the past, without its errors and its crimes, under the auspices of the most vigorous and resolute, but skilful and cautious pontifical ruler who ever wore the triple crown and filled the chair of St. Peter's. He possesses keenness of vision to see, and to foil Russian intrigue, and solid power to bid defiance—to meet in the field of Italy and on the plains of his own Romagna—now glowing with the most glorious of harvests—of happier and freer men—enthusiastically devoted to him and to his great cause—all the dull enslaved hordes of imperial impotence tottering to his fall.

Italy that has supplied soldiers to almost every modern government is about to become itself a nation of soldiers—that is, men and citizens.—And if the Roman sovereign should require any armies of reserve to carry through the ennobling principles of moral government and reform, Tuscany, Naples, Sardinia, Piedmont, to say nothing of France and Switzerland, would be ready to supply more than he could find quarters for.

For, apart from their political excesses and judicial crimes, what governments, over the same extent of territory, ever attained to the world-wide colonial sway and greatness of the republics of Italy? Among these, Venice towered almost supreme; sprung like a second Venus from the ocean, which she made her home; pre-eminent among minor republics, like a sylvan goddess amidst her nymphs; nor was her vengeance less prompt and fatal than Diana's—a sort of political divinity, both to Christians and to Moslems. In tracing its extraordinary annals, so full of the dramatic play of all the noblest, the most hateful, or most fatal passions, the reader often pauses to inquire what was the strange secret of that mighty expansive power, that concentrated spirit of action and rapid *coups d'Etât*, which, based upon an irresponsible tribunal, carried its triumphs to the remotest corners of the world.

That great secret was its influence over the masses by a peculiar equality of laws, however stern—the power delegated to the Capo de' Dieci and his council—to coerce the greatest, to humble the loftiest heads, and to remove the most popular leaders the moment they became dangerous to the republican laws of equality. Towards the people of the working classes, the minor citizens and middle order, that singular state council was generally mild and lenient; its acts of generosity, clemency, or magnanimity were by no means rare in that direction; and it is with a view of illustrating one of the secret causes of the astonishing development of Venetian power, and of presenting to the studious mind of Italian reformers, and to their rulers, an example of the power of clemency that the following historic incidents have been selected.

They will be found, likewise, in strict harmony with the conciliating policy pursued by a newly appointed* council, if not as secret and Briarean armed, yet equally able and skilful, and capable of equally energetic action, without the arbitrary character and the infliction of severe and secret punishment, as existed alike under the old papal government and that of the Council of Ten.

* One of the most recent measures of Pope Pius IX., viz. a council of ministers to preside over and to ensure the safe and certain execution of the new reformatory laws. The next act we doubt not of this able ruler will be to embody them in a new code, for the benefit and example of other states.

They will show more especially that the Roman Council (or rather the pontiff himself hitherto) is pursuing the same Venetian policy in its best features, that of rendering the lower orders happier and freer, so as to act as a check upon those above them; and thus investing that Council with a power to call public dignitaries, whether civil or ecclesiastical, to a more strict account.

In that city of renown—the light and glory of the middle ages—the fosterer of genius, art, and letters, in the van of modern discovery and colonisation as well as the bulwark of Italy and Christendom against the otherwise irresistible might of the Moslems, there resided a merchant of moderate rank—not that of its merchant princes—but of rising hopes, and peculiarly sensitive on the score of character and honour. Brave, high-hearted, and of lofty spirit, that might break but could not bend before the storm, Angelo Spinelli was as incapable of wantonly inflicting as he was of brooking for a moment the slightest wrong or insult. Of a passionate temperament, however controlled by social law, judgment, and habit, it was this one particular and dangerous bias which induced his best friend to warn him, and that friend's astrologer (then a sort of privy council to the great), to predict that before a single lustre expired from the period at which he spoke, Angelo Spinelli would inevitably kill somebody or be killed. "In the last of the five years," pursues the sapient chronicler of the civic annals, "which that veritable soothsayer conceded to fate, to prepare its meshes in which to entrap the fortune of the unthinking Spinelli, did that notable catastrophe really happen, which as from some deadly and poisonous root, sent forth continual shoots of ever-growing and infectious miseries." We are next advised, that Angelo being of mature years and judgment, and daily prospering by close application and "cruel thought and care," more and more, in spite or fickle fortune and variations of trade (probably alluding to the trade-winds), now gave the whole of his leisure and lively energies to the cultivation of the minds and affections of his wife and children, affording them all the delights and advantages of the country during the vine and olive seasons, at a beautiful "podere" of his own in the most delicious of the adjacent sunny islets.

Extremely beautiful and highly accomplished, endued with the richest qualities freed from the deeper passion and excesses of too many of her inspiring clime, Vittoria possessed the warm, undivided affections of a consort who had neither ceased to love nor to admire her. If any thing molested his peace, indeed, it was the continual admiration displayed towards her by his friends, by strangers, or the families with whom they visited; yet his perfect confidence in her lofty worth and highly sensitive character forbade suspicion, or even the slightest approaches to a jealous nature.

Among the proud and wealthy who had seen and admired the fascinating manners of the charming Vittoria, was a Rimenese of enormous wealth, and consequent influence, which having inherited instead of won by honourable means, he too seldom employed for the advantage of his fellow-citizens. When a man's will is his supreme law, and his good pleasure the "ultima ratio," few obstacles will deter him from his purpose be it what it may; power only hardens, and success gives wings to his evil career.

Such a man was Fulgosio de' Fiumecelli; he believed, like Philip of Macedon, that money was omnipotent, and that every citadel, however firmly held and stoutly garrisoned by bravery and honour, had its golden key. He began, therefore, by lavishing the most costly and magnificent presents upon the object of his impassioned pursuit, but the moment his designs became manifest they had been rejected with scorn. One of the few noble exceptions to the prevailing customs and corruptions of southern life, Vittoria resembled her famed namesake of the Colonne, and Fulgosio found to his cost that it was not a citadel merely, but a pure marble column, upon which was inscribed the "virtus vera nobilitas" of the matron of a Roman republic, sterner and more uncompromising than Venice which he had undertaken to assault. But opposition only gave fresh zest to the fiery pleasure he took in the pursuit; his conquests had been only too easy, he had yet received no check, and felt delighted when he found the splendid evidences of his guilty passion first returned upon his hands. "I begin to breathe, to live again!" was his exulting thought; "this is perfectly refreshing after the dead calm in which I lay, not a breath of true passion stirring to agitate the sails—a log upon the waters, palled, sick to death. It is the only encouragement I could have desired;" and like some assassin stimulating hate and revenge by the powerful drug, and animated as the opium-eater for the hour, he redoubled his assiduities, and began to develop one by one all the resources he had so successfully employed, and with which his evil genius now most liberally supplied him. Light, love, and beauty once more beamed across his path; like the fate-doomed Greek abused by oracular spells, he heard not the stealthy demon-step that dogged, he saw not the black shadow—a speck in the distance—growing larger and larger, the death-shroud about to wrap him in its final darkness.

The avocations of Spinelli required his occasional absence, and it was then the tempter had exhausted his utmost seductive power, and like the artful pioneer, having laid all his mines and made his secret approaches unobserved, he at length opened the fire, manifesting the extent of his artful power, to the terror and destruction of the besieged.

Not the least anxiety of the unhappy lady was that he had so far "mesh'd her in his demon wiles" before she was aware, and surrounded her with such inextricable difficulties, that it was as dangerous to resist as to fly; there was not a loop-hole of escape left; vain were all her resources, her tears, her prayers to rescue herself and her family from perdition, until reason, though not yet her honour, was deeply perilled in the cruel strife. The seducer knew the state of Spinelli's affairs, obtained his confidence, advanced large sums of money to repair some disasters: the merchant's person as well as his ships that still kept the seas, were under bond and penalty, both in the power of the ruthless capitalist. Determined to use that power to the utter ruin of Spinelli and his family, and inscribe upon it the "I' ha pagato!" of the relentless creditor, he at length, finding all other measures had failed, coolly informed Vittoria of this decision; and though her husband had never breathed a syllable of his losses, she soon learnt enough to convince her of the terrific truth, and to know that Fulgosio was quite in earnest. He now in Spinelli's absence pressed his suit with increased vigour, taking the most fearful oaths, that unless she consented to his wishes, she would consign her

family to abject poverty, her husband to a prison—was it possible longer to resist?

The merchant upon his return from Forli found his beloved Vittoria—for he was the fondest of husbands and of fathers (they had three daughters)—almost in a state of distraction; she could no longer conceal from him her extreme unhappiness, which she had hitherto cautiously done, well aware of his susceptible disposition and scrupulous sense of honour. He took the alarm, insisted upon knowing why of late she had lost her usual bloom and spirits, no longer attended balls and regattas, and appeared altogether so extremely changed. She wept, but spoke not, and in his passion, roused to madness by his suspicions, he vowed that if she did not instantly reveal the cause—every least occasion of her grief—he would extort the truth by force, he would kill her. Upon hearing this threat, so sternly uttered with one hand upon his dagger, the gentle Vittoria before absorbed in tears at his feet, suddenly rose, and drawing herself up to her full height, while she brushed the pearly drops from her beautifully flashing eyes, cried "Strike, ingrate, strike! I wish not to live;" and she bared her exquisitely white and delicate bosom to his stiletto, "or I will kill myself rather than hear words of reproach, injury, threats, and from you."

So thrilling was the emotion, the sense of impending calamity, of all she had endured, and most of all the anger of him she still passionately loved, that she would have fallen had he not snatched her to his breast. Alarm and tenderness usurped the place of jealous passion, and tears and caresses restored the lovely Vittoria once more to life and love. As he folded her to his bosom she confided to him the whole story of her sufferings, the incessant persecutions which she had endured in silence for his sake; but not till she had extorted from him a solemn promise that he would not adopt any plans unknown to her, commit the least act of violence, or take the law into his own hands.

Spinelli heard with burning indignation, that after her last interview with Fulgosio, that day on which he had arrived sooner than was expected, had been fixed by him as the last on which he should delay proceedings unless she entered a "noli sequere," and placed her future destiny in his hands. He reflected with horror—a horror which only a being endowed with his sense of honour could experience—upon the dreadful alternative which, to rescue them from impending ruin, might have been submitted to, but for his timely succour and support. Having allayed her fears by the assurance that he would instantly adopt measures to emancipate himself from their lordly persecutor, and withdraw with her for a season to their little estate in the island, he left her happier than she had for a long period felt, in no longer having a secret, and of such a kind, preying upon her spirits, now confided to the best of guardians. Though too sensible that his circumstances required him to be cautious, to act with moderation, and redeem the solemn assurance which he had given, Spinelli was half maddened with jealous rage, doubt, and distraction—not to say hate, for we soon hate those whom we really fear—as he passed the Bridge of the Rialto. In that mood in the presence of several assembled merchants, senators, and "magnifichi" of Venice, he met the very man whose image absorbed all his faculties, surrounded by friends, flatterers, and all that tend to render wealth and power arrogant and

insolent. They accosted each other. To the haughty salutation of the millionaire, Spinelli, not less proud and passionate, poor merchant though he were, now deigned not to return the slightest regard. "Signor Fulgosio!" he cried, in a loud voice, so that every bystander might hear, "I am come to request of you no suit or favour, but simple justice and a settlement of accounts. I am a plain man of business, but I trust also of integrity and honour. I demand arbitrators to agree upon a fair adjustment and repayment of the sums I owe, at the same time call these gentlemen to witness your promise that you will no longer persecute with your visits my wife—a lady of the noble house of the Colonne—as noble, more virtuous, more respected than your own."

There was a slight murmur of approbation at these words; but it was uttered in a thin, weak, wiry tone, not at all strong, hearty, honest and deep, like that of Pope's bass-singer, for the grandee of funds and argosies was not a little dreaded. With a smile half defiance, half contempt, he replied, "That he was master of his own will—that it was his pleasure to call on the lady—that no one should impose a law on him—that his wife, however fair, was not to be exempted on that account from the happy fortune shared with him by so many others; and that if she were willing to share it, as he had good reason to hope, and which he (Spinelli) well knew, he must learn to bear it with patience like others; he was neither the first, nor would he be the last to set so edifying an example to the husbands of Venice."

The speaker being a Rimenese, there was, spite of his wealth and influence, a somewhat louder murmur heard at this aspersion of the character of the fair Venetians, while all the blood of Spinelli was knocking at his heart, to open the vent-pegs of its wrath,

"And let the stream of its revenge run clear."

Nay, it was actually tingling him into madness; and, as if at the sound of a trumpet, dancing the old martial dance of Death (the Dead March in Saul, we presume) in his fiery veins. Those who saw the struggle to control his passion, as every motive bade him to do, were struck with sympathy and admiration, and the knot of spectators at his side began to enlarge, while that of Signor Fulgosio fell off. After several vain efforts to find words, the insulted husband triumphed over his extreme rage, and even spoke with calmness.

"I take it as it was meant; and consider that you were jesting, signor; if so, we are yet friends, and you have merely to give your word of honour that you were not serious, and that you will abstain from further solicitations, and the past shall be forgotten. Shall we be at peace?"

"Willingly," replied the aristocrat, "agreeing on the terms already stipulated: here is my hand—my purse is at your wife's command—so go home, sir; go home, and bid her to be wise, or you will all disappear from the face of the earth," and he was about to utter some dreadful vow, but had not time; the sword of Spinelli twice passed through his body with the speed of lightning, and he fell dead, while the maddened Spinelli continued still to apostrophise the body as he stabbed, as if yet endued with life.

"Will you promise—will you promise before these gentlemen—will

you—no more to tempt and persecute her?" and thus his rage exhausted itself.

He was about to be seized by Fulgosio's friends; but numbers, who had witnessed the extent of the provocation, held them off at the sword's point, and formed a lane for him, through which the homicide merchant passed, no longer fearful, doubtful, and half-distracted, as he had come, but like some high-priest, stern, triumphant, and confiding, from a great sacrifice to the gods. But this feeling, to which the madness of over-goaded passion had nerved him, soon ceased to influence, and thoughts of home—a home no longer his—of his violated promises—of wife and children—the merest shadow of property—all of which he had forfeited, came over him like some hideous dream. He could not bear to meet the eye of Vittoria and his children: he would write to her, and she would hear it all too speedily, were his remorseful feelings as he leaped into a gondola, and turned his back, as he supposed, upon his beloved Venice for ever. He had never before been able to appreciate the regrets of Jacopo Foscari, the exile, who, to behold *her* only, returned again and again to his dungeon and to his torments.

II.

ANGELO SPINELLI.

The terrors of conscience, of the offended laws, and, yet more, of a tarnished name, were the only companions of the homicide's flight; for such, divested of passion, in those terrific moments which succeed the exaltation of revengeful impulse, in the anguish of wounded honour and of self-reproach, he pronounced himself to be. The fever of the spirits, the restlessness, the sleeplessness, not without the haunting presence of the dead, the features, the look last seen, give wings to the wanderer; in such fearful moments he feels as if no spot of earth would hold him, and realises the primal punishment of Cain. Then comes the horrid longing to expiate, to give himself up to offended justice, even thus to purchase peace or respite from the vengeance of his secret tormentors. Till then he can never arrest his steps; it is on, on; to escape is the absorbing feeling, and yet he knows that he can never escape. It was so with the unhappy Spinelli; Lizzi, Rovigo, Ferra, were thus sought and abandoned; his lofty air, his frank, open countenance, the clear, steady eye, nay, his very courage had abandoned him, so great was the first revulsion of his feelings, till he feared to meet the looks of those around him. He had not even summoned fortitude to write to his deserted wife and daughters, whose sufferings no language can depict.

In the eyes of the council and of the senate, the circumstances of the homicide, the arrogant assumption, the criminal purpose, the provocation given on the part of the slain, were, owing to their extreme publicity, susceptible of no mitigation, their laws being most stringent against acts of open violence in all places of general resort. But this was on the grand public and commercial exchange of Venice. The offender was banished, deprived of all his property, of the power of holding any in future, and a price of two thousand crowns was set upon his head. Far from being permitted to rejoin him in his exile, neither wife nor children were ever to behold him more. While they were thus suddenly reduced to abject poverty, Spinelli was compelled, by the pangs of want, to enter the service of the Duke of Ferrara as a common soldier. Necessity, more powerful

than all laws, suggests means not only to evade, but to set them at defiance, often to trample upon them, especially when founded upon injustice and oppression. It is a challenge that must be accepted, a battle that must be fought. It sharpens the ingenuity, and gives rise to a thousand useful discoveries and reforms; and it is by this compensatory providence that good is educed from evil, and general benefit made to result from man's own follies, crimes, and oppressions.

It was thus the unhappy wife and mother discovered the place of Spinelli's retreat, conveyed to him tidings of their existence, of their extreme wretchedness, and distress. Their eldest daughter, of surpassing beauty, was now fourteen; they were surrounded by temptations of every kind, and, however great their courage, however resigned to their sufferings and privations, she dreaded to reflect upon the perils of the future, for it was impossible they could continue to exist, they must perish without speedy relief. The picture of desolation and horror thus conjured up, as if by some demon power, before the imagination of the husband and the father, was the most agonizing sensation which he had yet endured. In his reply he assured her that he should soon be enabled to supply their wants, entreating her till then to watch carefully over their daughter, and the still unstained honour of their house. This letter, full of assurances of tender care and love, reached its destination by the same means, and the wretched wife and her children suffered in silence, more contented and consoled with the scanty produce of their daily toil; for it was death even to shelter or afford them public or private relief.

Spinelli had made a rash promise when he spoke of aid. He was now torturing his invention how to redeem it, and rescue from destruction or dishonour those whom he held most dear on earth.

Among the ducal troops he had met other exiles, with two of whom, young men of good birth, whose father had been banished for some political offence, and rejoined by his family who were not in Venice at that time, he was intimate. One day they invited Spinelli to their little country house, to be present, they observed, at the nuptials of their sister; and he accompanied them as he had sometimes been in the habit of doing, to relieve his afflictions by sympathy and by comparing their evil lot. He had no sooner entered the house than he was seized by the two brothers and their servant, and bound hand and foot. He conceived that they were in jest, and laughing, told them to leave him upon the sofa, and permit him to take his siesta. But he was soon undeceived; the young men called their father, and pointing to the captive observed, "You are no longer an exile! behold the means of restoration to your beloved Venice, with two thousand crowns, on delivering up the homicide alive or dead! Shall we kill him, or would you rather present him to the Seignory alive?"

"I neither wish," replied the father, "to become his executioner, nor to receive the price of his head; it is enough for me to be permitted to revisit the only spot I love on earth."

"I think it will be much safer to kill him at once," exclaimed the eldest of the sons, he is a homicide, out of the pale of the laws; is it not a justifiable and laudable act?" at the same time baring his stiletto.

His father arrested his arm, and it was then that the captive, inspired with sudden hope, made a touching appeal to the old man, to whom he revealed all the aggravating circumstances, the deep provocations which led to the

fatal deed, to say nothing of the dishonour of their having entrapped him when confiding in them as a friend and a brother, a treason which Heaven would never permit to go unpunished.

"And will you, whom I esteem as a father, sanction so foul a betrayal of trust and friendship?"

"Never!" exclaimed the old man, "dearly as I long to die in Venice. If you look upon me as a father you are my son; these are your brothers; and it would be an act of fratricide. I thank you, sons, for your efforts to restore me to my country; but these are not the means;" and with his own hands the old man unloosened the bonds which held Spinelli. "Now let us embrace," cried the father, "you must forgive your brothers, for it was compassion for me which hardened them, and blinded their judgment. Indeed, I had very nearly fallen into the same way of thinking myself, and it will, perhaps, be as well," he continued, smiling, "that you should bid farewell to your new father and brothers for a season, lest they might happen to change their minds."

"Yes!" exclaimed the brothers, "if we refuse to take the culprit, some one else will, and have the price of his head."

Spinelli, therefore, seemed perfectly to agree with the father in the propriety of taking himself off as soon as possible, which he did, without much ceremony, after thanking his new father and brothers for the previous kindnesses and hospitality they had shewn him.

This singular and alarming incident suggested to Spinelli a design wholly new, which he lost not a moment in putting into execution. The words "if we refuse to take him some one else will," rung in his ears like a timely warning, rather than a death-toll as they really were; and with bolder air and freer step the banished man turned his face to Venice—the very city from which he had before fled in disguise full of nameless fears—to the place of his execution. How sad and strange a destiny! A stern necessity again defeated the laws, and in defiance of them, and his evil fate, he had the supreme happiness of folding to his heart the wife and children whom he was never more even to behold. How bold and irresistible are the grand impulses derived from adversity, that calls forth every beauty and nobleness of the human character! Thou daring and reckless player—staking the last—the only chance; will not fortune and the gods admire thee—thus fearlessly to look thy stern executioners in the face, to jeer them—to pull their very beards—to be happy under the blackest shadow, in the very sanctuary of their laws, and shalt thou not triumph over them, as well as evade and defy them?

Most ingeniously disguised and concealed from public view, Spinelli passed some brief days, that seemed hours, with his family. But he knew that it could not last; and he was anxious to fulfil his noble mission while there was yet time. He explained to the anxious, trembling Vittoria the risks that he had encountered—the peril which he had escaped at Ferrara; the utter impossibility of escape, and the resolution he had taken of delivering himself up by her hands, and thus securing for her and his daughters the two thousand crowns—for, once in the hands of the Seignory, she would be allowed to possess property, and enjoy her natural rights as before.

We may easily imagine the scene which now took place. A stern necessity declared that she, the wife of his bosom, should become his

denouncer, his betrayer—his executioner in short—there was no remedy. So loud became her cries and lamentations, as he urged their immediate departure, that the captain of police hearing them, suddenly entered the house, and stood in Spinelli's presence. The exile shrunk not: he advanced: "This woman, though my wife, denounces me; and was now about to deliver me up to justice, into the hands of the Seignory of Venice. You, captain, must take charge of me, and consent to accompany us while she attends to denounce and deliver me up—here, bind my arms, secure me."

They stood in the presence of that awe-inspiring Seignory, the most reckless and unforgiving of human tribunals—of stern republican councils. Yet Spinelli was erect and fearless; he spoke the words of denunciation for the wretched wife, trembling and speechless before that dread array of justice, the high priests of political religion prepared to offer up their unresisting victim.

"Madman!" exclaimed the chief, "What hath impelled thee to deliver thyself up to certain death? Cannot love of life itself control thy folly?"

Spinelli replied by claiming for his wife the price of denouncing and delivering him up.

On hearing these words, Vittoria, starting as from a dream, thus addressed the chief of the "Ten," her look and voice displaying the intense anguish of her mind: "Hear me, my lords, ere you condemn. This is my husband—the father of these children. He knew that we were perishing; and to rescue us from death, or a still more ignominious fate, he gave us the price of his blood. If I might plead the persecutions which I suffered from the man who threatened me and my family with death—the worst of deaths, unless I consented to submit to dishonour—who would have consigned us to eternal infamy and ruin, our own and the world's scorn—and who boasted upon the Rialto, in the face of the merchant-citizens of Venice, that he would accomplish his most foul design; insulted my husband, commanding him to teach me to obey, to consign me himself to dishonour;—you would see cause, my lords, for pausing ere you strike; lest you strike down honour, truth, and virtue, and all loyal faith in the strength and splendour of your Seignory over the most famed city and republic of Italy and of the world." Here tears choked her utterance.

These words, so true and so great under such afflicting circumstances, produced an electrical effect upon every member of the council. The close of her appeal, while it flattered their republican pride, almost made them tremble; for it sounded like a prediction and a doom—the doom for innocent blood too long shed, and which speedily overtook them. Seldom was there a Vittoria Spinelli to avert from her country the divine vengeance at last due to a long series of judicial and political crime.

Had the senate known gratitude, and raised monuments to spirits like hers, it might have had a less brief date; as it was, some instinctive feeling told them, it was indeed well to pause; and the chief of the "Ten" was observed in earnest conversation with the senatorial gravity of Venice. The pause was a trying and even awful one to those heart-stricken listeners; the very captain of the city guard felt its power in the wife's blanched cheek of terror, the stern, silent horror in the features of the prisoner, and then his eye seemed rivetted as by a dark enchantment upon the "Ten." The dread murmurs of their voices ceased.

The chief, raising his head, for he never stood up to speak, fixed his dark eye upon Vittoria, after a glance of scorn and hatred at Spinelli—for they had been rivals in love. "Having regard only to the admirable conduct and the extreme sufferings of the Signora Spinelli—not to the folly, imprudence, and crime of her husband—for which madness alone could be pleaded in extenuation; and in consideration of the noble example which *she* has given to Venice and to the world of undaunted courage, strict honour, and virtue; it is decreed by the "Ten," that Angelo Spinelli be recalled from exile and pardoned, and that the sum of two thousand crowns, the price of delivering up the prisoner alive or dead, be presented to Vittoria Spinelli, as being justly due to her."

The captain of the guard, who appeared the only one not quite delighted with this arrangement, received, however, a handsome gratuity for his proving himself so good an eaves-dropper, and ready listener at people's doors, added to his prompt action in securing and attending the prisoner before the council.

The fortunate Spinelli, from that hour, became the most mild, patient, all-enduring, and least passionate of mankind. His naturally hasty and fiery temper, was thoroughly tamed, for he had had the benefit of a lion-tamer stronger than any Van Amburgh. He became a cool calculator, and consequently a very wealthy merchant, finally taking his seat in the senate to which he was so deeply indebted.

THE BLIND OGRE.

A BRETON LEGEND.

By W. Hughes, Esq.

In the days when the saints were accustomed to visit Lower Brittany, there were found upon the high-roads as many hermitages as one sees now-a-days, new houses, with a manger near them, and a bunch of mistletoe* over the door. At that period, there dwelt in the bishopric of Leon two young lords, as rich as they could wish to be, and so beautiful that even their mother could find no fault in their persons. They were called Tonyk and Mylio.

Mylio was the eldest, and in his seventeenth year. Tonyk was not yet fourteen. Both were so clever, and learnt their lessons from their masters so admirably, that they might have been already ordained as priests had they been of sufficient age and in their vocation.

Tonyk was, however, very pious, always ready to succour the poor and to pardon their offences. Money he held no longer in his hands than resentment in his heart. Whereas Mylio would only give to each one his due, even then he would bargain, and if they offended him he did not forget to avenge himself according to his power. As it had pleased God

* *Huel-var*, a bush of mistletoe, over a door is the usual sign of an inn in Brittany.

to take their father when they were very young, the widow, who was a woman of great virtue, had to bring them up herself: and as soon as they were stout lads, she judged that it was time to send them to an uncle, who lived at a distance, from whom they might expect good advice, besides a rich inheritance.

One day, then, after having given each a new hat, shoes with silver buckles, a violet cloak, a purse full of money, and a horse, she told them to take their departure for the house of their father's brother.

The two youths beheld themselves on their journey, highly delighted to see an entirely new country. Their horses travelled so rapidly, that in a few days they found themselves in another kingdom, which did not produce the same corn and the same trees. Now, one morning, as they were traversing a cross-road, they perceived a poor woman sitting near a cross, her face buried in her apron.

Tonyk suddenly stopped his horse to inquire what was the matter with her; and the mendicant said to him, sobbing bitterly, that she had lost her son, who was her all, and that she was left to the charity of Christians. The youth was all attention; but Mylio, who had stopped at some paces' distance, called to him in a jeering tone:

"Don't believe all that is said by the first person you meet with in tears. That woman is only a trap to catch the purses of the passers-by."

"Be quiet, my brother Tonyk. Be quiet, in the name of God. Your words have made her weep still more. Don't you see that she is of the same age and the same height as our mother, whom God protect." Then he bent forward towards the mendicant, and offered his purse. "Take it, poor woman," he said; "I can only succour you, but I shall pray to God that he will console you."

The mendicant took the purse, and after having kissed it, she said to Tonyk:

"Since my young lord has enriched a poor woman, he will not refuse from her this nut, which encloses a wasp with a diamond sting."

Tonyk took the nut, and thanked the mendicant, and pursued his road with Mylio.

The two arrived soon after at the borders of a forest, where they perceived a little boy nearly naked, who was digging among the roots of the trees, singing, at the same time, an unknown air, more sorrowful than the music of the mass for the dead. Frequently he stopped to beat his little frozen hands one against the other, and exclaimed, in the intervals of his song:

"I am cold, I am cold!" and his teeth chattered.

Tonyk felt inclined to cry at this sight, and said to his brother:

"Good heavens, Mylio, do you see how that poor innocent suffers from the cold north-east wind?"

"He is then indeed very chilly," replied Mylio. "I do not myself find the wind so cold."

"It is because you have a vest of frizzled velvet,* and over that a cloth coat, and over that again a violet mantle, whilst he is only covered with the air of heaven."

"Well and good," observed Mylio; "but he is only a little peasant."

* Voulous frizett.

"Alas!" replied Tonyk, "when I think that you, my brother, might have been in his place, my heart melts, and I cannot see him suffer thus."

At these words he stopped his horse, called to the little boy, and asked him what he did there.

"I am searching for dragon-flies, which are sleeping among the roots of the trees," replied the child.

"And what wilt thou do with these dragon-flies?" said Mylio.

"When I have plenty, I will go and sell them in the town, and I shall buy myself a coat, which will give me warmth, as if it were always sunshine."

"Hast thou found any?" demanded the young lord.

"One only," replied the child, and he exhibited a little cage of rushes, within which he had enclosed the blue fly.

"Very well, I will take it," interrupted Tonyk, throwing his cloak to him; envelope thy limbs in the precious cloth, dear innocent, and add every evening at thy prayers an ave for Mylio and another for her who gave him birth."

The two brothers continued their journey. Tonyk at first suffered much from the north-east wind for want of the cloak which he had given away, but when they were traversing the forest the wind began to blow softer, the fog cleared away, and a vein of sunshine* glittered among the clouds.

They then arrived in the open country, where they found a fountain, at the side of which was an old man in rags carrying upon his shoulder the wallet of a *clasker-bara*, who, when he perceived the two horsemen, appealed to them with a supplicating voice. Tonyk approached him.

"What do you want, old father?" he demanded, raising his hat in respect for the age of the mendicant.

"Alas! my dear little lords," he said, "you see that my hairs are white and my cheeks wrinkled. On account of old age I am become enfeebled, and my feet cannot any longer carry me. I shall die at this spot, if one of you will not consent to sell me his horse."

"Then purchase one of our horses, *Clasker-bara!*" observed Mylio, with an air of contempt, "and with what wilt thou pay us?"

"Do you see this hollow acorn?" demanded the mendicant; "it encloses a spider, which can manufacture a web stronger than steel. Let me have one of your horses, and I will give in return the spider and the acorn."

The elder of the youths burst out into laughter.

"Do you hear, Tonyk?" he cried, as he turned towards his brother. "By my baptism, there must be a couple of calf's feet in the sabots of that man!" †

But the youngest replied gently,

"The poor man can only offer that which he has."

Then he dismounted, and advanced towards the old man.

"I give you my horse, good man," he said, "not on account of the price which you have put upon it, but as a remembrance of Christ, who

* *Goazenn héaul*, a Breton expression which indicates a ray of sunshine which traverses the clouds.

† "*Treid lué zo éné vouton*," a Breton expression, signifying a silly or impertinent fellow

has said that the *Clasker-bara* were his chosen: take it as your own; and give God thanks, who offers it to you through me."

The old man murmured a thousand benedictions, mounted the horse, with the assistance of the youth, and disappeared in the plain.

But Mylio could not pardon this last act of charity of his brother, and it gave him an occasion to burst out.

"Simpleton!" he cried to Tonyk, with rage, "you ought to be ashamed of the state into which you have brought yourself by your folly. You thought, no doubt, if once despoiled of all that you possessed, that you would be allowed to share with me my money, my horse, and my cloak. But do not expect it. I wish you to profit by your lesson, and feel the inconvenience of such prodigality. You will become more economical for the future."

"It is indeed a good lesson, brother," replied Tonyk, gently, "and I do not refuse to receive it. I never dreamt of sharing in your money, your horse, or your cloak. Pursue your road without any uneasiness on my account, and may the Queen of angels guide you."

Mylio made no reply, but went off at a trot, although his young brother continued on foot, and he beheld him at a distance unreproached by his conscience.

He arrived thus at a narrow gorge between two mountains, the summits of which were lost in the clouds.

It was called the "Cursed Pass," because a *Rounfl** inhabited the heights, and watched from there the travellers, as a fowler watches the game.

He was a blind giant, without feet, but whose ears were so quick that he could hear even the worm digging his hole in the earth. His domestics were two eagles, which he had tamed, for he was a great magician, and he sent them to collect his prey when he heard anything passing. The peasants of the country always took care to walk through the pass with their shoes in their hands, like the maidens of Roscoff, when they are travelling to Morlaix market, and hardly daring to breathe, for fear of being overheard by the ogre. Mylio, who was not warned of this, entered on horseback, and the giant was aroused, as a matter of course, by the sound of iron upon the stones.

"Holloa, my grewnds, where are you?" cried he, the white eagle and red eagle ran to him instantly; "go fetch for my supper that which is just passing below, quick!"

They departed as swiftly as two balls discharged out of a musket, plunged into the bottom of the ravine, seized Mylio by his violet cloak, and carried him to the house of the ogre.

Tonyk arrived at this moment at the entrance of the pass, he saw his brother carried up by the birds, he ran towards them as fast as he could, and shouted, but the eagles and Mylio disappeared immediately in the clouds, which veiled the highest peak of the mountain.

The youth stood for a moment upon the spot stricken with terror; and his astonishment was not the less when he beheld the perpendicular rocks on either hand rising like a wall, and reaching to the sky, he fell upon his knees, joined his hands in prayer, and cried out,—

* The Bretons give this name to ogres.

"All powerful lord, who hast created the world, save my brother Mylio!"

"Do not disturb Heaven with so trifling a matter," answered three small voices, which made themselves heard all at once near him.

Tonyk turned round with astonishment.

"Who has then spoken, and where are you?" he inquired.

"In the pocket of your doublet," cried the three tiny voices.

The youth felt in his pocket and pulled out the nut, the acorn, and the little rush cage where the three insects were enclosed.

"Is it then you that will save Mylio?" he said.

"We! we! we!" they replied in three different voices.

"How will you do it, my poor nothings?" demanded Tonyk.

"Open our prison and you will see."

The youth did as they asked. Then the spider approached a tree against which he began to spin a brilliant web, as strong as steel, then the spider mounted upon the back of the dragon-fly, which gently raised itself in the air while he continued the work, the threads of which were separated in a way to form a ladder, which it unrolled gradually.

Tonyk mounted this miraculous ladder, and followed them until they reached the top of the mountain. Then the wasp flew before him, and he arrived with it at the house of the giant. This was a cave in a rock and as high as a church. The ogre, without eyes and legs, was seated in the middle, he swung and balanced his body backwards and forward, singing—

Oh I delight in the flesh of the Leonard,
Who is fed on white bread and wholesome *lard.**
The folks of Treguier I greatly favour,
For they of sweet milk and pancakes savour:
But as for the Vannites or Kernewoods good-bye,
I cannot endure the flavour of rye.†

While repeating the song he was cutting up in long slices some pork for the purpose of larding Mylio, previously to roasting him. The latter was lying near with his legs and arms attached upon his back like a capon trussed for the spit.

The two eagles were standing at a little distance near the chimney, the one winding up the roasting-jack, whilst the other was making up the fire.

The noise which the giant made in singing, and the attention which he paid to the squaring of the bits of fat bacon, had prevented him from noticing the approach of Tonyk and his three little servants, but the red eagle at length perceived the youth, he sprang towards him, and was going to seize him with his talons when the wasp flew at him and pierced him in his eyes with the diamond sting. The white eagle ran to succour his brother and was similarly blinded; then the wasp flew against the

* *Anglice*, Bacon.

† Me gar meurbet ar Leonard,
Enez-zo bevet gomd kik-lard;
Ar saour zo dann Tregueriz
Euz krampoëz hac eus leaz livriz;
Mœs kernevodds ha gwenediz
Gand ar gwiniz-du zo gardiz.

ogre, who on hearing the cry set up by his two domestics would have redressed them ; and it proceeded to sting him incessantly and without a moment's rest. The giant bellowed out like a bull in the month of August. He whirled his arms round like the fanners of a windmill, but could not catch the insect for want of eyes, and for want of feet it was equally impossible to run away. At last he threw himself with his face to the ground to avoid the fiery sting; but the spider drew near, and immediately spun over him a net within which he was held immoveable. He called the two eagles to his assistance, but the pains which they suffered rendered them quite savage, they knew that the giant had been conquered, they feared him no longer, and instead of attempting to release him, they determined to avenge themselves upon him for their long slavery.

They flew against their ancient master and struck him on all sides with their powerful wings, then began to tear him with rage through the steel net. At each bite they tore out a piece of flesh, and they desisted not until they had arrived at his bones.* Then they seated themselves upon the carcass of the ogre, and as the flesh of a magician cannot be digested, they died there both together without changing their position.

As for Tonyk, he loosened the bonds of his brother, and after he had embraced him with tears of joy, he conducted him out of the house to the side of the rocks. The dragon-fly and the wasp made their appearance immediately after, harnessed to the little rush cage, which had been converted into an elegant chariot. They invited the two brothers to seat themselves in it, whilst the spider placed himself behind, like a lacquey of a great house. Then the equipage departed with the rapidity of the wind.

Tonyk and Mylio crossed over, without difficulty, in that way the fields, the woods, the mountains, and the villages (for in the air the roads are always in good repair), until they arrived before the castle of their uncle.

There the chariot again touched the earth and rolled towards the drawbridge, where the brothers perceived the two horses, which awaited them, but at the pummel of Tonyk's saddle was suspended his purse and his mantle, only the purse was larger and better filled and the mantle studded over with diamonds.

The youth, astonished, would have turned towards the chariot to inquire what all this meant, but it had disappeared, and in the place of the wasp, the dragon-fly, and the spider, there were three angels dazzling in heavenly radiance. The two brothers fell upon their knees.

Then one of the angels who was the most beautiful and the most superbly dressed, approached and said to him,

"Be without fear, good heart, for the woman, the boy, and the old man whom thou hast succoured were no other than three saints. They gave us to thee that thou mightest perform thy journey without danger. Now that thou art at the end of it, we return to Paradise. Remember, however, what has happened, and let it be an example to thee and to the world."

At these words the three angels spread their wings and flew away, like three swallows, and repeated the "Hosannah," as it is sung in the churches.

* *Æskern kardinaledd*, the principal bones of the human body.

ZEKY NAASHON, THE JEW OF PORTSMOUTH.

A YACHTMAN'S TALE.

By William H. G. Kingston, Esq.

"Did you never hear tell of Zeky Naashon, sir? as cunning an old Jew, he was, as ever sold slops, and passed off pinchbeck watches as gold ones, on board a man-o'-war in Portsmouth harbour. But now I come to think of it, I don't suppose you ever did, seeing as how, if he had lived to count a hundred years, which he didn't, he'd have been dead long before you was born. At one time there wasn't many who ever set foot on the Point, or Common Hard either, who didn't know old Zeky; but let me see, that was when I was a younker, and most of the gay fellows I knew then have slipped their cables one after t'other for a wider berth than we've got in this world. Ay, sir, them *was* times to live in, when plenty of the shiners was to be had for a little fighting, and there was plenty of ways to spend them, but now it's hard work to get an honest penny any way. I'd like to see them times over again, that I would; but it's no use wishing for them, they are gone, sir, and will no more come back than a thirty-two pound shot would float up from the bottom of the Atlantic. But I'm all adrift again. Then you never heard tell of old Zeky, sir?"

These words were spoken by a nautical chum of mine, an old veteran, whom I had shipped on board my yacht as a supernumerary, in the novel capacity of story-teller, though he occasionally acted as pilot, for with every inch of the British coast he was well acquainted, and on all occasions freely gave his advice whether asked or not. I was to find him his grub, *id est*, in the vernacular, food, and pay him ten shillings a week, for which he was not obliged to do any thing, but talk. Our bargain was soon struck to our mutual content.

"No," I answered to his question. "I never heard, as it happens, till this moment that Portsmouth ever contained such a personage as Zeky Naashon."

"Now I mind, sir, it's not probable that you should, for the reasons I have said. Well, sir, there wasn't such a Jew in all Portsmouth—and there were not a few on 'em there—for turning a penny. There wasn't a thing in the universal world Zeky hadn't got to sell, always except a little honesty, and for the matter o' that, he'd have had hard work to find it among his commodities, and there wasn't many things he wouldn't buy, at his own price, except the honesty I spoke of, because you know that isn't to be bought, if it was, why he'd have given just nothing for it, because as how he didn't know its value. No sooner did a ship from a foreign station drop her anchor at Spithead, and shore-boats was allowed to come alongside, than Zeky was to be found with his wares spread out between two guns on the main deck, driving a brisk trade with all on board. He'd got every thing among his goods from a sou'-wester to a shoe-tie for the men, and from a ear-ring to a petticoat for the gals. Lord,

he'd rig Moll out with new gear from truck to kelson in no time, and many's the dirty-looking drab has come on board not fit to be seen, and gone on shore again as fine as a princess in her holiday suit;—Jack, you see, sir, paid for all. Zeky, why he took the cast-offs in exchange. He'd got no end of slops, hats, and shoes, and jackets, and trousers, and handkerchiefs of all sorts and colours; then he'd watches, and buckles, and ear-rings (for in them days most seamen wore them, as well as pigtails, and love-locks, and more's the pity, to my thinking, that they've almost gone out of fashion—that's to say of the matter of pigtails—one does see ear-rings and love-locks now and then, and I like the look on 'em—they reminds me of old days); then as I said afor, he'd rings and seals, and baccy-boxes, and scissors, and needles, and thread, and knives without end, and brooches, and women's ear-rings, and bonnets, and all sorts of female gear, of which in my life I never could remember the names rightly, except such as belongs to a ship;—by the same token you knows we are fond of rigging our sweethearts and ships much in the same way, and taking as good care of them. I likes to see them with bonnets on, stays well set up, and canvass spread on both sides, walking along at ten knots an hour before a spanking nor'-easter.

"Avast there! where are you drifting to now?" I sung out; "are you talking of a woman or a ship?"

"Of both, sir, of both. I love 'em both, that I do. And when I thinks of one, the other isn't far off in my mind. For if there was no women there'd be no ships."

"And if there were no ships, there would, by the same rule, be no women," I observed, laughing.

"No, sir, there wouldn't, *that* I can swear," he answered, positively; "because, if there was one unnat'ral thing, I doesn't see why there shouldn't be another, and the world couldn't get on without ships, that's certain. But as you was asking about Zeky, sir—well, sir, he'd buy any thing the men brought home; and rum things some on 'em were; and then he'd take all their old clothes off their hands, and, more than likely, sell them again to the same men as bran new. Then he was always accommodating to lend the officers, and men for that matter, as much money as they wanted, provided they gave him what he called security, which, to my eye, seemed only slips of paper, but, somehow or another, he always contrived to squeeze their pockets pretty dry before he'd have done with them. Now I don't say, on any manner of account, that all Jews are like Zeky, for I've known several very decent, Christian-like chaps, among 'em, so I means nothing disrespectful to any on 'em; but you knows, sir, there are rogues among all nations; for if there wasn't, one wouldn't be able to tell who was honest. Howsomdever, with respect to Zeky, if there ever was a big rogue, he was one to a sartanty. He did look like one, too, or I don't know who does; though nobody had a softer tongue, nor more 'sinivating manners than he. He had been many years in trade, and had now grown old; so he was rather bent in his figure, and wore a long white beard, or rather it weren't white, but a yellowish dirty-brown colour. His nose was a rummish-looking ornament, stuck on to the middle of his face, for all the world like a hawk's beak, with a twinkling eye on each side of it, which looked so black and piercing, that one couldn't help thinking that he'd filched them from the same bird, or mayhap swapped 'em for a consider-

ation of some sort or another. I don't know where he got his teeth from, except out of the jaws of a mangy cat, for I never saw any flying thing with 'em, except it were a bat, to which his mouth weren't altogether unlike. You may suppose, sir, he wasn't considered much of a beauty; yet, though he was known to be as big a rogue as ever breathed, he contrived to have dealings with every body, and every body courted his favour, though he spit upon them, and they hated him; but the truth is, they were afraid on him, and he was rich. Many's the man who treats the world, and the world treats, like old Zeky Naashon.

"Now comes the wonderful part of my story. All on a sudden Zeky disappeared, and no one knew what had become of him. His house was shut up, and his stock in trade sold off, all except a few old shoes and some cracked pitchers which no one would give nothing for at no price. He'd got in all his debts, but I'm not quite so sure he'd paid all he owed, so people never expected to see old Zeky back at Portsmouth again. Why he went was equally a mystery, some persons whispered one thing, some another; some said he'd been discovered defrauding the revenue, which is more than likely, seeing he'd been doing it all his life; others said he'd been making false money, or forging, or robbing some one again' the law, or, at all events, lighting a fire for old Nick, which had made the country too hot to hold him. Yet all the world knows that he never came back again. There was no lack of Jews in Portsmouth to carry on his trade, though I doubt if there was ever a more cunning rogue escaped the gallows than old Zeky, for the simple reason because he weren't born to be hung. What he was born to I'm going to tell you.

"I had almost forgotten all about old Zeky, for you see, sir, I was a mere slip of a lad when he lived, when a circumstance happened which brought him back to my recollection. It was about seven or eight years afterwards I mind, I had not long come home from sea, and was stopping with my old father, who lived in those days on the coast of Dorsetshire, not far from Corfe Castle. He didn't think there was any harm in doing a bit of free-trade now and then hisself, and as for me, it never came across my mind that there was any harm whatsomever in it. So it happened, there's no use denying it, it was towards the end of November, when the days were getting very short and dark, and the weather very wild, that notice was given to us that a crop was to be run, and our assistance asked to get the goods on shore. Of course, we couldn't refuse, and to make short of it, most of our men were engaged on the beach, when down came a troop of dragoons upon them, and a party of custom-house officers, which weren't like the revenue men of these days, mostly regular built seamen and honest fellows. Our people showed fight, and several on 'em was hurt, but at last they were obliged to cut their sticks, and run for their lives. My father and two of my brothers and I had been up to hide away some of the things at a place not far from our cottage, and were just returning, when we heard the firing, and soon afterwards met two or three fellows running as hard as their legs would carry them away from the soldiers. We was thinking of getting back to our own cottage, and stowing ourselves away in bed, but we agreed we'd go a little further to see what was going on. We had got close down to the beach when father stumbled over something, and came right down on his face. We heard a deep groan when he fell, and thought it was him who uttered it, but when we picked him up again, we found he

wasn't hurt, and that the sound proceeded from some one lying wounded on the ground. When we came to examine what was the matter with the stranger, we discovered that blood was gushing forth from a deep wound in his side, soaking right through his Guernsey frock, and thick Flushing jacket, so we agreed that if he wasn't quickly attended to he would be dead, and as our cottage was the nearest, we had better take him there. We accordingly carried him up at once, and laid him on father's bed, and then, getting at the wound, we bound it up as well as we could to staunch the blood. He had got an ugly blow on his head which had stunned him, but he soon recovered his senses, and when he heard that we were going to send for the doctor he wouldn't let us, saying that it was of no manner of use, for that he'd got his sailing orders, and should be slipping his cable before he could possibly arrive. He was a stout, strong-looking man, somewhere about forty or fifty years old, and had on a thick suit of Flushing, with high boots to keep out the cold and damp. He was now pale as death, but his voice, though rather husky, was as strong as most men's. He and father knowed each other, it seems, and father afterwards said he had always been a wildish sort of a chap, but not so bad as he made himself out. He had belonged to the lugger which run the crop, but having landed, met his fate from the pistol of one of the dragoons. You'll be axing what all this has to do with old Zeky, now I'll tell you, sir.

"When we was going to fetch the doctor, 'Don't go,' says he, 'it's no manner of use; neither he, nor any man, can caulk my seams fast enough to keep me afloat, but if there was a parson within hail, I've got something on my mind which I should like to get clear off before I slips.'

"Now it happened that there wasn't a parson within ten mile of us, and the chances were that he wouldn't be at home if we sent. So father told him, and axed him if he wouldn't do as well.

"'I can't say as how you are much like a parson, Griffiths,' he answered; 'but seeing we've been shipmates together, and always good friends, I'd rather unburden my mind to you nor to any one else, and mayhap what I say may not be thrown away on your youngsters there. It was just such a night as this, seven years ago, all but one day, I was sitting in my cottage making a lobster pot, while my wife was in a low chair opposite to me mending my Guernsey frock before the fire, and my three children were just put to bed, when I heard several taps at the door. I lived then, as you know Jim, at Hamble. You remember the cottage close down to the river. I had then, with five others, a share in a cutter of thirty tons, called the *Pout*, in which we used to go over to Guernsey for lobsters, and do any other odd jobs which came in our way, we were no ways particular.'

"As you've often heard, sir," observed my old pilot, "the Hamble men never had the best of names, and Heaven knows they don't deserve more than they've got. I can scarcely tell why, but so it was, if there was any mischief anywhere, a Hamble man was sure to have a finger in it. Their craft, too, were fast vessels, and were not only engaged in smuggling, but in the war time were as well known in the French harbours as mounseer's own Chassè Marèes, for they used to carry our information to Jean Crapeau of all that was going forward at home, and get well paid for it you may be sure."

"'Well, we was to sail the next morning with the first of the ebb, for

Guernsey, and I was just thinking of turning in to be up betimes, when I heard the knocking at my door, 'Who's there?' I asked, taking a hanger, which hung over the fire-place in my hand, for in those days it wasn't quite safe in a lone place to open one's door at night to a stranger. 'Who's there?' I sung out.

"'Let me in, my friendsh; God of Abrahamsh, I shall die of cold and wet if you keep me standing out longer in the rain,' answered a voice from without.

"'What's your name, my friend?' I asked in return, though I thought I knew the voice.

"'Zeky Naashon,' answered the voice without, 'have pity upon a poor old Jew.'

"'Ho, ho,' I thought, 'is it you, my jewel?' for I had a few little dealings with him not long before, and hadn't many doubts but that he had cheated me though I couldn't bring it home to him; so I opened the door and let him enter. In he came all dripping with wet, and tottering under the weight of a large box he carried on his back, such as hawkers keep their spices in. It was so heavy, I know, that I wonder he could have carried it so many miles as he had done, all the way over from Portsmouth.

"'Well, Zeky, what is it you want with me?' I asked, after he had hung his outer coat before the fire to dry, and set down to rest himself.

"'Oh God of Abrahamsh, I am a poor old Jew, and ruined, quite ruined,' he began.

"'I'm sorry to hear it, Zeky,' I answered, though I didn't believe him.

"'It's a sad thing, a sad thing for a poor old man like me, but I'll tell you what I want to do. I want to get over to Rotterdam or Antwerp, or one of those places by to-morrow, or next day, and will pay you out of my small means if you will carry me there in your cutter.'

"I told him that I'd no objection, and I didn't suppose the rest of us would, if he'd make it worth our while. He offered two pounds at first, but I told him he'd have to wait long enough in England before he got any body to carry him where he wanted to go under ten, and at last he agreed to give that sum. He wouldn't turn in all night, I remember, but sat up before the fire warming himself with his feet on his box, for he wouldn't let it out of his sight for a moment. Do you know, Jim, I've often seen him sitting in the same place, night after night, though I know'd perfectly well he wasn't there. Yet it was just like reality; there he would be with his feet on his box, and his chin almost bent down to his knees, his long beard and white hair streaming with wet, and the palms of his hands turned up to warm at the fire, his twinkling eyes shining all the time, just for all the world like two hot coals. But I'm getting ahead of my story. Well, I couldn't go to sleep, myself, all night for thinking what a pity it was I hadn't made old Zeky pay more for his passage, as I knew to a certainty that he had been after some roguery or other, and would rather have given twice the sum than remained on shore, and perhaps have been sent to prison or been hung. However, a bargain's a bargain, so next morning we was up before daylight and aboard. I told the rest what I'd done, and they of course agreed to take the Jew wherever he wanted to go, though they grumbled at my not having asked more for his passage.

"It was scarcely light when we got under weigh and beat out of Hamble

Creek, with the wind at sou'-west, blowing rather fresh, and the weather thick and dirty. The Jew had stowed himself away below as soon as he got on board, and there he sat, just as he had done at my cottage, before the fireplace in the little cabin, moaning and groaning, and talking of his poverty. When we got off Calshot Castle, he popped his head up the companion hatch, just to see how we were getting on, but when we told him, just for a joke, that there was some one looking at him with a spy-glass from the top of the castle, down he dived again in a devil of a hurry, trembling all over like a jelly-fish, and his teeth chattering as if they would jump down his throat. Seeing this, we all felt certain that he knew the beaks were after him, and that he was afraid of being nabbed for something or other he had done. He was in such a fright that he didn't venture to show again till, after running out at St. Helen's, we were a good two miles clear of the Wight. He then came on deck again, either because he found it close below, or didn't like his own company, and now thinking himself safe, his spirits rose so much that he began to joke and chuckle in his own peculiar way.

"'Ha, ha, my shons, you have a verish pretty craft, verish pretty. She would run away from a king's cutter, like lightning. Ha, ha!'

"'Ay, ay, Zeky; faster nor that too, if we had tubs or silks on board, or anything of value,' I answered, 'but now, of course, if one was to chase us, we'd let her overhaul us directly, and mayhap she wouldn't take the same trouble again when we had really got something on board. You understand that, Zeky, don't you?'

"On hearing this, he was in a great taking, and swore we shouldn't get any thing from him if any cutter came near us. As luck would have it, not ten minutes after he had said this, the mist cleared away a little to the west'ard, and we made out a large cutter at the back of the island, standing to the east'ard. We soon saw that she was the *Scout*, one of the fastest cruisers, as you remember, on the station. We, however, had nothing else to do but to stand steadily on, for if we had shown signs of flight, she, of course, would have been after us. The Jew took it very differently to us, and I never saw a poor wretch in such a fright, for he made sure the cutter was sent to look after him. To us it mattered nothing, for even if the cutter had boarded us, she could do nothing with us, and as for the Jew, none of us supposed that her people would have taken any notice of him, so leaving one man at the helm, and another to keep a look-out a-head, while Zeky was holding on to the weather bulwarks, with his eye to windward to watch what the king's cutter was about, the other four of us went below to smoke a pipe, and to take a drop of something to drink. While we was sitting round the fire, for it was bitterly cold for the time of year, as the devil would have it, our eyes fell on the Jew's strong box.

"'I wonder if that ere box is full of gold,' said Joe Hudson, our skipper, blowing a cloud of smoke round his face, to hide the expression which he felt was in his countenance.

"The words he spoke were simple enough, but somehow or other there was something in the tones of his voice which made us all know what was passing in his mind. We looked just down on the deck of the cabin, then our eyes met, but no one for some time dared to speak a word.

"'It seems very heavy,' said Joe, wanting to get an answer from some of us.

"'May be it is,' said Bill Davis, 'I didn't lift it.'

"Those words were enough to break the spell.

"'I never felt a box so heavy, for its size,' says I, to Joe Hudson.

"'The Jew seems to set great store on it,' he answered.

"'He sat up, and watched it all last night,' says I.

"'I wonder what he intends to do with so much gold,' says Bill, 'if it is gold.'

"'Oh, he'll go and settle down in Germany, and turn gentleman, after cheating honest Englishmen all his life,' says Joe.

"'The box must hold some thousand pounds,' says I.

"'Yes, it's very heavy,' observes Joe, quietly.

"'It's a pity,' says Davis.

"'What's a pity?' I axes.

"'That a Jew should be so rich,' says he quickly.

"'It is,' says Hudson.

"'There are many rich rogues,' says I.

"'There are,' says Joe.

"'Come,' sung out Tom Hawker, who was always a wild, dare-evil chap, 'what are you shilly-shallying, and backing and filling that way? Why can't you speak out, like men, and say what you do mean? Why can't you say you want the Jew's money?—it'll come to that.'

"'But no one said we wanted the Jew's money,' said Hudson, repeating his words.

"'*Said!*—no one *said*—but we *thought* it,' says Tom. 'Why should we be afraid to speak out?'

"'Hush! hush!' says Joe, 'the Jew will hear you.'

"'What am I to be afraid of the Jew for?' axes Tom, with some briskness; 'he's more cause to be afraid of *us*. No one *said* we wanted his money—but we all *do* want it.'

"'How are we to get it?' axes Hudson, coming to the point.

"'Run down channel, and land him on the coast of Cornwall,' says I; 'he'll be afraid of coming back Portsmouth way to look for his money.'

"'Not he,' says Hudson; 'he'd venture into hell to get it; and depend upon it, if we land him in England, we shall be blown upon.'

"'Then put him on shore in France,' says Davis, 'he won't give us much trouble there.'

"'You don't know how a Jew loves his money, Bill, or you wouldn't say that,' says Joe. 'Why he'd follow us from one end of the world to the other to look for it, while he'd got a leg to walk with.'

"'Then land him in the middle of the Channel,' says Tom; 'he'll not come back from there to trouble us, I'll warrant.'

"'What do you mean?' axes Hudson, all in a fluster, though it *was* what *he hisself* had been thinking on.

"'What do I mean! why, that dead men tells no tales,' answers Tom, boldly; 'that's what I mean. I likes to speak out, instead of tacking about in the way you three have been doing.'

"'Why, that would be murder,' says Davis, with his teeth going; for he was a timid man, though not a bit better nor the rest on us: he was afraid of being a villain.

"'Murder be hanged,' says Tom, 'it would only be the murder of a Jew; and who is to know anything about it if we keep a quiet tongue in our heads?'

"'What will Jim and Sam say to it?' axes I. 'We han't consulted them.'

"'There's no need of axing them,' says Hudson; 'we may do it as if it was done by chance, and no one be a bit the wiser for it.'

"'How?' says Tom Hawker, tipping the wink to me, for he knowed all along what Hudson was driving at, for he was a precious old villain, there's no denying it.

"'I'll show you,' says Hudson, 'when the time comes, if we are all agreed.'

"'I am,' says Tom, 'if the devil take me for it.'

"'And I,' says I.

"'And I,' says Davis, 'only I hope we shan't be found out.'

"'Well then,' says Hudson, 'the matter's settled.'

"We didn't say another word, but went on deck directly. There was the Jew, holding on by the weather-bulwarks, and looking with all his eyes at the cutter, which came bowling along after us; but as our craft was a fast one, she didn't gain much on us.

"'Oh, mein Gosh! mein Gosh!' sung out old Zeky, 'that cutter will overtake us. Mein good captainsh, can't you clap on more sail, and get away from her?'

"'That would only make her think there was something wrong,' answered Hudson; 'we'd much better take in two reefs in our mainsail, and haul down the foresail, and she'll soon pass us. To my mind, she's only standing the same course we are, and perhaps is after one of those sail ahead.'

"'If dat is she, if de offisher should come on board, I will turn in and pretend to be a shick man,' says Zeky, who rather liked the thought of playing a trick in any way.

"'Down with you, then,' says Hudson, 'and we will let you know when the cutter has passed us.'

"Accordingly, Zeky dived down below, and turned into one of our berths, where we covered him up all but his head with a blanket. There he lay, his sharp eyes twinkling away like two sparks of fire, and his teeth chattering through cold and fright. As it was coming on to blow pretty fresh, and the sea was getting up, we had a good excuse for shortening sail, and the cutter which wasn't thinking all the time a bit about us, soon passed ahead. When we told this to Zeky, he turned out of his berth, and after taking a look at his money-box, he came on deck again, rubbing his hands at the thought of being safe. He little knew what was in store for him. The wind had been shifting about for some time, and now settled down in the nor'-west, blowing big guns; the black heavy seas came rolling along after us, topped with white foaming heads. At the same time it came on again thick and dirty, and there wasn't any where another sail to be seen.

"'This will do for us,' says Hudson, walking for'ard with Hawker, so as to be out of ear-shot of the Jew. 'Do you, Tom,' says he, 'take the helm, and we'll tell Sam and Jim to go below; then we'll get the Jew to sit up on the companion, and if the sail jibes and the boom knocks him overboard, it's no fault of ours.'

"'I understand ye,' answered Tom, 'but for my part, if I had the management, I'd, without more ado, heave him neck and heels into the sea. There's no cheating the devil you know.'

"No sooner had Sam and Jim gone below, than Joe Hudson ranges up alongside Zeky, and says he,

"'You'll be more comfortable, and out of the way, Zeky, if you sits up there on the companion-hatch.'

"Zeky didn't much like moving, but when we told him that if a sea came on board he'd be safer there, up he got, staying himself up with both his arms. We was now, you knows, running right afor' the wind, with two reefs down in the mainsail, tumbling about like a drunken duck. Tom was at the helm. Hudson, Davis, and I, went for'ard. There sat the Jew, little thinking that his hour had come.

"'Will it do?' sung out Tom. 'Will it do?'

"'Mind your helm!' says Hudson.

"Tom knew what that meant. Over came the heavy boom—crash—it struck the old Jew right amidships, and carried him away like a feather into the boiling sea. He gave one loud, dreadful shriek. I never heard any thing like it, and often's the time it has rung in my ears since in many a heavy gale, till I've thought I saw the old man perishing before my eyes. Sam and Jim rushed on deck.

"'What's that?' says they, frightened to death.

"'The Jew overboard!' sung out Hudson.

"'Oh, mein Gosh, mein Gosh; shave me!' cried the Jew, for a wide gown he had on kept him floating high out of the water; and if ever I saw a horrid face, it was his.

"'Swim on board!' answers Tom, laughing.

"The cutter shot by him, and there he was bobbing about his head and arms just out of water, shrieking for help among the tumbling, foaming waves.

"'He's a following the vessel, and is going to haunt us for ever!' sung out Davis, in a dreadful fright.

"And sure enough, as we looked, there was the Jew following in our wake, with a mass of foam bubbling and hissing round him. Even Joe Hudson didn't like the look of it, and Jim and Sam were ready to die with fright.

"'Oh, take me on board! take me on board, kind men, and you shall have von half of all de little monish I have got at home!' cried Zeky, as loud as the salt water would let him.

"'Thank you for nothing, Mr. Naashon,' answered Tom Hawker, jeering at him.

"'Ay, ay, we'll haul you on board! What are you staring at?' he says, looking at Davis.

"'Don't you see the Jew's got hold of a warp which that lubber, Sam Jones, left towing overboard.'

"So it was; and it was wondersome how fast the Jew held on. He didn't like to part with his gold.

"'You shall have all my monish; all, all, all!' sung out Zeky, in his agony.

"'Haul him on board,' says Hudson, giving a look at Tom, while he took the helm.

"Tom understood him, and slackened the warp several fathoms. The old man felt the strain taken off his arms, and didn't gripe hold as fast as before.

"'Now haul away, and get the Jew on board!' cries Tom.

"We hauled away. Suddenly the rope tautened again; the strain was

more than he could resist. With a loud shriek, he let go. As he dropped astern, he threw up his arms grasping at nothing, and when he found that there was no chance for him, he turned to and cursed every mother's son of us in his own tongue; the sound of his screeching voice ringing in our ears, till the waves washed over him, and he sank for ever. Oh! those curses didn't go for nothing, as you shall hear. They were fearsome things. None of us spoke for some time, for the murder was on the conscience of all.

"Tom Hawker braved it the best. 'Well,' says he, after we'd run on some way, 'since the Jew's overboard, as we are his heirs, we may as well see what he's left us in his strong box. He said he'd give us it all if we'd haul him on board. We did haul, only he chose to let go, which was no fault of ours, you know.'

"On this we all laughed, and heaving the cutter to, went down below, all six of us, to open his box. We weren't long in knocking the cover off, when instead of finding a box full of gold, the greater part of it was in crowns, and shillings, and all sorts of ornaments, and precious stones, which weren't of much use to us, as we didn't know their value. Then there was whole handfuls of copper, which he hadn't time to get changed, I suspect, but not more than eighty sovereigns in gold, though there was several strips of paper which Hudson said was bills of exchange, but we were afraid of doing any thing with them, so we tore them up and threw them overboard. After all we didn't get fifty pounds apiece, and for this we had sold our souls to the devil. Little good came of it you may be sure, for the money was soon gone, and nothing remained but the thoughts of the cursed deed. Well, when we'd divided the money, and cut the box up and burnt it, we shaped a course for Guernsey. We there took in the cargo of lobsters we first intended to go for, and returned to Hamble.

"When we got home we couldn't bear the look of each other's faces, for in truth, I believe we was afraid of one another, so we sold the cutter, and all went different ways. Now it's a fact, not one of us six will have died a natural death. Tom Hawker went out to the West Indies, and I heard not two years after that he was hung as a pirate, at Port Royal, in Jamaica. Joe Hudson got triced up too, about the same time, on the Isle of Dogs, for shooting a revenue officer. Sam and Jim Jones was both run down in a fishing-boat at sea, and never heard of more. Davis was pressed on board a man o' war, and fell overboard in a gale of wind, when no boat could be lowered to pick him up, and here am I, the last of the six, just slipping my cable with a pistol shot in my side.

"There, Jim, I've unburdened my mind to you, and I hopes your youngsters will take warning from my fate."

"The dying man held on till morning, groaning with pain, and sometimes raving about the Jew, whom he declared he saw sitting before the fire warming his hands and turning round his burning eyes towards him.

"Just as the first faint streaks of light appeared in the sky he sat bolt upright in bed, with his arms stretched out, and sang out, 'Haul away, haul away, ye devils, or I can't hold on any longer.' Then suddenly he fell back, the rattle was heard in his throat, and he was dead. He evidently thought himself the drowning Jew.

"There, sir," concluded my old pilot, "that's the way how I knowed for a sartainty what became of Zeky Naashon, the Jew of Portsmouth."

LAUNCELOT WIDGE.

BY CHARLES HOOTON, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "COLIN CLINK," "BILBERRY THURLAND," &c.

CHAPTER THE TWENTY-THIRD.

THE SUPPER PARTY.

HAVING secured a room, Launcelot's next step was to furnish it in true artistical taste. This being a work requiring judgment and selection, was also one of time; and Launce and his friend expended more than a week in making the needful purchases before it could be considered tolerably complete. During the whole of this time Stretcher quartered himself pretty generally upon his friend, and of course took care to fare considerably better than when upon his usual commons. Nightly did they attend the auctions at "the Slaughter House," and make extensive purchases from amongst the indescribable mass of every thing appertaining to art and artists, which the indefatigable Mr. Jones there submits to public competition.

When all arrangements were effected, Stretcher suggested a snug supper to a few select friends, as indispensable on the occasion—the painting-room could never be considered "warmed" without it—not so free and open as it ought to be to members of the profession; and at the same time it would afford him (Mr. Stretcher) an opportunity for which he had long wished, of introducing Widge under very favourable circumstances to an immense friend of his—one Tom Tinkle, an artist of great celebrity about Kensington, although as yet his merits had not been so thoroughly recognised in the metropolis as they deserved to be. Launce was never very strongly opposed to any proposition that comprehended within its limits the certainty of enjoyment, and therefore, without much consideration, acceded to the present one, and forthwith issued notes of invitation to a select party of "Museumites," numbering a good half-dozen; while Stretcher undertook to save a penny postage, by communicating personally with Tinkle, and bringing him along on the appointed evening. This disinterested young gentleman also put out a broad hint touching the propriety of inviting the Misses Chuckchin, but Launcelot would not hear of it; declaring that women would spoil the whole harmony and enjoyment of the night, that they were nothing but a bother wherever they went, and hence he was determined to have it exclusively a male party and nothing else.

But Mr. Widge, junior, little thought what he was doing when he requested his landlady, Mrs. Neverdone, to serve up a supper for ten on the following Friday night. Would that fate had directed him to fix on any other night than that! *She* knew it, though he did not; she foresaw the difficulties and the troubles, and thereof were her midnight dreams

made, and filled thick with coming horrors; but, like a prudent woman, she did not venture to contradict the expressed will of a good new lodger, and especially upon the first occasion that he had required any thing at her hands since his coming under the roof.

Friday evening came, then, and Mr. Gabriel Widge came about an hour before any body else; and one by one in rapid succession the Museumites came, and finally, though still in time enough, came Mr. Stretcher and Mr. Thomas Tinkle; and awhile after all this came the hour for supper to be placed on the table, but the supper itself came not. And the reason why it did not come was the universal one, because it was not ready. It would have been ready had not two large kettles twice filled required to be kept boiling in company with Mr. Widge's potatoes, for the use of the small garrison of lodgers who populated all the remaining portion of the house. At the same time large haystacks of toast had to be made, to the temporary exclusion of the fire from Mr. Widge's fore-quarter of lamb, and then to be kept warm in the oven while his baked meats were taken out and put to cool on the dresser. Mrs. Neverdone had exerted her utmost in endeavouring to make arrangements that all these various wants should not occur at precisely one and the same moment; but inasmuch as Signor Mangolini, who taught dancing and fencing on the second-floor, could not have his pupils disappointed of their glass of grog, and Mrs. Patchett, on the third, *must* have tea for herself and five small girls precisely at eight, while Miss Patmore, the maid, would not think for a moment of being put out of *her* way for any body's suppers; of course poor Mrs. Neverdone quite failed in the attempt, and our jovial party on the first-floor, were driven to exhaust nearly all their supper conversation before supper came, and with stoical calmness await the dispensations of fortune and of Mrs. Neverdone for the rest.

The case appears still harder when we come to consider that several of the Museumites had purposely absented themselves from the dining-rooms that day in order to be the better prepared to do justice to Mr. Widge's hospitality, while Stretcher and Tinkle, with the same laudable object in view, had only just avoided absolute rebellion in their stomachs by giving a single "sop," in the shape of a chop and a pint of "arf-and-arf" each to his internal Cerberus.

Nor were the exertions of Mrs. Neverdone and her servant much facilitated by Launcelot's almost momentary ringing of the bell, in order to have answered again and again the same question in the same manner, only with the addition, perhaps of "in a few minutes, sir, it'll be ready, sir;" followed by a corresponding interval of at least half an hour.

At length the first item made its appearance, and was followed at slow intervals by others, so that one dish entirely vanished before another was ready, and thus even at last was this running fire of eating, this flying supper finally got through.

It was a positive relief, a delight to all hands when the table was at last cleared, the candles were trimmed, the wine and grog set out, the cigars sending forth their fragrant odour, and the whole party, with outstretched legs, gathered like a semicircular fencing round the fire, talking, laughing, singing, or telling tales; while dim statues, and large easels, and great canvasses, and old portfolios, and wild sketches in oil,

and innumerable bits of antiquity, mingled with draperies, and books, and bits of old armour, peeped in glorious confusion from the obscurity of the surrounding apartment.

The night proved so remarkably stormy and wet, the wind blew so wonderfully hard, and the coaches vanished away from the stands with such fearful rapidity, that by the time our party thought of separating, separation was, as the world says in such matters, quite impossible. Conveyances were not to be had, or if at all, at prices which set all present, except Mr. Widge, senior, and his son, at defiance—for the weather inspired coachmen with a wonderful spirit of independence, and taught them to stand upon their rights as coachmen after the most approved democratic fashion. The fire was, therefore, again heaped up, additional bottles were opened, a box of cigars was placed upon the table for the good of the community, and two more hours at least of comfort lay in dreamy prospect before them.

Chapter the Twenty-fourth.

Launcelot's marriage with Amelia, and what came of it.

Launcelot having, at his father's urgent instigation, been brought to propose to Miss Amelia Chuckchin, the day was quickly fixed for the marriage. We verily believe that the wedding was almost as solemn a ceremony as a funeral. Launcelot took Amelia for his wedded wife without hope or joy. There were no opening gates of paradise, no purple light of love streaming over the battlements of Eden, none of the bright promises that to most young brides and bridegrooms make earth and the life before them an ideal heaven, arising in the brightness of a coming future for them. It was not marriage so much as a bond to live together. There were downcast eyes and beating hearts, but no tremblings, and flutterings, and hopeful little dreads; nor half sad young joys, nor smiling sadnesses flitting over the changeful breast-like leaf shadows on the surface of a summer brook. But when Gabriel kissed the bride after the ceremony, and pressed her hand with a fervent "God bless you, my child!" tears were on the cold stone beneath their feet, and sobs upon the sepulchral air, as over the final act of a regretted burial. The shadow of the past seemed to involve the present and darken the future. But when the dreary church was left behind, and the solemnity of the white-haired priest forgotten,—when the numerous company, and the unusual preparations, and the glad-looking household of Mr. Widge, began to exercise their influence upon the mind, Amelia looked more gay, and Launcelot seemed to consider that, perhaps, it might not be such a bad job after all. In any case there were the materials of present enjoyment in abundance, and if trouble were in store for them, why anticipate it before its appointed time? "Sufficient for the day is the evil thereof." Sufficient at least for him, as it is for all who, like him, look on to-day only as theirs, and to-morrow as a day that, if it come at all to them, must find its own remedy for its own sorrow.

With all his knowledge, his experience, and his observation, day by day, man knows but little of the female heart. Even he who begins to describe its feelings and its trials in such a sketch of human character as this history may exhibit, knows not, and cannot conjecture, to what end it may lead him before he has arrived at his conclusion. Where he com-

menced with hope he may terminate in fear, with joy in misery, with misery at the outset, perhaps end in gladness and triumph. He finds the flower cast away like a weed, and the seeming worthless pebble prove a gem of precious value. Man knows not fully how imperceptible is the division between natural affection and social crime, or how the feminine criminal of society may at the same time be almost a hero amongst her sex. One sin does not fill the measure any more than one virtue constitutes a saint.

Shorn of nearly all the resources he had hitherto enjoyed, and not yet admitted to the least use of his wife's fortune, while patrons in the shape of sitters were few and far between, our hero had some difficulty to get on satisfactorily, and consequently soon became as inattentive and morose as a biped of his disposition was sure to become on finding himself suddenly as it were cast down from abundance and ease to poverty and hard struggles, he sulkily regarded his wife as the cause of all this, and very soon began to treat her accordingly. The gates of his pleasures were all closed; his painting-room no longer enlivened by the jollity of the Museumites and the facetiousness of Mr. Stretcher, became a place to idle his solitary hours in; while poor "Mealy," who now could neither please him nor excite his sympathies, passed most of her time in silent operations with the needle in her chamber, sometimes crying to relieve her monotony, and sometimes trying, in spite of heart and sad thoughts, to sing, which was more abortive and melancholy still.

At length, after weeks and weeks of unconquerable ill-temper and spiteful dudgeon, he seemed to wax desperate, and while in this fit one morning returned from a walk accompanied by two strangers, whom he took into the presence of his wife without a word of introduction on either side, and sitting down to the table, drew from his pocket a paper which he handed to Amelia with the sour remark. "Here, Mealy, get pen and ink, and sign that."

"I do not ask what it is," replied she, as she proceeded to obey his directions, "because—"

"Because it is my business," interrupted Launce, "and I do not require any of your advice about it." Then turning to one of the strangers, with the paper, which had now received his wife's signature, between his fingers, he added in an altered tone which made Amelia feel bitterly that even perfect strangers had more of his respect than herself, "Now, sir, if you will please to witness this, the business can soon be settled." He then looked at his wife, and remarked, "You can go into the other room now, we do not want you any more." She did go, but her tears fell on the carpet as she quitted the apartment.

When the door was closed behind her, the second stranger, who happened to be no other than our old acquaintance Saul, handed Launcelot a draft for a thousand pounds and received in exchange the security which Amelia had signed.

Although the latter named lady never made further inquiry upon the subject of the paper, nor ever received any voluntary information from the lips of her husband, yet the numerous knockings of the tailors' boys at the door with new garments for L. Widge, Esq.; of the vintner's porter with dozens of wine and little cartloads of stout and demijohns of spirits, together with the not unfrequent appearance of Launcy himself with a box of cigars nearly as long as a child's coffin under his arm, sufficiently convinced her that there were more methods of raising money

in London than through either a father's liberality or a wife's possessions. But although the discovery of this fact turned her pale with undefined fear, and made her heart ache when she considered to what possible gulf of misery her husband's reckless course might eventually lead them, she did not mention the subject to any one, not even to that husband himself.

One change, however, made her feel comparatively happy under all her anxiety. With renewed resources, Launce exhibited also a renewal of kindness and good temper; and down the brief stream of wealth which he had thus put in motion, he seemed inclined to float with all the delight of a new experimentalist, who finds for the first time triumphant success in the swimming of a boat made and invented by himself.

The Museumite parties were renewed, Stretcher was himself again—rollicking nights followed by idle days succeeded each other with great rapidity, and even the dancings and stampings of Signor Mungolini and his pupils on the deep-suffering boards of the second floor, were not unfrequently drowned in the roar of bacchanalian songs and sentimental ditties within the painting-room of Mr. Launcelot Widge. In these scenes, Mrs. Widge could not of course participate. Her occupation was to work or read in her bed-room alone, hearing boisterous laughs that made her miserable, and sometimes a plaintive song or two of former times which almost made her sigh for the past hopeful days of maidenhood—the dark old parlour in Long-Acre, and the tinkling old untuneable piano of her departed father's, which had been economically put to her own and her sister's use after the fact had become clear that it would never be redeemed.

Meantime Launcy's stock of new canvasses maintained both their virgin purity of priming and their position by the wall, and his easel still exhibited the unfinished picture, half paint, half outline, of two months ago. His attendance in the "Life Academy" at Somerset House became doubtful, and of unpropitious import in the eyes of the great men of that establishment, and he lost a somewhat promising appearance of patronage through his inability, from a nervous pencil and an uncertain eye, to render the portrait of a young lady sitter with any thing like tolerable accuracy. At times, however, he was taken with very desperate fits of painting, and acting under the never subsiding effects of the copious stimulants he was constantly pouring into his stomach, would rise at very unsual hours, though more because he could not sleep than from devotion to his profession, sit at his easel till his meals were cold, because he had no appetite, though his wife believed from a very different motive; and covered canvass by the square yard with the hideous distortions of diseased brains and the nightmare, produced by devouring raw bacon before going to bed, in order to improve and brighten his imagination.

But these convulsive efforts soon ended in the invariable self-disappointment which they raised, and inasmuch as drinking, smoking, and talking were of much easier achievement, the evening parties of enjoyment flourished more prosperously than ever.

In the very midst of one of them, Mr. Gabriel Widge one night chanced to drop in about nine o'clock. Since the period of the last recorded scene between that gentleman and his son, Gabriel had preserved a becoming distance, as though resolved to carry out his resolutions respecting Launcelot with determination, even at the expense to a calculable extent of his own paternal feelings and high aspirations after the

future destiny of his child of genius. Still he felt strong interest in ascertaining how his master-stroke, as he considered it, of domestic and family policy had succeeded, and hence his unexpected visit on the night in question for the purpose of occular demonstration.

From the operation of causes beyond his own control, the old gentleman had somehow or other missed taking his usual dose of drink during the day, and hence was not only remarkably sober, but remarkably sour also, and strongly disposed to be uncommonly severe on any one who might chance to be more comfortably satisfied than he was himself in that important particular.

"Ah! glad to see you, respected progenitor," exclaimed Launce, in a half-tipsy drawl, as his father walked in; "no objection to your old phiz, though you have stopped the supplies; but you see there's more springs than run in Martin's Lane—we aint come short of creature comforts yet, nor won't so long as I've seven hundred left in my pocket."

And thus expressing himself, Launcy cast a devil-may-care sort of glance upon his father, not unmingled with a more malicious and quarrelsome expression, that told there were hotter fires under this smoke than at that moment showed themselves.

"Where's Mealy?" asked Gabriel, very seriously.

"I'm sure I don't know, nor care either very much," answered Launce; "them as had most to do with bringing her here, ought to know best where she's gone to."

"Gentlemen," cried Stretcher, rising from his chair, and lighting a fresh cigar to smoke on his way home, "I'm off—there's clouds in the wind, I've no top-coat on. Excuse me giving the hint, but as our friend and his father seem to have private business on hand, we may becomingly withdraw."

"No, no, you shan't go!" exclaimed Launce, with great emphasis; "just sit down again, and stop where you are. I've nothing to say that I am ashamed of anybody hearing, as far as that matter goes. I've been dealt hardly by, and I don't care who knows it."

"Come, gentlemen," repeated Stretcher; "you know, Launce, I always make it a point to steer clear of other people's wrecks, so you will excuse us to-night. I see your father has more to say than concerns us, so good-night to you both—good-night, Mr. Widge—and remember that all's well that ends well."

And then followed a bustle and a long list of rather equivocal "good-nights," and a light on the staircase held by Mr. Widge, the elder, in person, and then the consciousness on the part of Launcelot that he was sitting in no enviable humour by his ash-smothered and blazeless fireside alone.

Some time elapsed ere Mr. Widge re-entered the painting-room, for, on returning up-stairs after showing a light down the staircase, he tapped at the bed-chamber door, and finding the forsaken Amelia, who burst into tears on seeing him, not yet even thinking of retiring to rest, he remained to have a chat with her.

In the altered looks, the broken joyousness of the daughter of his old friend, Mr. Widge now, for the first time, saw reason to doubt the propriety and the success of the "experiment" in the way of marriage which he had tried; and the doubt suddenly fell upon him with the fearful weight of a thunderbolt; for in the same instant he seemed to

feel also for the first time that it was an experiment not to be recalled in this life, and the result of which must be looked for in one or both of the young people's graves. But his sadness on this account did not prevent him from gathering all the information it was in Amelia's power to bestow respecting the doings of his son, and especially with reference to his boasted raise of money; although with fond and infatuated partiality the injured wife represented every thing in Launcelot's favour, and fondly clung to his well-meaning heart, as she considered it, and his honourable character, with the tenacity of a loving enthusiast.

Gabriel was too much of a man of business not to detect in a moment, even from her imperfect explanation, the real nature of the paper to which she had annexed her signature; and that detection seemed to put the finishing stroke, the impalpable keenness of edge to his feelings of rage and resentment.

"Stay where you are, Mealy," he said, "just while I go and talk with the young villain—"

"Oh, do not call him so!" she cried, "do not use harsh language to him—"

"Pshaw! curse his despicable tricks; you are too soft for him by half; but I'll bring him on his knees; I'll make him repent and come and beg your pardon before I leave this house, or I'll never set foot in it again! Now do not follow me,—it is of no use talking—the thing must and shall be done!" And so saying Gabriel closed the door between his daughter-in-law and himself, and walked into the painting-room adjoining.

WHAT I LOVE.

From the Danish of Andersen.

By Caroline de Crespigny.

I love the sea when stormy billows rave,
I love it when it sleeps without a wave;
The moon soft mirror'd in the ocean's blue,
The mountains and the meadows bright with dew.
I love the deep vales and the mighty floods,
And the green summer-covert of the woods,
With all its starry host the silent night,
The evening red—the blush of morning-light,
The hoar-frost glittering on the naked bough.
But hate—*I am* not rich in hatred—no—
I hate but noisy joys—the soul's unrest:
I hate the sin that buds within my breast—
I hate all canting and its misty maze;
But I love children, and their winning ways.
I love too, genius panting for the goal,
Music, when wake its tones the inmost soul;
The flowers I love with their sweet perfuming;
The birds in the free air that float and sing:
A friend, whom loving, nought my love can move,
And woman—one I've seen and fondly love—
She was my bride—that was indeed a pleasure;
She was my trust, my yearning bosom's treasure.
I love, as my last resting-place, the Grave;
And the Great Spirit of Love, who all things gave.

JAMES THE SECOND;

OR,

THE REVOLUTION OF 1688.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

EDITED BY

W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. W. BUSS.

BOOK IV.

IV.

THORNLEYDOWN INN.

ON the afternoon of the day following that on which the incidents last related occurred, a rustic group was assembled in front of Thornleydown Inn, a well-known and much-frequented hostel in those days, and even at a much later period, on the great West of England road. The party consisted of a stout yeoman, seated on the shaft of his cart, discussing a pot of nappy ale; a young farmer, with a glass of the same wholesome beverage in one hand, and the bridle of his horse in the other; and three or four other persons who were seated on a bench near the door, with a narrow deal-table before them, garnished with a mountainous loaf, a fat Wiltshire cheese, some horn cups and cannikins, and a couple of large brown jugs foaming with the nappy ale before mentioned.

"Well, masters, as I was a-sayin'," observed a lantern-jawed man, who filled the offices of parish-clerk and schoolmaster in the neighbouring village, "I was at Salisbury this mornin', and the talk there was, as how the Prince of Orange had gone to Ireland. There was news from Portsmouth that he'd passed by there, and Lord Dartmouth was sailin' after him."

"I heerd say he were gone to Wales, Master Gosling," cried a blacksmith, with his bared arms folded over his brawny chest. "It'll make it good for trade if he comes this way, for some of his osses must want shoein'."

"If he do come this way, it'll be very tryin' for us, as well as for our cattle," said the young farmer; "for I've been told they always seizes your teams, and gives you nothing but kicks or pike-thrusts for the use on 'un. I'd rather keep clear of such customers."

"Well, I don't know but it would do good, though, for them troopers be rare drouthy fellows," cried the host, Dick Froggatt.

"Ay, they'll drink your cellar dry, no doubt on't, Master Froggatt," observed the farmer; "but they'll pay th' reck'nin' i' th' same way as they pays for their osses."

"May be," replied the host, checking his laughter; "but it's my opinion the prince be n't far off. There were a man rode by about half-an-hour ago, as if he'd break 'un's neck, as seemed as if he was flyin' on before 'un. I rushed out; but, Lor' bless you! afore I could get to the door he were out o' sight."

"I wish I'd seen that flyin' rebel," remarked Nat Peppercorne, the beadle; "go as fast as he would, I'd have stopped 'un, and made him give some account of himself."

"I don't see how you could, Master Peppercorne," interposed the schoolmaster. "He was most likely carrying intelligence of the prince's landing to the king."

"Don't tell me, Master Gosling," retorted Peppercorne, in an authoritative tone. "Do you think a man as was servin' his majesty 'ud ride at that rate? No, no! I promise you, he was some spy of that rebellious Prince of Orange."

"The prince is no rebel," answered Gosling, who, from his connexion with the church, was somewhat jealous of the reputation of the Protestant champion. "He's a hero, every inch on 'un, and will drive all papishers where they ought to go."

"I'll tell you what it is!" cried Peppercorne, much excited, "I won't stand by and hear the king abused! Mind, I don't care who it is, but if any one talks about this here Prince of Orange, I'll put 'un i' th' stocks!"

"Then you'll have to put the whole country i' th' stocks," said Gosling; "for everybody talks about 'un."

"And I hope everybody 'll turn out and thrash 'un!" cried the young farmer. "We don't want him here."

"Speak for yourself, young fellow," said Gosling, sharply. "I for one am no friend of the papishers."

"But I'm for the king, and down wi' his enemies!" exclaimed the farmer, becoming warm.

"Right, Gregory!" cried Peppercorne. "The king shan't be slandered. I've given Master Gosling fair warnin', and if he don't put a bridle on his tongue, he'll rue it."

But notwithstanding this interdiction, Gosling pursued his theme, and would probably have proceeded to greater lengths, if the whole party had not been disturbed by the arrival of two horsemen, who, alighting, and giving their horses in charge to the ostler, entered the inn, preceded by Dick Froggatt.

It soon became known to the group of idlers without that the visitors had been expected by the host, and that fresh horses were provided for their progress onward; and various were the conjectures which this intelligence excited. But the gossips could not arrive at any satisfactory conclusion on the subject, and, after a time, one or two went off, and the whole party soon dispersed.

At this juncture, another horseman rode up to the inn. He was mounted on a strong grey roadster, who, though he had evidently been ridden hard, was in such good condition, that he showed no symptoms of fatigue. The horseman's dress was that of an officer of dragoons, consisting of a scarlet coat, laced with gold, with short, loose sleeves, terminated by lace ruffles, white doe-skins, and wide funnel-topped boots, armed with gilt spurs. A laced cravat was hung loosely from his throat, and a three-cornered hat, trimmed with feathers, was set fiercely upon his head. Dismounting, he took a pair of large horse-pistols out of the holsters, and clapping them under his left arm, committed his horse to the ostler, giving him a few injunctions in a low tone, and then marched towards the

house, the point of his long sword trailing on the ground as he pursued his course.

At the door he was met by Froggatt, who saluted him as Captain Hawker, and after a word or two had passed in an under tone between them, the host led his guest to a closet at the back of the bar, and pointing to a little hole in the wainscot, motioned him to be silent, and withdrew.

Meanwhile, the two persons who had previously arrived, were sitting in an inner room, discussing some cold meat and a flask of wine.

"Your lordship aint told me yet what this great job is," said one of them, "and I never goes about a thing blindfold; so, if you wants my help, you must e'en tell me what's in the wind. You know," he added, with a familiar grin, "there's no secrets between you and me, Lord Mauvesin."

The nobleman bit his lip.

"The secret is not mine, Snewin," he said, petulantly.

"It's all one to me whose secret it is," cried Snewin; "you wants me to lend a hand in it, and I don't stir a peg further, till I knows the whole consarn."

Mauvesin reflected for a moment, and then considering that no harm was likely to arise from the disclosure, he revealed the whole design, on which he was engaged by the Prince of Orange, to his companion.

"This 'll make our jint fortins, my lord," cried Snewin, when the other had finished his relation. "Here's your lordship's partikler good health," he added, pouring out a tumbler of wine, and swallowing it at a draught. "And now let's order the horses, and set forward at wonst."

Their departure, however, was checked by a loud altercation at the door.

"Don't tell me, landlord!" cried an authoritative voice without. "Horses in the name of the Prince of Orange. No refusal. Ha!"

"Well, captain, they're not mine, that's all," answered the submissive voice of Froggatt; "here's the two gen'l'men they belong to, and if they're willin' I'm agreeable."

"Agreeable or not I'll have 'em," cried the captain, throwing open the door, and disclosing his stalwart person to Mauvesin and Snewin. "Ha, gentlemen! your most obedient. Painful necessity. Public service. Prince of Orange. Seize your horses. Must have 'em. No refusal. Ha!"

"Stay, sir, this necessity may be obviated," said Lord Mauvesin, rising, and stepping up to him; "before I part with my horses, I should require some better proof of your authority than mere words. But," he added, in a whisper, "if it is true that you are engaged in the prince's service you must know that I am in the same interest."

"Humph! ha! Easily said," cried Hawker.

"And easily proved," answered Mauvesin; "but before I can believe your assertion, I shall require you to tell me where his highness is at this moment."

"Exeter—ha!" replied the captain, with a knowing wink.

"Right," replied Mauvesin, with some surprise, "and I now believe you have come from his highness, but let me recommend you to be more cautious how you proclaim your connexion with him. As for me and my companion, this signet will show you that we are engaged in the prince's service, and therefore must not be molested."

As he spoke, he displayed the prince's signet, which the captain affected to examine minutely.

"Good," he then said, bowing, and taking off his hat. "Honour of addressing Lord Mauvesin, ha!"

"You have," said Mauvesin, regarding him suspiciously.

"Captain Hawker, my name. Orders to accompany you. Glad I've overtaken you. Thought I was right, but always prudent. Never commit myself. Horses at the door. Bill paid. Mount."

So saying, the captain wheeled about, and led the way to the door, where the three horses were in readiness. All was settled in a trice, and they galloped off.

V.

SALISBURY PLAIN.

As the three horsemen proceeded, the waste on either side of the road gradually widened, the trees disappeared, and at length they entered the vast expanse of Salisbury Plain. The day was just closing, and numerous flocks of sheep could be seen in the distance, passing over the downs, like fleecy clouds, repairing to their various pens, while the tinkling of their bells alone broke the silence. On one side the travellers could just discern the tall spire of Salisbury cathedral piercing the air, but the city itself was scarcely distinguishable, and the eye extended for miles over brown downs, broken here and there by copse and brushwood, and cast up into ranges of barrows, which, in the distance, looked like large mole-hills, but presenting no trace of human habitation.

After riding rapidly forward for some time, the horsemen came in sight of a man standing in the middle of the road, and bending over his horse, which had evidently fallen from exhaustion.

"Ha!" cried Mauvesin, joyfully, "that must be the traitor, Moor. Let us on. We have the prince's authority to put him to death."

With these words, he plunged spurs into his steed, and galloped forward, coming up with Moor almost as soon as the latter was aware of his approach. He was closely followed by the others, but before Snewin could lend his patron any assistance, Hawker struck him a violent blow on the head with the butt of a pistol, which knocked him from his horse, and then levelled the pistol at Mauvesin.

"Out with the paper and the ring," he cried. "Overheard all, you see. Played the eaves-dropper. Good joke, eh? No joke if you don't comply. Bullet through your brain. Ha!"

"Hold!" cried Mauvesin, drawing forth a folded paper and a ring. "This is the act of a highwayman."

"No time for parleying," cried the captain, snatching the things. "Mount," he added to Moor, pointing to Snewin's horse. "Fresh hack. Carry you to London. Here's ring and paper. Ring, private signet of the Prince of Orange. Paper contains names of his friends in the king's camp. Understand, eh? Clap spurs to your tit. Take them at once to the king. Want to know your friend? Recollect the Golden Farmer. Ha? No thanks. Meet again one of these days. Perhaps at Tyburn. Good bye!"

All this passed with such rapidity, that before Mauvesin could recover from his first surprise, Moor had galloped off. As he disappeared, the

Golden Farmer commanded Mauvesin to deliver up his purse, and dismount; orders which he thought it prudent to obey; when the Golden Farmer seized the nobleman's steed by the bridle, and clapping spurs to his own horse, rode away with both animals, leaving Mauvesin with his senseless companion in the middle of the plain.

Gazing furiously after him, the nobleman shook his hand menacingly, and cried,

"He thinks he has foiled me, but he will find himself mistaken. The paper he has taken will not help him to much information; and should the Prince of Orange fail, I yet possess the means of purchasing safety. One piece of luck has come of it; I am rid of Snewin," he added, stirring the constable's body with his foot. "No, he yet lives! Curses on the fellow for his clumsiness. Would he had killed him outright."

Meanwhile, Moor pursued his way, covering nearly twenty miles of waste, when he arrived at the outskirts of Salisbury, and dashing through a long straggling street, quitted the city, and again reached the high road. Night came on apace—cloudy and dark, but still the rider did not slacken his pace, and his horse bravely obeyed his will.

Hours passed by. The long, dark, cold night grew later and later, and still he pressed on. Now he was traversing a lonely lane—now crossing a bleak moor—now galloping through a wood—now dashing through a village or a town which, shrouded in darkness and in sleep, was quiet as a churchyard. On he rode, never drawing the rein, never abating his pace, with no companion but his thoughts, and nothing to disturb them but the tramp of his horse or the fierce blasts of the wind.

The morning broke at last— cold, raw, and veiled in thick fog. The road was as much deserted as during the night—not a single passenger appeared, not a labourer was in the fields. Shivering with cold, and dripping with wet, Moor still urged on his jaded steed, his fatigue becoming more insupportable every moment. But as the morning advanced the fog cleared away; the sun shone brightly forth, and, shedding warmth and cheerfulness everywhere around, Moor felt enlivened by the genial influence.

In another hour he came in sight of Hounslow Heath, covered with the royal camp. Long lines of tents, interspersed with pavilions of various proportions, adorned with gorgeous colours, and decorated with streamers stretched out before him. In the midst stood the king's pavilion, surmounted by a banner emblazoned with the royal arms; and on every side were seen groups of soldiers—some in their fatigue dress, preparing for parade, others in full uniform, and others on guard.

Scarcely able to keep the saddle, Moor expected every moment that his horse would sink under him, but the noble animal still bore up, making an almost supernatural, though dying effort to reach the entrance to the camp. Arrived there not without difficulty and some hindrance from the outposts, Moor spurred on towards a group of officers, who had been watching his approach with the greatest interest, and as he drew nearer, the principal personage among them advanced to meet him, and at the same time, Moor, reining in his steed, the poor animal fell to the ground, and, after a slight struggle, died.

Extricating his feet from the stirrups, Moor staggered forward and took off his hat.

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Extricating his feet from the stirrups, Moor staggered forward and took off his hat.

"God save your majesty," he cried, "the Prince of Orange has landed, and is now in Exeter!"

Exclamations broke from the officers, but James was silent, though he turned pale as death. Recovering, he took Moor by the arm, and led him into the pavilion, where he filled a flagon with wine, and presented it to him. Moor eagerly drained the cup.

"I need not now explain to your majesty how it is that I am the bearer of this news," he cried. "It is necessary that I should first put you on your guard. The Prince of Orange intends to induce you, either by craft or violence, to quit your kingdom."

"Ha! is that his aim?" cried James, sternly, his wrath overcoming his distress.

"The prince's troops are chiefly new levies," pursued Moor, "and wanting both in spirit and discipline. Indeed, he is much dispirited himself, no one of note having yet joined him."

"Are you sure of that?" cried James, eagerly.

"Your majesty may rely upon what I have advanced," answered Moor.

"Then by heaven I will march for Exeter at once, and cut him and his rebellious host to pieces," returned James, rising.

"But I must warn your majesty that some of your officers are traitors," pursued Moor. "The invader places his hopes of assistance in them."

And drawing forth the ring and paper, he acquainted the king with the design they referred to, and how they came into his possession.

"You have rendered me a signal service," said James, when he had concluded. "The traitor Mauvesin shall not go unpunished. This paper has come to me in good time. Ho! the guard! Some arrests must be made before I leave the camp."

Yet he still looked hesitatingly at the outside of the paper, as if he dreaded the disclosures within; but at last, breaking the seal, he tore it open. The writing within was in cypher.

"See," he said, falteringly, "their names are as inscrutable as themselves. I am surrounded by traitors, yet know not whom to seize. Would that you had brought Mauvesin a prisoner. He must possess the key to this cypher."

"It may be, my liege," replied Moor, "but were I in your majesty's place, I should not hesitate to march boldly against the enemy."

"You are a young counsellor, but you have proved yourself both brave and skilful, and I will follow your advice," answered James. "I will give orders to march without delay. And now take some rest—you need it much—and when you are sufficiently recruited you shall attend me to London."

"An hour's rest will suffice for me, my liege," replied Moor.

And quitting the presence, he was conducted by an orderly to an adjoining tent, where, desiring the man to call him in an hour, he threw himself upon a soldier's couch, and was instantly asleep.

VI.

THE FLIGHT OF SUNDERLAND.

Roused by the orderly at the appointed time, Moor repaired to the royal tent, in front of which he found the king on horseback, surrounded by a party of horse-guards, and giving directions to their commander,

Colonel Kirke. With a smile of cordial welcome to the young man, James ordered a horse to be brought him, and directed him to keep by his side. Soon after this, the whole cavalcade set forward.

As they passed through the camp, Moor observed that many of the tents were already raised, preparatory to the march, and a strong force was engaged in striking the remainder, while numerous fatigue parties were seen packing the baggage waggons, and the residue of the regiments were assembling at different points at the call of the bugle. Aides-de-camp and orderlies were galloping to and fro, sutlers and soldiers' wives were bustling about, drums rolling, trumpets braying, and all things indicated the immediate departure of the army.

At the boundary of the camp, the guard turned out, and presented arms to the king; and passing to the high-road, James rode quickly on in the direction of London.

The journey was silent and gloomy. On entering St. James's Park, they found the Mall almost deserted, but numerous groups were collected in front of Whitehall, conversing anxiously on the rumours of the day. As the king came in sight, a low buzz arose from the crowd, but it instantly subsided, and on drawing near, the monarch was received in solemn silence.

Entering the palace, James bent his steps towards the queen's apartments, followed by Moor, and as they reached the chamber adjoining them, where an usher and several valets were in attendance, Moor was about to halt, but James motioned him to follow. The usher threw open the folding doors, while two of the valets flung back a curtain within, and following James to the interior, Moor found himself in an antechamber.

"You had better remain here," said James. "Her majesty may wish to make some inquiries of you respecting the invader."

He pointed to a neighbouring bay-window, and bending deferentially, Moor retired thither, while the king passed to the room beyond.

Moor had been but a few minutes in the embrasure of the window, when he heard a step approaching, and, looking up, perceived Sabine. He uttered a joyful exclamation, and eagerly caught her hand.

"I am, indeed, rejoiced to see you again, Mr. Moor," said Sabine. "I was afraid those desperate men, who my uncle told me had carried you off, might have detained you a captive, or have forced you to serve against the king. Indeed, I have had a thousand fears about you."

"I am happy in the interest you feel in me," returned Moor; "but your uncle could have told you that I had nothing to apprehend. I was under the protection of Colonel Sidney, and he would not suffer injury to be done me."

"More than a month elapsed, and we had no tidings of you," said Sabine.

"That was unavoidable," rejoined Moor. "On my arrival in Holland I was offered the alternative of my liberty on parole or a dungeon. I accepted the former offer, but with this condition attached to it, that I was to hold no communication with any one in England."

At this moment voices were heard without, and bidding a hasty adieu to Moor, Sabine retired by the further door. As she disappeared an usher passed across, accompanied by the Earl of Sunderland and the

Archbishop of Canterbury, whom he conducted to the saloon beyond, where he ushered them into the presence of James.

Both the prelate and the minister wore a grave look.

"I heard of the landing of the Prince of Orange, my liege," said Sunderland; "and I thought it proper to send for the Archbishop of Canterbury in order that he might advise with your majesty in this crisis."

"You did well, my lord," answered James. And he added to the archbishop, "Your grace's prompt attendance is very acceptable to me."

"I hope it may also be serviceable to your majesty," said the venerable prelate, "and not only in respect to your temporal but your eternal welfare."

"How?" cried James, angrily.

"I have hitherto forborne, my liege, to approach you with any arguments against the errors of the creed of Rome and favourable to the doctrines of the church of England," replied the archbishop ; "but at the present time I would rather incur your displeasure than neglect the opportunity of submitting my opinions to you. If you would avert the wrath of Heaven you must govern yourself according to its Word. The church for which your august father suffered martyrdom, which clasped you as an infant to her bosom, which brought you up in the true faith of the Redeemer, and which is the sure bulwark of your throne, now calls upon you through me to turn to her again. I beseech your majesty to hear the Truth. Bring with you, if you please, the most subtle propagandists of Rome. Armed with the sacred truths of the New Testament, I will, with the Divine blessing, overcome them. Oh! your majesty," he continued, falling at the king's feet, "on my knees I entreat you to return to us. Give peace to your people! Avert from us a bloody civil war. Above all, make your own peace with Heaven!"

"I know that your grace's advice is tendered kindly," said James, taking the archbishop by both hands, and raising him, "and that you are animated with the best wishes both for my temporal and eternal good. But my heart is fixed in the holy faith I profess, and at this critical moment I desire to avoid subjects of controversy. Let us rather throw aside our differences, and join in opposing the common enemy."

"I will gladly render whatever assistance I can to your majesty," replied the archbishop, "but my best efforts will assuredly fail if you do not sacrifice something to the religious feelings of your people."

"The cry of your subjects is that in embracing Popery you virtually abdicated your throne, my liege," observed Sunderland. "Such is, indeed, the law, but they were content that your majesty should follow your own persuasions, so long as your august family were educated in the tenets of the Protestant church."

"And what is your own opinion, my lord?" asked James, sharply. "New converts like you are generally very decided in their views."

"Much may be said on both sides," answered Sunderland, "but human judgment is fallible, and princes have invariably consulted the interests of their kingdom, as well as their own consciences, in these matters. Thus your majesty's maternal grandfather, Henry IV., of France, of illustrious memory, though he had fought many a battle for the Huguenots, judged it prudent, on coming to the throne, to conform to Popery. Like-

wise your majesty's royal brother, though a Catholic at heart, professed Protestantism, never avowing himself a Romanist till the moment of his death. Now, I do not pretend to advise your majesty in so tender a matter. But seeing that the Archbishop of Canterbury offers to dispute the question with the best advocates of our holy religion, and bearing in mind the danger that threatens you, and the prejudices of your people, I cannot deny that it would be for the advantage of your majesty's service if you returned to the church of England—provided, of course, that his grace could make it apparent that you ought to sacrifice some little points of belief to the national good."

"And if I could be persuaded to adopt this course," observed James, drily, "might I hope that your lordship would be induced to follow my example?"

"The conversion of your majesty would, doubtless, open the eyes of many," interposed the archbishop.

"It would indeed bring back many to the church of England," cried Sunderland. "And really the difference between the two creeds is more nominal than real. Supposing, then, that your majesty became reconciled to the English communion, I cannot say that I should not look very closely into the matter. There is, it must be owned, a great deal to be said for the church of England—a very great deal."

"You have yourselves furnished me with the strongest argument against my apostacy," said James, with ill-suppressed anger. "You acknowledge that my return to the church of England would lead to the conversion of many others. Thus I should not only peril my own soul, but should be responsible for the perdition of those who followed my evil example. I would rather lose my crown than endanger my salvation. You have your answer. If I think fit to alter my determination, I will let you know."

And with a slight inclination of the person, he turned away, and retired.

Sunderland and the archbishop remained stationary for a few minutes in low and earnest conversation, when they passed towards the antechamber, where the usher in waiting hastened to attend them.

Seated in the recess formed by the bay-window, Moor escaped notice. After a time evening drew nigh, and valets entered with lights, and as the young man could not retire without the royal commands, he began to look anxiously for the re-appearance of the king. As night advanced, and James did not come, Moor was growing impatient, when Sabine hurriedly entered.

Glancing timidly around her, she stepped hastily towards Moor.

"I was afraid you had gone," she said. "I come to warn you, that your friend, Lord Sunderland, is in great peril. The king has been persuaded by Father Petre to sign a warrant for his arrest, and he is to be sent instantly to the Tower."

"Surely, you are mistaken!" cried Moor. "It is little more than an hour since Lord Sunderland passed through this room after what I presume to have been a friendly conference with his majesty."

"It is too true," replied Sabine, "the king has been closeted ever since with Father Petre. I accidentally overheard their discourse, and if events go unfavourably for the king, I fear that some violence will

be perpetrated. If favourably, Lord Sunderland is to be tried for high treason, and beheaded."

"I will go to Spencer House, and warn his lordship of his danger!" cried Moor.

"Do, do!" said Sabine. "You have not a moment to lose."

Passing into the outer chamber, Moor broke through the crowd of attendants, and hastened from the palace.

He now found, as Sabine had told him, that he must use the utmost despatch, for a party of dragoons were already being drawn up in the palace-yard, and he had no doubt that they were to be employed in apprehending the earl. But, in order to avoid suspicion, he was obliged to proceed leisurely till he reached the street, when he crossed over into the park, and ran down the Mall, passing through the Stable-yard to Saint James's-place.

At the end of this street, he halted before a stately stone mansion, and knocking loudly at the door, it was opened by a porter, who, on learning that his business was of the last importance, instantly called a valet, and directed him to lead him to the earl.

Sunderland was alone with the countess. There was something in Moor's look, as he entered, that excited the minister's suspicions, and waving the servant from the room, he hurried forward to meet him.

"What is the matter, Mr. Moor?" he inquired.

"His majesty has issued a warrant for your lordship's arrest," replied Moor. "You must fly this instant, or you will endanger your head."

The countess uttered an exclamation of terror. Sunderland was speechless.

"The dragoons will be here in a few minutes," pursued Moor. "You must make all haste to the coast, where you will no doubt find means of reaching the continent."

"Fly rather to the Prince of Orange," said the countess. "He will rejoice to receive you, though the master whom you have served so faithfully, even to the sacrifice of your religion, condemns you to the block."

"No, no; I will go to the continent," answered Sunderland. "By a fortunate chance, there is a vessel lying in the river, which sails to-morrow morning, and the master of which I have often employed as the bearer of despatches. I would go to the queen, but I cannot trust these men, and there is no time for delay."

As he spoke, there was a loud knocking on the outer door, which alarmed the whole household.

"We are undone!" cried the countess.

"Not so," said Moor, throwing open a French window; "we can make our way across the park, while you, countess, can lead the dragoons to believe that his lordship is in the house."

Catching at the prospect of escape, Sunderland hurried to an inner room, and presently returned equipped in a cloak and hat; then taking a hasty leave of the countess, he followed Moor through the window on to a terrace, leading to a small garden. There was a gate at the end of it, opening into the Green Park, at that time forming one inclosure with the larger park of St. James's.

Without experiencing any hindrance, the fugitives reached Westmin-

ster-stairs, where Sunderland called a wherry, and engaged it to carry him on board ship. As he descended to the boat, he took Moor by the hand, and bade him adieu.

"I will return soon," he added; "and, mark my words, it will be as prime minister of England."

The prediction was fulfilled.

VII.

THE ROYAL NURSERY.

ADJOINING the private apartments of the queen, at Whitehall, was another suite of rooms, appropriated to the infant Prince of Wales. The principal chamber was lofty and spacious, and panelled with polished oak. The windows were shaded by light verandahs, and guarded at the bottom by trellis-work, while crimson curtains depended from above, where the whole was crowned by an ostrich plume, the Prince of Wales's badge, elaborately carved and gilded. Couches and ottomans were dispersed round the room; and, in one corner, under a canopy of state, surmounted by the royal arms, with the ostrich plume as the crest, stood a cot, adorned with hangings of crimson and gold, with the prince's device worked in silver round the border, and carved again over the two supporters. The room contained also a chair of state and footstools, a rocking-chair, and a *prie-dieu;* and on a small sideboard stood a massive gold waiter, bearing two vessels of the same metal.

The unconscious object of all this pomp, a delicate-looking infant, was lying in the cot asleep. He was watched by a lady, who was seated close by, near the fire, plying her needle diligently. While she was thus engaged, a door leading to an inner room was softly opened, and a man stepped in. Perceiving him, the lady was about to utter a cry, when the man motioned her sternly to remain silent, and, throwing back his cloak and hat, disclosed the features of Johnstone.

The lady instantly recognised him, but she still looked alarmed.

"How could you venture here?" she cried. "If you are discovered you will destroy both yourself and me."

"Do not be alarmed, Mrs. Dawson," said Johnstone, "I have bought over the usher stationed at the private staircase, and therefore incur but little risk; but, even were it otherwise, the object I have in view supersedes all personal considerations. I must see *him*."

"The Prince of Wales!" exclaimed Mrs. Dawson, a sudden flush mounting to her face. "What do you want with him? I will not have him harmed."

"Do you take me for a murderer?" answered Johnstone. "I would not hurt him for the world."

"Come then," said Mrs. Dawson. "Tread softly."

Taking a taper from the table, she led him up to the cot; and drawing aside the drapery, disclosed the sleeping infant.

Johnstone gazed in the child's face in silence for several minutes, pausing on each feature in succession with a keen and searching look.

"There may be a resemblance," he said, at last, as if making an unwilling admission, "but it is very slight."

"You will not be convinced," replied Mrs. Dawson, "or you would

long since have thrown these prejudices aside. The proofs of the child's birth leave no room for doubt."

"I will not argue the matter with you," answered Johnstone; "but whatever may be the proofs adduced, you know that the disbelief I express is universally entertained. If the child lives, this will lead to endless bloodshed. He will be miserable himself, and will bring misery on the whole kingdom. It is in your power to prevent this mischief. Let me take him away, and I solemnly pledge myself—"

"Hold!" said Mrs. Dawson, interrupting him. "I cannot consent to any such measure. I have assisted you in every thing else, but I will not harm the child."

"I solemnly engage that he shall be reared tenderly," cried Johnstone. "Nay, you shall have charge of him yourself, and your reward shall be a fortune and a title."

"Not for worlds would I so wrong him," replied Mrs. Dawson, vehemently; "but hark! the queen is coming."

Without making a reply, Johnstone hastened to the inner door, and had hardly disappeared, when a folding-door opposite was thrown open by two valets, and the queen entered, accompanied by the Count de Lauzun, Barillon, Lord Melfort, and Count d'Adda. They were followed by AnnaMontecuculi and La Riva.

As the royal mother advanced to the cot, Mrs. Dawson touched a silken bell-rope, and two nurses entered by a side-door, and remained in attendance.

Softly as the queen trod, the child seemed disturbed by her approach; and though he had slept calmly under the gaze of his enemy, he now stirred at the step of his mother, and turned uneasily in the bed, uttering a low cry. Throwing aside the drapery, the queen caught him in her arms. The child cast a frightened look from the attending nobles to the maids of honour, and from them to the nurses, and then, closing his eyes on the splendour that surrounded him, threw himself on his mother's bosom. Seating herself in the chair of state, Mary drew him closer to her, and the child was speedily reassured. Pride beamed in the mother's eye, and joy glowed on her cheek as he raised his tiny hands towards her, and greeted her with a smile.

But while the royal parent was bending proudly and fondly over her son, and while her ear was eagerly drinking in the commendations of the courtiers, the smile disappeared from the infant's face, and he uttered a scream. The next moment his complexion became livid, his features contorted, and his little frame writhed with convulsions.

As she beheld this sudden change, Mary became so agitated, that the child almost dropped from her arms. Yet she refused to give him to Mrs. Dawson, who had hurried to her assistance.

"It is nothing serious, gracious madam," cried Lauzun; "but I will go for Doctor Chamberlayne."

"Stay," said Count d'Adda. "Let me have some water. Do not be alarmed, your majesty. There is no need of a surgeon."

A silver vessel, containing water, was quickly presented to him, and, repeating a short Latin prayer, he dedicated the lymph to religious uses. Meanwhile, the child's convulsions became so violent, that Mary could not hold him; and, at last, she was obliged to accept the assistance of

Mrs. Dawson. At this moment, the nuncio dipped his hand in the holy water, and sprinkled it on the child's face, at the same time repeating a Latin prayer. Then, bending over him, he made the sign of the cross on his forehead.

Each of the bystanders looked curiously, as well as anxiously, for the effect of this proceeding. When the prelate first touched the infant, his convulsions became more violent; but all at once, as the sign of the cross was completed, they suddenly subsided, and as the priest spread his hands over him, the child became perfectly still.

"Thank Heaven!" exclaimed Mary, joyfully, "the fit is over. The hand of His minister has stayed it."

The courtiers looked at each other in silence. Meanwhile, the child laid back in the queen's arms, and soon dropped into a profound sleep.

No longer under any alarm, Mary consigned him to the care of Mrs. Dawson, who deposited him in the cot. Mary then looked tenderly at him, and withdrew, followed by the courtiers and her attendants.

Mrs. Dawson now dismissed the two under-nurses, and they retired by the side-door; and recollecting some instructions which she proposed to give them, Mrs. Dawson was about to call them back, but changing her mind, she followed them. She had been absent only a few minutes, when the folding-door was again thrown open, and the queen reappeared, though now unattended, and looked round in surprise for one of the nurses. At this juncture Mrs. Dawson returned to the room.

"You should not leave the prince alone," said Mary, severely. "How is he now?"

And without waiting for a reply, she approached the cot, and drew aside the drapery. The child was gone!

Too much agitated to speak, Mary turned with a look of horror to Mrs. Dawson, and pointed to the vacant bed. The poor nurse was hardly less alarmed than herself, and uttered a sharp cry, which quickly brought her two assistants to the room, and in a moment all was bustle and confusion.

As it was supposed at first that the child might have awakened and crawled out of his cot, the apartment was thoroughly searched, but without success, and overwhelmed with grief, Mary hastened to communicate the evil tidings to James, while Mrs. Dawson, who, though she did not dare to mention it, conjectured the cause of the prince's disappearance, ran from room to room in distraction. The alarm soon spread through the whole palace, and almost as soon as Mary reached the king's closet, she was joined by the Count de Lauzun, who hastened to console her.

"If it be indeed a scheme of the Orange party," he cried, "they will be foiled. Not a soul can leave the palace without first coming to me. But having taken every precaution, let us now go and question the nurses narrowly."

"You are right, count," cried James, pressing his hand. "That is the most proper course."

And they passed together towards the royal nursery.

In the meantime Mrs. Dawson was running to and fro in the same wild and distracted way, and wringing her hands, when she felt her arm grasped from behind, and, turning, beheld Johnstone.

"I thought to have carried him off," said Johnstone, producing the

infant prince; "but the usher has warned me that they have changed the password—take him."

Uttering an exclamation of delight, and seizing the sleeping child, Mrs. Dawson pressed him to her bosom and disappeared.

A few minutes afterwards the royal parents and Lauzun entered the nursery. As they stepped forward they perceived Mrs. Dawson standing in the middle of the chamber the very image of despair.

"The prince is not yet found, then?" cried James, sternly.

Mrs. Dawson burst into tears.

"Strange," exclaimed Lauzun, advancing towards the cot. "There must have been some foul play. He could not be taken hence without the connivance of his nurses."

As he spoke he looked at the vacant pillow of the prince, and turning back the coverlet perceived the child lying at the foot of the bed. Uttering a joyful exclamation, he held him up and displayed him to his parents.

The delight of the king and queen was equalled only by their surprise, in which Mrs. Dawson seemed to participate. But when his first transport was over, James could not repress a look of displeasure.

"There must have been great carelessness here," he said to Mrs. Dawson; "you see what confusion this false alarm has created in the palace."

"Nay, do not blame her," interposed Mary, "it was I who raised the alarm. I missed my boy from his pillow, and did not think that he might have turned over to the bottom of the bed. But he is safe, thank Heaven. And we may now safely leave him to Mrs. Dawson."

"You may, indeed, madam," answered Mrs. Dawson; "I will guard him as I would my life."

Mary, who had received the little prince from Lauzun, pressed her lips softly on his brow, and smilingly handed him to Mrs. Dawson. Attended by James and Lauzun she then quitted the nursery.

VIII.

THE RESTORATION OF THE CITY CHARTER.

The intelligence of Sunderland's flight spread through the metropolis like wild-fire. It was looked upon as one of those events which often precede and announce a great national convulsion, and, as such, struck terror into the boldest breast. The public mind now hung in uncertainty between two pressing evils—dreading, on the one hand, the ruin of the popular cause which might follow the triumph of the king; and, on the other, shrinking from submission to a foreign invader.

At Whitehall the great actors in the scene began to be alarmed. On the following morning the king and his leading ministers assembled in the council-room, and deliberated long and gravely on the threatening posture of affairs. While they were thus engaged, the usher of the council entered, and, approaching James, requested an audience for the Spanish ambassador. James ordered him to be admitted, and, the next moment, Don Pedro Ronquillo made his appearance, dressed with more than usual magnificence.



Lauzun exhibiting the infant Prince of Wales to the King and Queen.

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"I have come to offer my best services to you, my liege," said Don Pedro. "My august master is the ally of the Prince of Orange, as well as of your majesty, and I should be proud to mediate between you."

"Mediate!" cried James, sternly.

"His majesty is in a condition to impose terms, not to ask them," said Father Petre; "but were it otherwise, he would make none with this unnatural invader."

"That may, or may not be judicious, reverend sir," replied the ambassador, stiffly. "I have no object in view but his majesty's advantage."

"His majesty is fully sensible of your zeal," sneered the Jesuit.

"Yes," said James, angrily. "I have even heard that the invader has been aided in his enterprise by the King of Spain."

"In what way, sire?" asked the ambassador.

"With money," answered James.

"Your pardon," cried Don Pedro, with a smile. "They who gave your majesty that information, could know but little of Spain. Good care is taken that no money shall go out of that country. In the name of his majesty, my master, I declare that he has no connexion whatever with the expedition. Moreover, I renew my offer to mediate between you and the Prince of Orange, and I engage to make the prince enter into a convention with your majesty, on one condition."

Don Pedro drew a folded paper from his pocket, and presented it to the king.

"My condition is, that your majesty will deny the authenticity of this paper," he said, "or, if that is impossible, will rescind it."

Glancing at the paper, James turned as pale as a corpse, and handed it to Father Petre, who bit his lips and was silent. But instantly recovering, he turned furiously on the ambassador.

"This is a forgery," he exclaimed. "You know it is so."

"If his majesty will tell me so, I shall be satisfied," answered Don Pedro, "but I need not tell you, my liege, that if it were known that you had entered into a secret treaty with France, such as this paper discloses, the people would desert you in a body."

"It is not for his majesty's allies to object to such a treaty, when they can lend him no assistance themselves," observed the Earl of Melfort. "But I confess that you speak the truth as regards the king's subjects."

"Your excellency must not divulge this secret," said Jeffreys, in a low voice.

"Unfortunately, it is known to others," returned Don Pedro. "The only resource is, as I have already said, for his majesty to recall it. Let me implore you to do so, my liege."

James was silent, but looked inquiringly from one counsellor to another, seemingly lost in indecision. At last he turned to the ambassador.

"I will see M. Barillon about it," he said. "Come to me this evening, and I will give you an answer."

Upon this the ambassador withdrew, and, without recurring to the subject of the secret treaty, the council resumed the debate which his visit had interrupted.

Their deliberations were continued for upwards of an hour. At length it was decided that the measures of conciliation adopted by Sunderland should be still pursued, and in order to display more strongly the gracious

intentions of the king, it was determined to send the Lord Chancellor to Guildhall, in a state procession, with the forfeited charter of the city, which James had promised to restore.

Arrangements were quickly made for carrying this design into execution, and, in a short time, Jeffreys, arrayed in his robes of office, and holding the charter in his hand, entered a state coach in the palace-yard, where a procession was drawn up, consisting of four mounted trumpeters, followed by two heralds, in their tabards, and a troop of the horse-guards, who were succeeded by the mace-bearer, carrying the mace, and another officer bearing the sword of justice, making way for Jeffreys, whose coach was followed by a number of mounted officers, and another troop of guards. As the procession approached the palace-gate, it was met by a guard of honour, who presented arms, and with a stirring flourish, the trumpeters passed on into Parliament-street, where an immense crowd had collected. The mob received them in silence at first, but no sooner caught sight of Jeffreys, than they gave utterance to a deafening yell, which would have quailed the stoutest heart. Jeffreys turned pale with fear, and thinking to appease the people, bent forward to the window, and held up the charter. But mistaking his movement for a menace, the mob redoubled their hootings, and the chancellor was so terrified, that he shrank into a corner of the coach to hide himself from view.

Meanwhile, the procession made its way onward, and passing up the Strand to Temple Bar, proceeded along Cheapside to Guildhall. A messenger had been despatched in advance to apprise the authorities of the chancellor's approach, and the lord mayor and aldermen had assembled at the hall, with the common-council and the chief of the livery, all in their state robes, to receive him.

The area in front of the hall was thronged with the populace, who, like the crowd at the palace, uttered fearful vociferations on the appearance of Jeffreys, while many saluted him aloud as "the Butcher," amidst, renewed yells and hootings. In this way the coach advanced to the great door of the hall, where Jeffreys alighted.

His fear gave way to rage, as he stepped forward, and proceeding up a small passage, entered the hall. Here he was met by Sir John Eyles, the lord mayor, with the sheriffs, aldermen, and common council.

"So, my lord mayor! your currish citizens show themselves very worthy of his majesty's favour—ha!" he cried, in a terrible tone. "I say, they are a parcel of arrant rebels, my lord mayor. The king sent me to you with your charter, and you insult me for my pains. Zounds! I have a mind to take it back to his majesty, and tell him what a pack of rebellious hounds you harbour here. I will make you pay dearly for this outrage."

"I hope, my lord, you will not set down these rude brawlers as the citizens of London," said the lord mayor, in a deprecating tone. "The citizens have a great reverence for your lordship."

"In proof whereof, we have all assembled here to meet you, my lord," faltered one of the aldermen; "and we greatly regret the rudeness you have experienced."

"By my soul, you shall regret it in another sort," cried Jeffreys. "You shall all pay his majesty a good round fine for this insolence."

"We will cheerfully submit to his majesty's pleasure, if we can only exonerate ourselves before your lordship," answered the lord mayor. "You

have always shown great love for the city. I hope you will overlook the offence."

"When the king forgives, I will not be severe," returned Jeffreys, somewhat mollified. "But take care for the future. Now to my message. His majesty is graciously pleased to restore you your charter, and by his command, I give it into your hands, my lord mayor, trusting you will feel duly grateful for the royal favour."

"You shall not find us slack in showing our loyalty and gratitude, my lord," answered the lord mayor; "and as an evidence of our intentions, I beg that you will allow us to return with you to his majesty, in order that we may present him with a dutiful address on the occasion. Meanwhile his gracious message shall be made known in every part of the city."

Jeffreys agreed to this arrangement, and, at the request of the lord mayor, consented to partake of a collation which had been hastily prepared for him in the council room, whither he was accompanied by the chief officers of the corporation, while the mob without were informed, by sound of trumpet, of the restoration of the charter, an announcement which called forth the loudest acclamations.

In the meantime the yells with which Jeffreys had been saluted on leaving Whitehall had resounded through the palace, and created the greatest alarm. Sharing the general panic, Mary hastened to her consort's closet, where she found him in conference with Barillon, and saw at once, from their troubled looks, that they were full of misgiving.

"Your majesty has heard these fearful shouts," said Mary; "do you think the people intend to attack the palace?"

"There is little fear of that," answered James; "it is too well guarded. But the mob are evidently ready for mischief, and therefore I have determined to set out instantly for the army, and bring the contest to an issue as soon as possible. Do not distress me by opposing my resolution. I have sent for the Princess Anne to take leave of her, and to charge her to obey you in my absence as she would myself; and I only await the chancellor's return from the city to set forth."

"Your majesty is the best judge of what you should do," faltered Mary, scarcely able to restrain her tears. "I can only offer you my advice and prayers. Put your confidence in God, and your good cause, and may Heaven preserve you!"

With these words she turned away, and James was so touched that he had no power to call her back. He was silent for several minutes after she had retired, when he renewed his conference with Barillon, and they continued in anxious debate for some time. They were still deliberating, when the Spanish Ambassador was announced, and by command of James was admitted.

"I have done myself the honour to attend your majesty before the time you appointed," he said, "as I received information that you were about to join the army. You will find it extremely advantageous to you to settle this matter before you set forth, and as Monsieur Barillon is here, perhaps you will be pleased to do so at once."

"His excellency refers to the secret treaty with my brother Louis," said James to Barillon, in an uneasy tone. "The treaty will only be acted on in case of necessity. I give you my assurance, Don Pedro, that I will not call in the aid of France till the last moment."

"I wish I could prevail on your majesty to accept it this instant," said Barillon.

"I protest against his majesty entering into an alliance with France," returned Don Pedro. "Such a treaty places Europe at the French king's disposal, and converts England into a French province. Let me implore your majesty to withdraw from this compact. The appalling shouts which greeted one of your ministers a few hours ago, should warn you not to give further offence to your people."

As he ceased speaking, they heard a loud noise, followed by thundering acclamations. James was so excited, that he hurried to the window, which commanded a view of the street, and looked forth. The ambassadors followed, and could hardly believe their eyes, on seeing Jeffreys in his coach, drawn by the populace, while the lord mayor and corporation rode on either side, and the people pressed forward to cheer him, throwing up their hats, and rending the air with plaudits.

Uttering a joyful exclamation, James was turning to the ambassadors, when he was joined by Mary, whose face beamed with pleasure, while tears of joy gathered in her eyes.

"This is new life to me!" she exclaimed. "Ah! your majesty; the English people may have their prejudices, but they are naturally loyal. They may be won by gentleness, though they will not be overpowered by violence."

"You are right," answered James. "Let me but once drive this invader out of the country, and my people shall have no cause to complain of me."

At this juncture, the vice-chamberlain approached, and informed the monarch that the chancellor had returned, accompanied by the lord mayor and corporation, who desired permission to present his majesty with an address of thanks. James directed the officer to precede him from the room; and, accompanied by Mary, and followed by the two ambassadors, he passed on to the public reception-room, where the chancellor and the civic authorities awaited him.

Leading Mary to a chair of state, placed on a fauteuil, at the upper end of the saloon, James took his place by her side, and saluted the officers of the corporation, who made him a profound obeisance.

"Welcome to Whitehall, my lord mayor and gentlemen," James then said. "I have had much pleasure in restoring you your charter; and if I can do you any further service, you will only need to let me know it."

"Your majesty's gracious words fill us with joy," replied the lord mayor; "and we humbly beg that you will permit us to present you with an address of thanks, which the corporation have adopted unanimously."

James assenting, the chamberlain of the city stepped forward, and read forth an address from the lord-mayor, aldermen, and common council, filled with the most fervent expressions of loyalty and devotion to the throne; setting forth their gratitude to the king for the restoration of their charter; and concluding with a declaration of their attachment to the king, queen, and prince of Wales.

James heard the address with evident pleasure; and, at its conclusion, thanked the corporation in the queen's name, as well as his own, adding,

that though the throne was now in some danger, nothing could shake his confidence in his people, and that he was determined to lead his army in person to the field, where he had often hazarded his life in the service of the country.

His kind words, and the gracious urbanity of his manner, made a deep impression on the citizens; and they withdrew from the presence with renewed expressions of attachment.

All this had had a cheering effect on Mary, who was now in the highest spirits, and, after chatting a moment with Lauzun and Barillon, she turned, as the deputation retired, to congratulate James.

"It was, indeed, a most agreeable surprise," replied James. And he added to Don Pedro, "and not more surprising to me than to your excellency."

"Neither could it be more agreeable to you, my liege than it is to me," replied Don Pedro, who, if he could have detached James from his connexion with France, would really have been glad to see him victorious; "but do not let this distract your attention from what is passing. Withdraw from your alliance with the French king, and commission me to negotiate with the Prince of Orange."

"I will not offer any counsel to your majesty on the subject of your alliance with my master," observed Barillon; "but I urgently recommend you not to enter into terms with the Prince of Orange."

"Hear my answer," replied James. "I will neither withdraw from my alliance with my brother Louis, nor enter into terms with the invader. If he sends to treat with me, I will dismiss his first messenger honourably, but I will hang the second, and answer his master from the cannon's mouth. Now to horse." And turning to Mary, he said, "Has the Princess Anne arrived?"

Mary changed colour. "The princess has sent to ask your majesty to excuse her," she said, "she is confined to her chamber by illness."

"My darling Anne ill!" cried James, anxiously. "I wish I had known it before. We would have gone to visit her together. But it is too late now. I must make your majesty the bearer of my inquiries to her."

Mary was about to say, in reply, that the princess might possibly not appreciate this mark of paternal affection, as there was strong ground for believing that her illness was feigned, in order to avoid receiving his parting injunctions; but she instantly checked herself, unwilling to cause a pang to a heart which was already so heavily charged with sorrow.

After speaking to her for a moment in an under tone, James walked with her to an ante-chamber, where he remained with her alone for a few minutes, when he returned to the saloon wearing a cheerful look, though Mary's eyes were dimmed with tears.

Leading the queen forward, James stepped up to the Count de Lauzun and took him affectionately by the hand.

"I leave her majesty under your protection, count," he said. "I am going, I trust, to victory, but," and he lowered his voice, "if it prove otherwise, I rely on you to place the queen insafety."

"You have laid me under an eternal obligation, my liege," replied Lauzun, placing his hand on his heart. "I was about to accompany you to the field, but you have honoured me with a higher trust. My life shall answer for her majesty's safety."

The king pressed his hand. He then bowed low to Mary, though without raising his eyes to her face, and turned, with affected gaiety, to a young man on his right, who was conversing in low tones with one of the loveliest of the queen's attendants.

"Now, Mr. Moor," he said, with a faint smile, "you must bid adieu to your mistress, and ride to the field with me. I cannot stir without my aide-de-camp."

Passing down the grand staircase, and crossing the great hall, James halted at the door of the palace, and raised his hat to the court, the male portion of which answered with a cheer, while the ladies waved their handkerchiefs. A gallant cavalcade was drawn up in the palace-yard, consisting of the personal attendants of the king, and a troop of the horse-guards; and stepping forth, James mounted a led horse, and directed Moor to take his place by his side, which done, the whole party spurred forward.

The road in front of the palace was thronged with the populace; and, as James came in sight, deafening cheers arose, mingled with cries of "God bless your majesty!"

A flush of pleasure suffused the king's face, and he could not conceal his satisfaction.

"This is a happy day" he said to Moor, "and yet it is a Protestant wind. It blows hard, too, but see how proudly my banner braves it."

Moor glanced towards the summit of the banquetting-house, where the royal standard was indeed floating proudly, with its gorgeous blazonry glittering in the sun. But before he could reply to the king's remark, a sudden and violent gust caught the flag-staff, and, snapping it in twain, the standard fell prostrate on the roof.

THE EVENING STAR.

BY THOMAS ROSCOE, ESQ.

Star of the Night, that mid yon blue arch'd deep
  Serene, feed'st, with thine own, Love's genial fire,
Shine on!—Earth's bounties fresh from Nature's sleep
  Lavish as thy blest beams ne'er tire.

'Tis thou light'st up the god of mirth's dull'd brow,
  The festive joys with love's train hand in hand;
The youth-deck'd graces teachest first to glow
  Close knit in Hymen's rosy band.

The happy shepherd at the folding hour,
  Sees and confesses thy still, watchful care;—
The timid maid that sought her fav'rite bower,
  Blessing thy light, doth home repair.

Then trembling lovers fill'd with his sweet fire,
  Who rules e'en gods, watch for thy earliest ray,
And but for thee in fiercest flames expire:
  How much they love thee more than day!

AL PENDURADA.

BY WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON, ESQ.

On the rocky banks of the far-famed river Douro, and not far from the picturesque town of Entre Ambos os Rios, stands the very ancient convent of Al Pendurada, or, I ought to say, once stood, for I know not whether the hand of time, or the still more relentless scythe of civil war has not already levelled its venerable walls with the dust. It was situated on the summit of a rocky height, rising precipitately from the rapid stream which laved its base, and was on every other side surrounded by groves of lofty pine trees, the seeming guardians of its sacred precincts. The site was originally occupied by a Moorish fortress, whence it derived its name of Al Pendurada, The Overhanging, from its overhanging the river ; but when the accursed infidels were driven southward, its walls were converted by some Benedictine brothers into a domicile of their order, and in their possession it ever after remained. Notwithstanding the change, it still retained much of the gloomy grandeur of its former character. It was a spot fit for meditation and prayer, away from the busy haunts of men, yet in the midst of the richest and fairest scenes of nature, sufficient to excite the gratitude one might suppose of the most cold and obdurate for Heaven's bounteous gifts. The Benedictines have ever been celebrated fully as much for their learning as for their piety, nor were those of the convent of Al Pendurada behindhand with the rest of their brethren, in the former gifts ; indeed it was whispered abroad that they were somewhat too much addicted to the study of the occult sciences, to the neglect of their sacred duties, and the endangering of their precious souls. The ascetic cast of their countenances, their emaciated figures, and the quick penetrating glances of their expressive eyes, showed, at all events, that they prized the culture of the intellect far above the gratification of the sense.

It was a dark and stormy night in winter, the lightning was flashing vividly, and rending with terrific crashes many a tall pine, the tempest was howling loud and mournfully through the trees, which bent before the blast, the rain was falling in torrents, deluging the plain below, the deep thunder was roaring and rattling, when the bell at the convent-gate rang a deep and prolonged peal. The monks who heard it listened aghast at the unusual sound, and crossing themselves, muttered a Pater Noster; the aged porter aroused himself from his slumbers, and hastened with trembling steps to reconnoitre through the loop-hole by the side of the wicket-gate, the disturber of his rest. Before he could reach it another ominous peal was rung, and when he arrived at his post, so dark was the night, it was long before he could discern any one beneath. At last a vivid flash of lightning revealed a tall figure, wrapped closely in a cloak with a slouched hat over his face, pacing rapidly up and down before the gate. The hand of the stranger was again on the handle of the bell, about to ring impatiently a third peal, when the porter addressed him. "Pax vobiscum, Senhor Stranger—Why do you thus disturb the holy brethren of the convent at this unwonted hour ?"

" To gain that shelter beneath their roof which you seem so little in-

clined to afford me, that you keep me thus exposed to the pelting of the storm," answered the stranger, in a deep voice.

"Pardon me, senhor," said the porter, "no strangers can be admitted beyond a certain hour, and that hour has long passed."

"Fool!" exclaimed the stranger, in a fierce tone, "my errand admits of no delay. Open the gate forthwith, or I will send it tumbling about your ears."

"You are on the wrong side of the gate to threaten," observed the porter to himself; "Tell me, senhor, with whom is your errand?"

"With your prior," said the stranger, "therefore open the gate forthwith, or beware of the consequences."

"I dare not without his leave," responded the porter.

"Then procure his leave instantly," said the stranger.

"Who shall I say waits?" asked the porter, in a trembling accent, for he liked not the tones of the stranger's voice.

"Say the Conde de Fogo demands admittance," exclaimed the stranger, fiercely.

"Mercy on us, who can the Conde de Fogo be?" muttered the old porter to himself; but feeling no inclination to hold further parley with the mysterious stranger, he hurried away to obey his behests, leaving him exposed to all the fury of the tempest which blew directly on the front of the convent.

The prior was seated in his cell, with books of science open before him, illumined by a single small lamp of unusual brilliancy. His tall and emaciated figure was wrapped closely round by his dark robes. A small cap was on his head, from beneath which escaped a few thin gray hairs; deep thought and study, it might also have been care, had left their indelible impressions, in many a furrow and wrinkle on his brow and sallow cheeks. He looked up with an expression of vexation, as the old porter entered and informed him that a stranger at the gate wished to see him.

"Say I cannot be disturbed at present," answered the prior, in the querulous tone of a student interrupted in the pursuit of knowledge. "Let him be conducted to the strangers' room; but no one must communicate with any of the brothers at this hour."

The porter, bowing, retired to bear the answer to the stranger.

"Did you mention my name?" cried the stranger, furiously.

"N—n—no," stammered out the porter.

"Then, fool, do so instantly," exclaimed the stranger, stamping his foot furiously on the ground, which returned a dull, hollow sound; "I require not the niggard hospitality which any beggar would equally receive."

The porter hobbled back with the message to the head of the convent.

"The Conde de Fogo!" muttered the prior, "I know of no such title. Tell him I cannot be interrupted in my devotions." And he again resumed his studies.

All this time the monks were collecting to learn the cause of this ill-omened noise at the gate.

The porter once more returned with the prior's answer.

"Open, then, the gate, and the point must be settled afterwards," said the stranger in a threatening tone.

On this, the porter passing through the inner gate, which was closed behind him, advanced with unwilling steps to admit the stranger to a detached part of the building appropriated to the reception of guests.

His fingers almost refused to draw the bolts of the outer gate, and when he had effected his purpose, it flew back with a loud crash, almost hurling him to the ground. Every limb trembled, as he found himself close to the dark stranger, who, without uttering a word, strode on past him, while he with difficulty again closed the gate.

"You monks of St. Benedict afford but churlish hospitality to those who claim it," said the stranger, as the porter lighted him into the guest house; "I do not admire your proceedings. I desire to see your prior. Here, take this packet to him, and tell him so. He will no longer refuse me."

Uttering these words, the stranger put a small packet into the hands of the porter, who, glad to escape from the unwelcome guest, hurried away with it to the prior.

The prior severely rebuked the porter for again disturbing him; but no sooner did his eyes fall on the contents of the packet, than a pallor, livid as that of death, overspread his countenance, and in a faltering tone he ordered the porter forthwith to conduct the stranger to his cell. Then closing his books, he threw himself back in his chair, and prepared himself for the interview.

"I thought so," muttered the stranger, in a sarcastic tone. They were the only words he spoke, till, striding after the porter, the old man ushered him into the presence of the prior. The prior did not rise from his seat, but folding his arms on his bosom, he moved himself to listen to the communications of his visitor. The stranger, without doffing his hat or laying aside his cloak, threw himself into a chair opposite where he sat, regarding the superior of the convent with a glance which might well have made the stoutest heart tremble. The porter remained in the cell as long as he could find excuse so to do, but was quickly ordered by the prior carefully to close the door, and to retire out of ear-shot. Whether the porter obeyed or not, I cannot tell, but he afterwards declared that he heard strange sounds, and smelt suspicious odours emanating from the cell of the prior, and that as he passed the door he saw bright lights burning during all the night long. However, nothing certain was ever known of what occurred during that eventful night between the holy prior and his mysterious guest. Whether it was passed in prayer and penance, in feasting and revelling, or in deep study and the discussion of abstruse points no one could venture to say. The lightning flashed as brightly as at first, the clouds discharged deluges of rain, and the thunder rolled fearfully till the morning dawned, when the prior, followed by a tall figure habited in the robes of the order, appeared at matin prayers.

The tall figure was, doubtless, the mysterious stranger, but as he exchanged neither word nor sign with any one, and as his features remained closely concealed in his hood, no one could to a certainty say. At all events, if it were he, his nature had wonderfully changed, for, instead of the fierce, vapouring person of the previous night, he now appeared humble and abashed, trembling violently it was observed as any of the sacred names were pronounced. No one dared question the prior, nor did he seem inclined to satisfy the curiosity of his inferiors. Time passed on, and the mysterious stranger had become a regular inmate of the convent. Yet what was most strange, no one had seen his face, and with no one had he exchanged a word, even of salutation. A cell had been

appropriated to him, into which no one entered ; whenever he quitted it he securely closed the door, and when a prying lay brother once attempted to open it, he discovered that there were other fastenings besides the usual lock. The same curious individual declared that an odour of so powerful a nature issued from the key-hole, when his nose approached it, that it almost knocked him to the ground, and that on no consideration would he again attempt the same experiment. Between his own cell and that of the prior the stranger spent most of his time, except when, during tempest and rain, he issued forth into the convent garden, and by the flash of the vivid lightning plucked certain herbs which grew there. Whether he ate them or used them in some chemical preparation, or for unlawful charms, no one knew, and various were the opinions hazarded on the subject. Indeed there was only one thing certain about it, that he was a very strange incomprehensible being. Whether his time was spent in performing penance or not was also to be doubted. He certainly paid slight attention to the rules of the convent, and to the ordinances of religion still less. It was evident that he did so, even then most unwillingly, as was observed on the first day after his arrival.

Time, the destroyer of earthly things, the elucidator of mysteries, was ultimately to bring to light the important secret. One night the old porter, who had always kept a vigilant watch on the movements of the stranger, without, however, discovering any thing, was ensconced in dark shadow at no great distance from a door which opened out of the convent into the garden, when he heard footsteps approaching. Looking eagerly, he soon perceived that it was the prior of the convent, accompanied by the mysterious stranger. At that instant the moon, bursting forth from behind a cloud, cast her rays directly on the face of the strange monk, whose cowl was thrown back, and revealed to the astonished porter a countenance so dark, fierce, and revolting, that he felt he had never conceived any thing so horrible. Onward the terrific personage and the holy prior advanced, neither of them perceiving that any one was near, while the porter followed with cautious steps, to see whither they were going, and what they were about to do.

At the end of the garden was a summer-house. The stranger and the prior glided on directly for it, they entered, and the former, after making certain signs and repeating certain words, lifted a trap-door in the floor, and both descended.

The porter was all the time looking through the window, and seeing the aperture in the floor remaining open, without considering the consequences, he followed. A flight of stone steps conducted him down a considerable depth, when he found himself in a long vaulted passage. Along this he continued for a considerable distance, till he perceived the fresh air blowing on his face, and a little further on found himself emerging from behind a rock, on the side of the hill on which the convent stood.

He looked round to discover the direction the prior and the stranger had taken, but they were nowhere to be seen, and had it not been, as he affirmed, from a certain sulphurous smell, which evidently came from the lower part of the hill, he would have been utterly unable to follow them. Guided, however, by that indubitable sign, he tracked them for a considerable distance to the centre of a thick forest, which, as I have said, nearly surrounded the hill. Before him rose a vast rock, an excrescence, as it were, from the side of the mountain, overgrown in many places with shrubs and creeping plants. The dark monk paused before it, when, re-

peating some cabalistic words in an unearthly tone, he struck it with a wand he carried in his hand. The rock, with a loud crash, rent open, exposing to view a vast iron gate, studded over with nails of yellow hue, which glittered like burnished gold.

The gate, at the command of the dark stranger, likewise flew open with an awful noise, which resounded through the woods, and sent the bats and owls, and other birds and beasts of night, screeching and howling with terror amid the trees. The old porter trembled, as well he might, at these unearthly sounds, expecting that every instant a troop of demons would rush out and carry him off neck and heels, his conscience telling him all the time that he ought to have been at his post, instead of attempting to pry into his superior's secrets. It was too late, however, to recede, his legs, indeed, would not have carried him had he tried it, for his knees knocked together so much with alarm, that he wondered the prior and the monk did not hear the noise they made. They, however, were far too busily engaged to remark it, and the old man, crouching down behind a tree, watched what next would follow.

His eyes expanded, his mouth opened wide, his breath came short with astonishment. He had heard of such things, but did not believe them true. He now could scarcely trust his senses. The dark stranger, grasping the hand of the venerable prior, led him forward. As the gates flew open, they advanced beneath a massive archway, when a light of dazzling brilliancy burst forth, illuminating the whole interior of a vast cavern which appeared before them, and strains of martial music, cymbals clashing, drums beating, trumpets sounding, struck upon the astonished ear of the porter. At first he could scarcely distinguish the innumerable splendid objects which glowed before his ravished sight, but by degrees he perceived a beautiful hall, the walls adorned with arabesque ornaments, of blue, and silver, and yellow, and thousands of golden lamps of antique shape, emitting the most delicious odours and brilliant flames, hung suspended from the vaulted roof, which was supported by rows of delicate columns, round which were gracefully entwined the slender stems of creeping plants, bearing fruits and flowers, formed, it seemed, of the most precious stones. Down the centre of the hall was a table, loaded with the choicest viands on silver and golden salvers, and the ruby juice of the grape sparkling in crystal goblets, and fruits of every clime of extraordinary size and beauty. All seemed prepared for a large party of guests. On either side, two fountains threw up silvery jets of bright water almost to the roof, falling again, tinted with rainbow hues, into the circular basins whence they sprung. At the further end appeared curtains of blue and silver, from behind which appeared to proceed the strains of music which floated through the hall. Suddenly the end of the hall expanded, and marble steps and columns, and terraces and green trees, and gay flowers, rocks and the yellow sands of the sea-shore, the azure sky and dancing waves appeared beyond. The music grew louder and more lively, and on every side came trooping along bands of gallant cavaliers in gorgeous habiliments, their snowy turbans with the pale crescent on their heads, and their jewelled scimetars by their sides, betokening them to belong to the race of the accursed Moors. They were followed by an equal number of dames of surpassing loveliness, some in Eastern dress, but others in the ancient costume of Portugal, surrounding one, whose majestic mien and unequalled beauty proclaimed her their queen. Her

robes were of silver and blue, a silver crescent was fastened to her head, and a snow-white veil which fell in graceful folds over her raven locks and alabaster neck, while her eyes of ebon hue outshone in lustre the surrounding illumination. Last of all came the band of Oriental musicians, who, as the cavaliers and ladies took their seats at the table, ranged themselves at the further end of the hall. As the queen advanced, so did the dark monk and the prior, to meet her; and as they approached, their costume, wonderful to relate, seemed to undergo a complete change, and, instead of the sombre coloured robes of the order, they appeared in the magnificent costume of the East. Both knelt; and the dark stranger, taking her hand, pressed it to his lips. He then addressed her:

"Fair queen of night," he said, in tones loud enough for the porter to hear, "beauteous sovereign of the regions of mystic joy, I bring a votary, who, for long years past, has desired to worship at your shrine, and now casting aside for ever the garb of mortal ignorance, will indue the mantle of knowledge, and quaff the goblet of eternal youth."

"He and all others, who boldly throw off the trammels of superstition, are welcome to our realms," replied the queen, in a voice of the sweetest melody.

"He is welcome!" echoed all the gay cavaliers and lovely dames.

And the prior then kissing the hand of the beauteous queen, she raised up both him and the dark stranger, and conducting them to the upper end of the banquetting table, placed one on each hand, by her side. As soon as she had taken her seat, the band again sent forth their enlivening strains, and the feasting commenced. The revellers ate and talked, and, in spite of the prohibition of the Koran, pledged each other in goblets of sparkling wine. The eyes of the dames grew brighter, the glances of the cavaliers more expressive; laughter and merriment resounded through the hall. As soon as the banquet was concluded, the tables and benches, and the viands and rich wines disappeared, and the cavaliers, contrary to all Eastern habits, leading forth the lovely dames to the sound of lively music, formed themselves in ranks to commence the sprightly dance; they whirled and swam, they turned and twisted in every conceivable and inconceivable figure, till the old porter felt inclined to join them in their amusement. Fortunately for himself he did not. What struck him as singular, was to see the aged prior, the reverend head of this convent, springing, and leaping, and twirling about with greater animation and agility than all the rest; his partner a damsel lovely as a houri, and playful as an antelope.

Suddenly, there was a profound silence. The change was awful.

"Bring hither the mantle of knowledge and the goblet of eternal youth," exclaimed the queen, in a loud voice; and, at her command, a troop of pages appeared, bearing between them a mantle of dazzling richness and a chalice of glittering brightness.

The dark stranger, for the old porter knew him among the rest by his peculiar mien and swarthy visage, then, seizing the prior by the hand, led him before the queen; "Mortal, your wishes are about to be accomplished," he exclaimed, "you have tasted of the delights of our existence, now learn the truth and make them eternal."

On this the prior knelt down, and wild strains of music filled the air. The dark stranger cast the mantle over the prior's shoulders. The lamps

gave forth a blue and lurid glare; the cavaliers and dames seemed changing in form. The dark stranger grew darker and more lofty in stature.

The prior, unheeding what was passing, seized the glittering goblet; but no sooner had his lips touched the brim than it fell with a terrific crash from his palsied hand. Loud unearthly shrieks of laughter, cries and groans of agony, every terrific noise imaginable resounded through the forest. Lurid flames and curling wreaths of dark smoke burst forth; amid which, forms, hideous, loathsome, and dreadful appeared, undefined and indescribable, among whom the body of the hapless prior was tossed to and fro, till the shapes, expanding suddenly, rushed forth from the mouth of the cavern, spreading over the whole forest, and the gates closed with the clang of the loudest thunder. What next happened the porter knew not, for seized with a mortal dread, his knees no longer refused to perform their office, but taking to his heels, he ran faster than he had ever before done in his life towards the convent. Letting himself in by a side gate, and bolting it securely, he hurried round to fasten every entrance, lest the demons should find their way into the convent, and then hastening to the cell of the father-confessor, he fell on his knees, and made a full confession of all he had seen.

The face of the father-confessor grew long as he heard the tale, for he was alarmed for the credit of his convent, not to speak of the soul of his superior, which he rightly conjectured was sorely perilled if not altogether lost; but, alas, that it might be too late to rescue, from the fangs of the evil one, so he set his wits to work to protect the former from injury. Charging the porter, on pain of excommunication and starvation for six months, not to utter a word of what he had seen, he repaired to the cell of the superior. He knocked, and knocked, but no one answered; he then went to that occupied by the dark monk—it was also empty. The next morning no prior appeared. The monks were astonished. They hunted round in every cell, they looked through every part of the church, and through every apartment; they examined the gardens and outhouses. Their toil was in vain—no prior was to be found. What was equally strange, the dark monk had disappeared, and from that day to this has never been heard of. At last, the monks bethought them of looking outside the convent walls—perhaps the father-confessor put it into their heads so to do—but, sure enough, at the very spot where the porter had seen the prior and the dark stranger enter the cavern, there was the disfigured and blackened corpse of the former found, but no one suspected the cause and dreadful manner of his death. It was said, that for some unknown reason having wandered beyond the walls of the convent, he had died by the hand of an assassin. At all events he was buried with all the pomp which his rank and noted piety demanded, though it was remarked as a strange coincidence, at which the officiating priests trembled and quaked, that during the funeral ceremony, the lamps burned dim and blue, and that as the solemn strains of the music pealed through the church, they were accompanied by a chorus of suppressed groans and shrieks. No one would ever have discovered the dreadful truth, had the porter kept his own council; but he was fond of talking, and somehow or other, it slipped out, and the tale became rumoured abroad throughout the neighbourhood, till at last not a peasant but was able to repeat it in the very words I have used. The superior brothers of the convent, however,

strongly denied the truth of the story, and gave the following version of it.

Somewhere about the commencement, or rather towards the middle of the fourteenth century, there dwelt near the beautiful and romantic town of Guimaraens, an old noble, Dom Diogo da Souza by name, who, besides a castle, numerous armed retainers, and stores of wealth, possessed what he valued far more, a lovely daughter. Donna Serafina was the pride of his heart, the light of his eyes, and most unhappy he felt at the thought of parting with her, whenever she should become the bride of one of the neighbouring fidalgos who laid claims to her hand. She had many lovers. Some sought her for her wealth, some for her beauty, and some for the graces of her mind and loving disposition, but it is to be feared the former were the most numerous and persevering.

Among them was a certain Dom Perez da Galba, who lived by himself in a castle a long way off, in the wildest part of the mountains, to the north of the province of the Minho, where it was said he practised arts forbidden by the church, and dangerous to the safety of his soul. Such an abode, it was not likely, would suit the taste of a young and lovely girl of sixteen, nor was the appearance of the grave Dom himself more calculated to please her, but nevertheless from his wealth and influence he found more favour in the eyes of her father than any of her other admirers. The old fidalgo probably thought, that from his more mature age and graver manners he would be better able to defend an innocent and artless wife from the snares and dangers to which, in this wicked world, she would be exposed.

Accustomed to obey her parent in all things, she thought not of proving refractory in this, and before long Dom Perez da Galba became her betrothed husband. Before, however, the intended nuptials were publicly announced, a young and gallant cavalier, the Count of Vizella, made his appearance at the castle of Dom Diogo da Souza, attracted, doubtlessly, by the far-famed beauty and wealth of his youthful daughter, though he gave very different reasons as the cause of his coming. He was tall in person, fascinating in manner, with dark, expressive features, and eyes of peculiar brilliancy, indeed, his enemies whispered that there was evidently a strong tinge of Moorish blood in his veins. Subtly and surely he offered up the incense of his adoration at the feet of the beautiful Serafina, nor is it surprising that she forgot to turn a deaf ear to the tender protestations of the tempter. That heart which had hitherto been her own, was lost to the dark stranger, and when he came who could claim it by right—it was hers no longer to give. The word of her noble father had, however, been pledged to Dom Perez, and he was in no humour to forego his right. He longed to return to his castle to pursue his cabalistic researches, and he wished not to go without his blooming wife.

Rather would the Lusitanian noble sacrifice fifty children than cast a taint upon his honour, so the hapless Serafina was told that she must prepare to accompany Dom Perez as his bride. With bitter tears she entreated the count, who knelt at her feet, to take his departure, for she was well aware there was no hope for her. Her father would not retract, and Dom Perez was inflexible. The count rose from his knees, vowing eternal love to her, and enmity of the same duration to whoever became her husband.

Not many days afterwards the marriage ceremony took place, and the young bride was carried away to her future abode among the mountains.

But a few months had passed away since Dom Perez da Galba had commenced his wedded life, when one winter's evening a knight, who had lost his way among the mountains, demanded shelter within his castle walls. Under such circumstances a beggar could not be denied.

He entered, but what was strange, he wore his vizor down, asserting that he was under a vow never to lay aside his armour, or expose his features to mortal man, till he had shorn off fifty turbaned heads of the Moorish infidels. Once, however, securely housed within the castle, he was in no great hurry, it appeared, to take his departure. Day after day he remained, nor paid the least attention to any of the hints he received from Dom Perez, that his society was no longer required.

In the meantime it was remarked that Donna Serafina became more abstracted and melancholy than heretofore, and at last the suspicions of her husband were aroused. What those suspicions were it is needless to say. If he treated her with coldness before, she now experienced unheard-of cruelty. He came at last to the stern resolution of confining her in a dark dungeon of the castle, and driving the stranger from beneath his roof, when as he was sitting in his chamber, in a lofty turret considering the best means of effecting his purpose, a domestic rapped loudly at the door. Ordering the man to enter, with consternation in his countenance the varlet stated that the stranger knight had suddenly mounted his charger, and, while the porters were unprepared to oppose him, had dashed over the drawbridge bearing a veiled form in his arms.

"Where is your mistress?" exclaimed Dom Perez.

No one knew—they hunted all round the castle—she was not to be found.

"I thought so," said the Dom. "To horse! to horse!"

Thirty men, with their lord at their head were soon in their saddles, and galloping from the castle gates rode in hot pursuit of the fugitives. Away they went, over hill and dale, nor were they long in discovering the charger of the knight before them.

"Cut him down. Spare not the ravisher!" exclaimed Dom Perez, and he and all his men hacked and hewed away with their two handed swords at the stranger. He was not idle, but laid about him with right good-will, till many of his assailants were brought low. Numbers, however, prevailed, encumbered as he was with his precious burden. His charger, bleeding from numerous wounds, sank upon the ground, and before he could disengage himself, the lady, for it was, alas, Donna Serafina herself, was torn from his arms. Springing again on his feet before any could seize him, he rushed to her rescue, but it was too late, she was beyond his reach. Undaunted he sprang upon a steed, whose rider had been dismounted and pressing his spurs to its flanks clove his way from amid the foes who hemmed him in. Dom Perez was furious at the escape of the daring stranger who had thus insulted him, but having his wife again in his power he determined to wreak his vengeance upon her head. The helpless Donna Serafina was conveyed back to the castle, but from that day to this was never seen alive. Soon after this occurrence Dom Dioga da Souza arrived to visit his daughter with a large retinue of armed men. The lady was not forthcoming, nor could Dom Perez give any satisfactory account of her. The indignant father vowed vengeance

against the heartless husband, and returning home prepared every means in his power to execute his purpose. Dom Perez saw the storm which was hanging over his head, and not knowing how otherwise to avoid it, not being of a warlike disposition, shut up his castle, dismissed his retainers, and with all the wealth he could at the moment collect, took shelter in the convent of Al Pendurada. Some years passed away, and he became the superior of the establishment. If remorse ever assailed him for the death of his wife, he strove to overcome it by more assiduous application to his studies, and had partially succeeded when the appearance of a strange man, in whom he recognised the once youthful Count of Vizella, recalled all the past to his mind. It is needless to add more. The avenger had come, and there can be no doubt that the Count of Vizella, the stranger in the castle of Dom Perez, the Conde de Fogo, and the murderer of the prior were one and the same—that mysterious personage—the Dark Monk of Al Pendurada.

THE HUNCHBACK AND THE FAIRIES.

A BRETON LEGEND.

By W. Hughes, Esq.

I.

HOW BENEAD GUILCHER GOT RID OF HIS HUMP.

There was in former times in Gwened and Cornouaille, a race of little people, or Korigans, divided into four families, who inhabited the woods, the heaths, the valleys, and the farms. Those who dwelt in the woods were called Kornikaneds,* because they blew little horns which they carried suspended from their girdles: those who dwelt upon the heaths were called Korils, because they passed the whole of the nights in dancing rounds or reels by the light of the moon, and those who dwelt in the valleys were called Poulpikans, because they had their burrows in low places. The Teus were little dark people, who kept to the meadows and the ripe corn, but as the other Korigans accused them of being the friends of Christians, they were obliged to fly into the Leon country, where perhaps a few of them still remain.

At the time, then, of which I speak, there were no others residing in the Gwened and Cornouaille country, except the Kornikaneds, the Poulpikans, and the Korils, but they were in such great numbers, that when night came very few people ventured near their stone palaces.

There was above all in Plaudren, near the little town of Loqueltas, a heath called Motenn Dervenn (the Land of Oaks), in which there was a large Koril village, which may still be seen at this day. The wicked little folk came there to dance the whole night, and he who dared at that time to cross the heath was certain of being drawn within their merry chain and forced to dance with them until cock-crow, therefore no one ventured to go there.

* Korni-kaned, from korn, a horn, and kana to sing; Kowril, or Koril, from koral, to dance; Poul pikan from poul, a pond, or low place, and pika, to dig or excavate; Teus or Deus from du, black.

Nevertheless, one evening Bénéad Guilcher, on returning with his wife from a field where he had been guiding the plough during the day for a farmer of Cadoudal, took the road over the haunted heath in order to shorten the distance. It was an early hour, and he hoped that the Korigans would not have begun their dance, but on arriving at the middle of Motenn Dervenn he perceived them scattered around the great stones like birds upon a field of corn. He was going to turn back, when the horns of the fairies of the wood, and the shouts of the little folk of the valleys sounded behind him. Bénéad felt his limbs trembling, and said to his wife,—

"St. Anne! we are lost, for here are the Kornikaneds and the Poulpikans, who are coming to join the Korils to dance during the night. They will compel us to dance till daylight, and my poor heart will not be able to hold out."

Immediately afterwards, troops of Korigans arrived from all sides, encompassing Guilcher and his wife, like flies in August around a drop of honey, but they dispersed immediately on perceiving the little fork for clearing the weeds from the plough which Bénéad held in his hand, and they all began to sing,—

"Let us leave him, let us leave her,
The fork of the plough has he,
Let us leave her, let us leave him,
The fork of the plough has she."*

Gwilcher then comprehended that he had in his possession a magical defence against the Korigans, and he passed through the midst of them with his better half without having suffered any inconvenience.

It was an announcement to the country; after that day all the inhabitants went out in the evening with the little fork, and they passed over the heaths and through the valleys without fear.

But Bénéad did not consider that it was sufficient to have rendered this service to the Bretons, he was a man of spirit, curious, and keen, and of as cheerful a disposition as any hunchback in the four bishopricks of Lower Brittany, for I have not yet told you that Bénéad carried a hump from his birth, placed exactly between his two shoulders, and of which he was very willing to rid himself at a costly price. In other respects he was looked upon as a good workman, earned his day's labour conscientiously, and was, above all, a good Christian.

One evening when he could no longer resist his wish, he took his little fork, after recommending himself to St. Anne, and went towards the Motenn Dervenn.

When the Korils saw him at a distance, they ran and shouted, "It is Bénéad Guilcher—it is Bénéad Guilcher."

"Yes, my little men, it is I," answered the jovial hunchback, "I am come to pay you a neighbourly visit."

"You are welcome," replied the Korils. "Wilt thou dance with us?"

"Excuse me, honest people," replied Guilcher, "but your wind is rather too good for a poor invalid like myself."

"We will stop when thou wishest it," cried the Korils.

* Lez-hi, lez-hon,
Bâc'h an arér zo gant hon;
Lez-hon, lez-hi
Bâc'h arér zo gant hi.

"Do you promise that?" said Bénéad, who was not sorry to try a round, so as to be able to speak of it.

"We promise thee," answered the little people.

"Upon the cross of our Saviour?"

"Upon the cross of the Saviour."

The hunchback, persuaded that an oath of this sort sheltered him from all misfortune, took his place in the chain, and the Korils began the dance, repeating their customary chant:—

"Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday."*

At the end of a few moments Guilcher stopt.

"With all the respect I owe you, my masters," said he to the fairies, "your song and your dance appear to me to have very little variety; you stop too soon in the week, and, without being a clever rhymer, I think I can lengthen the burden."

"Let us see, let us see."

Then the hunchback resumed, after a little consideration—

"Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,
Thursday, Friday, Saturday."†

A great shout rose among the Korils. "*Stard! Stard!*"‡ they cried, surrounding Guilcher, "thou art a singer of spirit and a good dancer, repeat it, repeat it."

"Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,
Thursday, Friday, Saturday,"

whilst the Korils danced round him with mad delight. At last they stopped, and pressing round Guilcher they said all at the same time,

"What wilst thou—what dost thou desire, riches or beauty? Wish, and we will give thee that which thou requirest."

"Do you speak seriously, my masters?" demanded the labourer.

"Let us be condemned to gather grain by grain all the millet of the bishoprick if we deceive thee," they answered.

"Well," replied Guilcher, "you wish to give me a keepsake, and you allow me the choice. I only ask of you one thing, that is to take away that which I have between my shoulders, and to make me as straight as the shaft of the banner of Loqueltas."

"Good, good," replied the Korils, "be easy, come here."

And, seizing Guilcher, they twirled him in the air—they threw him from one to the other, like a ball of wool, until he had gone round the entire circle. Then he fell upon his legs, giddy and half stifled, but without a hump. Bénéad had grown young again, enlarged, beautified! so that his mother could not have recognised him.

* The Breton words are di-lun, di meurs, di merc'her. The Welsh names are very similar, dydd-llun, dydd mawrth, dydd mercher, the word dydd being shortened into dy, as dy-llun, in conversation.

† Di-zion, di gwener, di sadorn; in Welsh, dydd-jau, dydd gwener, dydd sadwrn.

‡ The Breton exclamation of encouragement.

II.

HOW PERR BALIBOUZIK GOT GUILCHER'S HUMP.

You can guess their astonishment when he returned to Loqueltas. They would not believe that it was Guilcher—his wife herself did not know whether she ought to receive him. That she might know him it was necessary that the former hunchback should tell her exactly how many caps she had in her *credans*,* and what was the colour of her stockings. At last, when they were satisfied that it was, indeed, himself, every one wished to know how such a remarkable change could have been effected ; but Bénéad thought that if he avowed it, he would be looked upon as a brother of the Korigans, and that whenever an ox strayed, or a goat disappeared, the people would betake themselves to him to find them. Therefore he answered those who questioned him, that the whole had been effected without his knowledge whilst he slept upon the heath.

The deformed believed him, and went every day to sleep on the heath, with the hope of awaking quite straight, but others imagined that there was some secret, of which Guilcher would say nothing.

Amongst these was a tailor with red hair and squint eyes, whom they called Perr Balibouzik, because he stammered in speaking. He was not, as is the case with his brother-craftsmen, a rhyming companion, as gay upon his board as the robin-redbreast upon the branch, smelling wheaten pancakes from as great a distance as a dog scents game. Balibouzik neither laughed nor sang, and lived upon barley-bread in which one could see the chaff. He was a miser—and more—a bad Christian, who lent his money at such enormous interest, that he ruined all the poor neighbours of the country. Guilcher had owed him five crowns for a long while without being able to pay it. Perr went to find him, and to ask him the particulars of his recent transformation. The former hunchback excused himself, promising to repay the debt after the hay-harvest, but Balibouzik declared that he would not consent to any delay, except upon the condition of knowing how he had been made straight and young again. Thus compelled to acknowledge all, Guilcher described his visit to the Korils ; told what words he had added to their burden ; and how they had given him permission to make a choice of two wishes.

Perr made him repeat all the details several times ; then he went away, telling his debtor that he allowed him eight days for finding the five crowns.

But that which he had come to ascertain had awakened all his avariciousness. He resolved that same night to go to Motenn Dervenn to mingle in the Korigan dance, and also to obtain the option of the choice of two wishes proffered to Guilcher—that is to say, riches or beauty.

As soon as the moon had arisen, the squint-eyed Balibouzik set off towards the heath with his little fork in his hand. The Korils having perceived him, ran to meet him, and inquired if he wished to dance. Perr consented to it after having made similar conditions to Bénéad, and in the middle of the grand chain the little black people began to repeat the stanza or burden, lengthened by Guilcher.

"Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,
Thursday, Friday, Saturday."

* A press, or wardrobe, found in every Breton cottage—they are generally very handsome.

"Listen," cried the tailor, seized with a sudden inspiration; "I will add something to your song."

"Add, add," replied the Korils.

And all resumed together.

"Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,
Thursday, Friday, Saturday."

They stopped, and Balibouzik alone added, stammering—

"And Sun—Sun—Sun—Sunday* also."

The fairies raised a loud clamour—"After!" cried they all at the same time.

"Sun—Sunday, also," repeated the tailor.

"But, after—after!"

"Sun—Sunday, also."

The chain of Korils disbanded; all ran like mad, because they could not make themselves understood. The poor stammerer frightened, stood with his mouth open without being able to say any thing. At last, the waves of little black heads were appeased in a slight degree; they surrounded Balibouzik, and a thousand voices cried at the same time—

"Express a wish! Express a wish!"

Perr took courage. "I wi—wi—wish," repeated he, "Guilcher has cho—chosen between riches and beauty."

"Yes; Guilcher selected beauty and not riches."

"Very well, I choose that which Guil—Guilcher has left."

"Good, good!" cried the Korils, "come here, tailor."

Perr, delighted, approached; they lifted him up as they had raised Bénéad, they tossed him from hand to hand to the end of the chain, and when he fell upon his feet, he had between his two shoulders that which Guilcher had left behind him—a hump.

The tailor was no longer called simply and shortly Balibouzik, but he was now Tostik Balibouzik.

III.

HOW GUILCHER PAID HIS DEBT.

The miserable deformed one returned to Loqueltas, as ashamed of himself as a dog which has had its tail chopped off. As soon as it was known, there was not a person in the place who did not wish to see him. All the gossips came with an old sabot in their hands, under pretence of asking for a little fire, and each cried "Jesus!" on seeing that his back had become as round as the rim of a draw-well. Perr was awfully enraged on account of his hump, and swore to himself that he would be revenged upon Guilcher, for he alone was the cause of his misfortune. He was the favoured of the Korigans, and he had asked them, without doubt, to perform this insult upon his creditor.

As soon as the eight days' credit had expired, Tostik Balibouzik announced to Bénéad that if he could not pay him the five crowns, he was going to instruct his lawyer to make a sale of all the goods in the house. Bénéad begged hard. The new hunchback would listen to nothing, and told him that on the morrow he would proceed to make a fair† of his household goods, his tools, and his pig.

* Di-sul; in Welsh, dydd-sul.

† A Breton expression, indicating a sale at a debtor's house; *Ober foar var arrebuury.*

The wife of Guilcher uttered loud lamentations, repeating that they were dishonoured in the parish, that he could not remain there any longer unless to carry a wallet and a white staff, and to go and beg from door to door; it was a great annoyance to Bénéad now that he had become straight and of noble presence to be compelled to wear a straw girdle* and a thousand other things without reason as a woman who is vexed will say, and indeed those women will say who are not vexed.

To all these complaints Guilcher said nothing, except that he must leave it to the will of God and the Virgin ; but his heart was humbled to the core. He now reproached himself that he had not preferred riches to beauty when they had left him the choice, and he wished he could resume the hump again well lined with crowns of gold or even of silver. After having sought in vain a means of getting rid of his embarrassment, he decided then upon returning to Motenn Dervenn.

The Korils received him there with clamours of delight as they did at first, and they placed him in their circle. Though Bénéad's heart had not much of pleasure in it, he would not mar the dance, and he began to jump with all his strength. The little people, delighted, ran about like withered leaves which the wind whirls in the winter. In running together they repeated the first verse of their song, their companions repeated the second, they caught up again the third, and as it was the last, Guilcher was obliged to finish the measure without words, and he at the end of some time felt tired.

"If I might dare to give my advice, my little lords, your song appears to me to be very like the butcher's dog, it travels upon three legs."

"It is the truth ! it is the truth!" cried all in one voice.

"I believe," resumed Bénéad, "that it would be more perfect if one added a fourth foot."

"Add it ! Add it !" repeated the fairies.

And all sang out with a shrill voice,—

"Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday,
Thursday, Friday, Saturday,
With the Sunday, also."

There was a short silence, the little people listened to what Guilcher was going to add,

"And behold the week is ended,"

he said gaily.

A thousand cries forming only one shout arose on all sides of the heath. In an instant the whole was covered by Korigans who were running about, they came from the bunches of grass, clumps of broom and furze, the bushes of heather, from the clefts of the rocks, one might say it was a swarm of little black men, they all gambolled on the heath singing,

"The dear good fellow Guilcher
Has fulfill'd the decree of our Master."†

* Formerly insolvents were compelled to walk through the parish with a straw girdle around their loins. The straw girdle is still a symbolical expression for insolvency in the country.

† Guilcherik ar mignonn 'dy
Neus achiv arrest ar mæstri.

"By my safety, what induces you to say that?" exclaimed Bénéad, with astonishment.

"It means," replied the Korigans, "that God had condemned us to remain among men and to dance all the nights upon the heaths until a Christian came and completed the burden of our song. Thou hast already lengthened it, and we hoped that the tailor, sent by thee, would have finished it, but he stopped short at the moment of achieving the task, and for that we punished him. Thou camest luckily to make that which he could not do. Our time of trial is ended, and we return to our own kingdom which extends under the earth—lower than the sea and the rivers."

"If it is so," said Guilcher, "and you owe me an obligation, do not go away without removing the troubles of a friend."

"What dost thou require?"

"The wherewithal to pay Balibouzik to-day, and the baker always."

"Take our sacks, take our sacks," cried the Korigans.

And they threw at Bénéad's feet the little bags of russet linen which they carried at their sides.

These he collected together, and took away as many as he could carry, and ran, quite delighted, to his house.

"Light the resin,"* he cried to his wife, on entering, "and close the hurdle,† so that none of our neighbours may see us, for I have brought that which will buy three parishes, with their judges and their rectors."

At the same time he placed upon the table all the little bags, and proceeded to open them. But, alas! he had calculated the price of butter before he had bought thè cows.‡ The sack contained only sand, dried leaves, horse-hair, and a pair of scissors.

At the sight he uttered so loud an exclamation, that his wife, who had gone to shut the door, turned round, and inquired what it was. Bénéad related to her his expedition to Motenn Dervenn, and all that had passed there.

"May St. Anne assist us!" cried the wife, frightened; "the Korigans have been mocking you."

"Alas! I see it very plainly now," answered Guilcher.

"And you have dared—unfortunate, that you are! to touch those sacks which belonged to the accursed."

"I believed that I had found something better," answered Bénéad, piteously.

"There comes nothing of any value from those who are worth nothing," replied the old woman; "that which you bring from them will bring a malediction upon the house. Jesus! let us have recourse to the rest of the holy water."

She ran to the bed, unhooked from the wall a little holy-water vessel of porcelain, and dipped into it a branch of consecrated box; but scarcely had the dew of God fallen upon the bags, than the horse-hair changed into necklaces of pearls, the dead leaves into pieces of gold, and the sand

* Candles made of resin, in general use among the peasantry.

† A door of wattle-work.

‡ "Trompuz azo compodi an amonenn,
Pe ar buoh no zo kuet choas perneinn."—*Vannes Dialect.*
Or, "Do not count your chickens before they are hatched."

into diamonds. The enchantment was broken, and the riches which the Korigans had wished to hide from Christians were found to assume their real appearance.

Guilcher paid Balibouzik his five crowns; he gave to each poor person of the parish a bushel of corn, with six ells of linen; and paid to the rector fifty masses, at ten *blanks*;* then he went with his wife to Josselin, where he purchased a house, and where they had children, who are at this time gentlemen.

THE GIFT OF MIND.

BY MRS. PONSONBY.

It has long been the fashion to denounce all authors as irritable, waspish, and quarrelsome—unhappy in their tempers and dispositions, and ridiculous from the weakness with which they yield to their irascible impulses.

All writers, in all ages, have had something to say on this subject. Everywhere the quarrels of "the poets," have been a fertile theme of wit. —Pen and pencil have alike been employed in depicting their absurdities, and no epithet is so frequently borrowed by their vilifiers as that which classes them as the *genus irritable*. But it appears to us no stigma was ever more unjustly attached. Whatever the authors of a past age have been, for those of the present day we are bound to take up the gauntlet. Truth compels us to be loud in *their* defence, and the natural inference we must draw is, that those for whom we cannot speak from personal and contemporary experience were treated as unjustly as those are for whom we, and all who know them, can vouch from present knowledge. Of course, among literary men as among all classes, there must occasionally be met with ill-natured and dissatisfied dispositions. Authors are not bound to bear the ills and trials of life with greater fortitude than is required of others. That they meet them with less equanimity or temper we utterly deny.

And there must also always be a few among the sons of genius, who, forced to struggle against poverty or sickness, sink as any other man would sink, beneath the pressure of fate, and are miserable because in this life misery is apportioned unto them; but these again are exceptions, and their misfortunes have no connexion whatever with their *literary* predilections and pursuits.

We can equally deny the assertion that the majority of writers are of low standing in point of moral and domestic virtues: this calumny is perhaps even more unfounded than the former.

Let us look around us. Let us remember those of our own day, now gone to their rest, and compare their characters with those of our great living lights. The more names we can recall, the more images rise before us of cheerfulness, amiability, generosity—of goodness, and of virtue.

To attempt to give a list of those to whom we allude would be beyond our limits, and might be thought invidious; but we may ask, *en passant*, of those who jest at the irritability and proneness to petty quarrels of authors, whether they can recall, in all their experience, *two*, or even

* The Vannes name for a piece of money of the value of fifteen *deniers tournois*.

one, among the class they condemn, to answer to the descriptions they delight in?

Who can have forgotten the merry laugh of our lost L. E. L.—the laugh that spoke the cheerful heart? Who can ever forget the gay and charming conversation of the witty Mrs. G——? Who will deny the pleasing influence of the society of W——, with his face of lofty serenity, his tones of solemn gladness? or the yet more bewitching charm of that of A——, whose voice is so soft and silvery, and whose calm and happy countenance seems but the bright reflex of his amiable and noble heart—of the joyous W——, "King of the Lakes"—of the lamented author of "Cyril Thornton"—of the equally lamented Felicia Hemans, so gentle, so truly mild in manner and in temper.

Who could be calmer and more soberly happy than Scott? who merrier than Moore? and if upon the name and fate of Byron there rests a cloud of sadness, let us remember that the sorrows and joys of that mighty mind, with all their unimaginable depths and heights, were so far above, so far below, aught to which we can descend or can soar, that it would be foolish, perhaps profane, to attempt to try *him* by the standard with which we measure other men.

We have mentioned but one or two of our leading authors, who will, perchance, forgive us for so doing, there are many behind, some prospering in their course of life, some enduring its crosses, but *all* (we say it boldly) possessed of an inward fund of happiness, which came not from the world, and which all the world will fail to take away.

Small minds (for there *are* small minds among our friends the authors) live upon their vanity, always greater with them than with more lofty spirits—and this over-weening conceit and great self-sufficiency, sustains them through much—and imparts to their conversation and address a gaiety and confidence which are not without a certain charm,—unwarranted as they may be—and great minds have the gift of intellect, that gift which is the touchstone to all true happiness, and which in itself comprises the greatest of all earthly blessings.

The man of mind is the happiest of men. To him, all the pleasures of life are doubled, and for him all its evils are softened. Within himself he contains the root of all the joys for which meaner minds must seek abroad. For *those* he can feel only compassion,—for *himself*, while contemplating his own lofty dower, only respect.

Fate may throw him into the arena of busy life, there to struggle for existence with the low and the little mind, but she cannot debase him to their level. You will see him, strong in his great intellect, beautiful by the light of genius, and ever young in face and heart, always pre-eminent, always proud, always in the main successful—his intellect, his beauty were God-given—they will not wither beneath the assaults of man—his youth is the unfading youth of the spirit—of the spirit that shall return unstained to the bright throne from which it was commissioned to descend.

He may be attacked by slanderers, do not heed! remember, that to be assailed by calumny is the "common lot of all that's good and great;" and be sure, when you hear a man of genius (more especially one who has played his part successfully, and with honour upon the stage of the world) abused, and accused by those around and beneath him—his works slandered, as wanting in morality—his private life arraigned—his principles impeached, be sure the pen or the tongue of the accuser moves only beneath the dark influence of that vilest of passions—Envy.

BETTER THAN IT PROMISED.

BY MRS. WHITE.

It was a cold, clear morning, the 1st of January, 1826. A thick fall of snow muffled the sounds of wheels and footsteps in the road, and gave to the still colourless landscape a likeness of those quaint pictures which ingenious ladies of the last century were wont to cut in paper. The gable ends of houses, the leafless branches of trees, the sharp outlines of barns and gates were etched upon the snowy background, with just such cold distinctness, and made one feel a double warmth, beside the glowing fires, that within doors welcomed the birth of a new year. In one of the snuggest houses in our pretty village, in a neat parlour, the comfort and cleanliness of which had passed into a proverb, beside a blazing fire in a grate, so scrupulously polished, that it seemed almost a pity to mar its brightness with ashes, and with the appliances of an abundant, even luxurious breakfast before her, sat Mrs. Tarte, "nursing her wrath to keep it warm" against the entrance of her husband and daughters, who, by the *pendule* on the chimney-piece, were quite ten minutes after the accustomed breakfast hour. Mrs. Tarte was a small person with what is called a great spirit, which manifested itself in a perpetual boiling over of irritation upon trifling occasions, and frequent small storms without any. She ruled her husband in all the minor details of life, partly through his good temper, which made no stand against her petty governance, and partly through his affection, which remained wonderfully firm, considering all things. As to her daughters, they bore her temper very philosophically, hoping always that a time would come when it would be less excitable. Not contented with the usual desideratum of domestic great spirits (the being "mistress of her own house"), she would fain have carried her ascendency into every other, and as far as possible made it felt in whatever local scheme, charitable or otherwise, her position brought her in contact with. She had lately carried the question of colour in the matter of the charity-school children's cloaks, and she was now engaged in a struggle with the clergyman, as to the proper days of dispensing soup to the poor, and till he should arrive at the conclusion that they were more in need of it on Wednesdays than Tuesdays (supposing them to have had a dinner on the Sunday), had deprived the visiting society of her services—an event more regretted in her own establishment than elsewhere, as the want of other outlets occasioned a double amount of fault finding at home.

"A happy new year to you, ma'am," said a neat looking servant, whose half-mourning gown, and black ribbon in her cap, looked as if the past had been one of affliction to herself (but Mrs. Tarte always chose her servants in mourning, they look so much more respectable than at other times); "a happy new year to you, ma'am, and many of 'em," and she placed a shining kettle on the hob, where it fell to singing and steaming impromptu; but if Mrs. Tarte heard her servant's greeting, the fiend of ill-temper in her heart, checked any thing like a return of it. And the poor girl retired abashed at the kindly feeling that had prompted the expression, and fearful that what she had intended for respect had been construed

into forwardness. Meanwhile, Mrs. Tarte sat beating her foot on the hearth-rug, her lips puckered up and her eyebrows elevated into a very martyrly expression of long suffering—when the gate swung back, and through the dissolving arabesques of ice work on the frosted window-panes she perceived her truant family approaching, the next moment her two daughters bounded into the room, their fingers numbed, and their clear cheeks purple with cold, but with looks of such cheerful delight, as showed that some inward satisfaction amply repaid them for its endurance.

"Good morning, mother," they exclaimed in a breath, and without regarding her offended aspect; "a happy new year to you, and many of them."

"Pshaw!" coldly articulated Mrs. Tarte, turning away her face from their caresses; "keeping me till this time of day without breakfast."

"Only ten minutes past the half-hour, dear mamma," said the younger, in a deprecating tone.

"If it is only five, you know I do not like to wait," rejoined her mother.

"Ah! I know you would have waited much longer," ventured Fanny, "if you had known that but for our visit a whole family would have been without food."

"I wish, Mr. Tarte, you would come to breakfast, if we are to have any to-day," interrupted the lady of the house in a very high-pitched voice, without appearing to have heard her daughter's observation.

"I shall be with you directly, Sarah," replied her husband, quietly; "I am only waiting to look at some beef I have ordered the butcher to send poor Mrs. Lambert," and in another minute or two Mr. Tarte came into the room, a fine smile radiating his benevolent face, and his hand extended to his wife with a cordial repetition of the day's salutation. "A merry new year to you, my dear, and *many, many* of them."

It was an unfortunate substitution, that word merry, with which Mr. Tarte, in his light-heartedness, ventured to interpolate the original phrase, for the appearance of cheerfulness in any one on these recurrences of her spleen, was diamond-dust to the edge of Mrs. Tarte's displeasure, and she answered, with chilling distinctness,

"It is a long time since I knew any thing of merry new years, and it is not likely that I shall now. New years don't make much difference to us that I see. They seem to leave us very much as they found us."

"And a great matter this, Sarah," said Mr. Tarte, gravely, sinking into his arm-chair with a heavy sigh.

"Yes," said the elder girl, bravely, "it is a great blessing to meet new year's day with all these comforts about us, and with health and power to enjoy them. Had you but seen the distress we witnessed this morning—the sad proof, dear mother, of the changes that may happen between one new year's day and the next, I am sure you would think so."

"I think this," exclaimed Mrs. Tarte, the eddy of her fire-side storm taking a new direction, "that if we are to look after all the distress in the city as well as village, we shall soon be in a condition to require assistance ourselves. I wonder who we should find to give us a new year's dinner if we wanted one?"

"I think, my dear, there is no occasion to trouble ourselves with the question," responded her husband, a little recovered, for this bugbear of her

own setting up was so innocent of any serious terrors, that, instead of producing grave considerations, it occasioned a general smile; "but," he added, "we are told to do to others as we would be done unto."

"I have not patience with those Lamberts," rejoined Mrs. Tarte, whose spell of discontent, the absurdity of her own suggestion, and the good-humour that, in spite of her dark looks, her husband and daughters seemed, in conspiracy, to maintain, had almost broken; "if they are really so badly off, why not go into the poor's-house, instead of starving, as people say they do, at home?"

"Indeed, mamma, it is no report, but the truth," exclaimed her eldest daughter. "Never shall I forget the scene we witnessed this morning, or lose, I trust, the lesson it has taught me, of affection as strong and pure in the midst of hunger, cold, and nakedness, as when surrounded by all that can strengthen and elevate it."

"What could elevate these women's affection for their mother?" interrupted Mr. Tarte; "I call their conduct the climax of filial love."

"And so do I," chimed in Fanny, "for in order to maintain her they suffered themselves to be without the necessaries of life."

"And she is old and an idiot, mamma," exclaimed Miss Tarte, who saw that her mother's iciness was rapidly thawing. "Since their father's death those poor young women have continued to support her, for poverty and affliction turned her brain, and the fear of her being ill-treated in the workhouse, and you know how often we have seen instances of the absolute cruelty, the culpable neglect from which this class of inmates suffer—these devoted daughters have themselves endured a silent martyrdom in order that she should know no want."

"I never heard of their making an application for relief till the other day," said Mrs. Tarte.

"Nor should we then," rejoined her husband, "but that the illness of one of them, and the other's inefficient employment, obliged them to apply."

"Only think, mamma," said Fanny, "of these people with hardly a mite of fire and scarcely food or clothing, paying week by week two or three pence rent out of the half-crown the parish allowed the old, deaf mother, and never, in their hunger and want, failing in this strict course of honesty."

"There are beautiful touches in their story," interposed her sister, "nor do I think it the least that after Mr. Otter had discovered their poverty and once or twice relieved them, they should shrink from applying to him again under an augmentation of it, but now that the one poor creature is dead, and the humanity of the parish authorities has been called in question in consequence, he comes forward, publishes his own generosity, and calls them ungrateful for not having reminded him of their being still in want."

"Dead!" repeated Mrs. Tarte, "is one of them dead?"

"Yes, my dear," replied her husband, "it was of that I began to tell you last night, when you said you had not patience to hear of cases of starvation in holiday-time, and that the poor got up those things at this season just for the purpose of spoiling the pleasures of the rich. Oh, Sarah, I fear we have not been half anxious enough for the poor around us. It does not signify, you must become one of the district visitors again, for I am sure your penetration would not have been deceived by

the silence these women maintained as to their wants. You would not have needed them to be clamorous beggars, to have seen that their threadbare garments, fireless grate, and emaciated looks were the ensigns of destitution. It is only by such visits that any thing like discriminating charity can be effected, and similar cases anticipated. You and your sister matrons have it in your power to do a world of good by giving employment to women of this stamp, and by setting your faces against the system of making a bargain of their necessity by obliging them to work at a non-remunerating price."

"Goodness! Mr. Tarte, when did I ever!" exclaimed Mrs. Tarte, pausing in the division of a partridge wing.

"I do not say that you do, my dear," continued her husband, calmly, "but how often, in female conversation, have I heard the remark, in allusion to various kinds of needlework, 'Oh, I never think of making those things myself, there are so many poor women who are glad to do them for little or nothing,' and in getting them so done, women congratulate themselves on the cheapness and their own cleverness in cutting down the miserable sewing-woman to a pittance wholly insufficient, however hard she works, for her support."

"You forget," said Mrs. Tarte, "that there are needlewomen's protecting societies established."

"But their benefit, I believe, is, for the most part, local," rejoined her husband. "Thousands of persons exist whose necessities oblige them to have recourse to this mode of employment, and who have no guarantee against the exacting economy of their own sex, unless the better order of their employers resolve to stand by them, and make conscientiousness conventional."

"It is the shop people who cause it," remarked Mrs. Tarte. "One may buy things ready-made for much less than you can purchase the materials and have them made for you."

"And yet I have always understood that these goods were never half so well put together as articles made at home or by one's own workwomen."

"Nor are they," said Mrs. Tarte, "but people will look at the price."

"Ah! there it is," returned her husband; "women who can sympathise with the cry of the artisan of a 'fair day's wages for a fair day's work,' are the oppressors of their own sex, and behold without concern the comfortless homes, the wasting frames, and thin garments of these stinted dependents on themselves. It should be woman's province to amend these social abuses. Suppose, my dear, that in your own little circle you attempt it;—no day so fitting as *this* to commence a scheme of improvement. The girls have consecrated the morning of the new year by a well-timed act of temporary benevolence. It is for you to make their interference of real importance, by canvassing among your friends some employment that may assist in supporting the surviving sister of these dutiful daughters."

Mrs. Tarte, who fancied (and desired it to be believed) that whatever were her failings in temper, her heart was in the right place, perceived, too, a fresh field opening right and left for the exercise of her prevailing love of power, at once promised attention. And the breakfast-party separated with mutual feelings of having well begun a New Year.

THE ANGEL EAGLES.

A LEGEND OF LONG ISLAND.

By Francis Wyman.

Two Eagles of the Sun that had look'd down
From their bright homage-god upon the earth,
And the wild doings of its human tribes
For ages, with strange wonder and surprise,
Came yearly to a chosen eminence
That hung in grandeur o'er the plain beneath.
No nest they built, but stood with folded wings,
Like angels watching o'er the deeds of men!
There the Red Indian saw and honour'd them,
For ages ere the white man's fatal foot
Had sought his forest homes and hunting grounds:
Saw them, and deem'd they were bright messengers
By the Great Spirit sent to guard that spot!
In the green plain beneath, the red man's sires
For ages had been placed in their last sleep;
And love and rev'rence well'd up from his heart
Whene'er he look'd upon that guardian twain,
Assured that, undisturb'd, *his* bones would rest
In coming time, beneath their watchful eyes.
He welcomed their approach, and deem'd that they
Brought kindly greetings from the spirit-homes
Of his departed kindred; or from her
Whose gentle heart had been his shrine of love,
Ere call'd away into those shadowy woods
Of fadeless verdure and undying flowers!
He watch'd for their departure, and pour'd forth
His heart in ardent messages of love;
Told of his triumphs over enemies;
Of his success or failure in the chase,
And gain'd relief to his o'erladen heart
As from that rock they took their annual flight!
The white man came; the red man was no more:
But still the Angel Eagles, as of old,
Came yearly to their post of watchfulness.
And, for a time, a rev'rence for the dead
O'er whom they seem'd to watch so ceaselessly,
With their reputed holy origin
Inspired the white man with religious awe,
So that unharm'd they took their wonted stand.
Fearless they were, for man had never warr'd

For the possession of *their* resting-place,
Though his Red Brother had become a *word!*
The white man, too, the lord of that fair land,
Loved birds, and all the varied forms of life;
And thence became an interposing shield
Against the wild desire of one who sought
To try his rifle's power against their lives.
One day upon a nearer point they stood,
When this man urged his oft-repeated wish:—
"Know you not they are angels?" quoth his lord,
"Your effort would be impotent and vain:
I would not be the man to injure them."
"Give me your sanction just to try for once."
"If *one* shot will content you and for ever,
Take my consent—I'm wearied with this urging."
The fatal word was giv'n, the weapon fired,
And lo! one scream'd, and for a moment fell;
Then, with an effort, rose and strove to fly,
But with a crippled motion, sinking fast:
Then, to the rescue, the companion bird
Spread its majestic wings, and diving down
Beneath its wounded mate, there poised itself;
Affording aid, and rising as it rose
In sweeping circles o'er a neighbouring isle,
Ever beneath it with its friendly wings.
This course they kept until the human eye
Saw but a speck in their vast sun-ward flight!
The men transfix'd stood gazing, when behold
The speck grew large,—and larger,—in alarm
The master sought the shelter of a tree,
Bidding the other follow, but in vain.
Immovable and powerless he stood
With eyes upturn'd in terror and dismay!
On came the vengeful bird with lightning speed,
Down darting at his terrified assailant,
With force that struck him prostrate on the plain,
A lifeless, bruised, and mutilated corse!
Then, with a piercing shriek, it upward flew,
And ne'er again was seen upon that spot,
Which had, for ages, been its rocky home!
This was an act of wanton cruelty,
Most strangely and most signally avenged.

LAUNCELOT WIDGE.

BY CHARLES HOOTON, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "COLIN CLINK," "BILBERRY THURLAND," &c.

Chapter the Twenty-fifth.

AFFECTIONATE DISCOURSE BETWEEN LAUNCELOT AND HIS FATHER.

When Mr. Widge entered, Launcy was still sitting over the fire blowing a cigar almost as furiously as bloweth a street musician his flageolet, while the contents of the brandy decanter had evidently diminished in his absence. Mr. Widge mixed himself a glass, and, while stirring it, thus resumed the conversation—

"So *that* is the way you raise money, and this is the way you spend it, is it?"

"It looks very much like it, pa," replied Launce, "don't you think so?"

"And don't you feel yourself to be a precious scoundrel into the bargain?"

"No, pa, not a bit of it; I'm not going to be driven into marrying and then starved besides, to please nobody, not I, indeed. I know one thing, I've been a precious deal too easy all along, but it won't do any more—that mill has stopped work, and for the future folks will find that I am quite as well made for scooping marrow out as they are."

"Well, well, we'll soon see that. So you thought you could take advantage of your poor wife, and borrow money on the security of her fortune, you rascal, did you? But just mark my words now, see if you aint caught in your own trap, for I'll sooner fling the money to the bottom of the Thames, than a single penny of it shall ever go to discharge that bond."

"All very fine, no doubt," said Launce, with the most provoking calmness, resulting from the knowledge of his own security, "but it is not yours to fling away. We should only have to draw it over again out of your own pocket."

"Ay, ay, just let me catch you drawing out of my pocket again, that's all!"

"Nobody wants," replied this pattern of a son, "and as for all the rest, I don't see what it matters to you, or what business it is of yours, for you lose nothing by it. You seem to treat me as if I wasn't a man."

"A man! a *man* do you say? Don't talk to me of being a man, and yet resorting to these low, vile, scandalous ways of gratifying your appetites and your idleness, while the very woman you have robbed—yes, I say robbed, is left there in that miserable bed-room to cry her eyes out of her head while you sit here and get drunk."

"Then it's no more than you have been yourself every week of your life," returned Launce, "and are now at this instant. I never saw a man

in such a deplorable state of intoxication in the whole course of my life. You can hardly hold your head above-board, you know you can't."

"Me drunk, you young vagabone! your father drunk?"

"Drunk as a lord! you know you can't untie your shoe-strings without getting them into a knot, nor stand on one leg while you pull your stocking off the other. Your own conscience tells you you can't. Besides, you don't talk as if you were sober, and I expect to see you carried off to Guy's Hospital to-morrow morning with an attack of delerium tremendous, if you go on drinking any more to-night."

"'D rabbit that impudent tongue of yours, Launcy, it 'll bring you to ruin at last, my boy! your father might have been a magpie or a raven—"

"So he is," gravely remarked Launce, "or else he wouldn't chatter and croak quite so much about other people's business."

"Do you mean, to say, you willin, that I am a magpie and a raven?" savagely demanded Mr. Widge, senior.

"Yes, I do," said Launce, "and you ought to be sent to the Surrey Zoological. Your own corporation proves that you are one of the *pie* order."

"Don't crack your jokes on me, Launcy, I aint in a humour for them; and another thing, if you've forgotten your feelins of respect, remember we are talking on a subject that isn't either to be laughed or sneezed at. What scoundrelly Jew have you got that money from, tell me that?"

"No scoundrelly Jew at all, but a Mohamedan gent., a gent., I say, that wears his bedgown in the day-time, and has made a fortune out of Turkey rhubarb."

"The greatest willin," exclaimed Gabriel at mere hap-hazard, "that ever breathed out of a hangman's noose!"

"No doubt," replied the son, "for I have heard say he has already ruined one gent.—Mr. Thoroton, I believe—by lending him such enormous sums of money."

"More likely by borrowing and cheating, just as he will ruin you in the same way. And what interest do you pay—no trifle by the lane of St. Martin, I swear."

"Only fifty per cent for six months."

"Fifty per—whew—ew—ew! Six months! Why, you're mad, Launce, stark, raging mad, drunken, crazy!"

"Then you should have afforded me a living yourself."

"It shall never be paid!"

"It must."

"I say it shan't, for you shall sooner be sold up and sent to prison."

"Ask Mealy about that," said Launcy, "you can't keep her money as well as your own."

"She won't spend a penny on you."

"Oh yes she will, when I want it."

"Then she's as big a fool as you are a rogue, my boy," exclaimed Mr. Widge, senior.

"Don't doubt that at all, but she'll stand to me, if it comes to that, nevertheless."

"Well, if that's your opinion Launce, and you can still go on treating her in this manner, and throwing her money away like waste water, I've done with you, my boy, I've done with you. Not another word more; I'm satisfied. But let me tell you before long you'll come to beg your bread."

"Not at your door," answered our hero, "I'd die first! You've married me and then deserted me; think upon that, and see if it will comfort your dying pillow."

"Dying humbug! don't talk to me about dying pillars, but think of your own wife's pillar wet with tears of your making."

"Well, I'll have no more nonsense, pa, and that's flat. I'm out of your control, I shan't ask anybody to take me into their school to teach me what to do with my wife, and as you don't think proper to do me any good, I want none of your meddling nor advice, and none I'll have."

Gabriel looked ferocious, but said nothing; for finding he could not gain any advantage by opposition and recrimination, he felt it prudent to give in. And, now again for the second time, he began to wonder whether he really had acted as wisely when he insisted on his son's marriage, as he at that time believed. To the prevalence of this doubt in his bosom, indeed, must be attributed his otherwise somewhat inexplicable and cowardly surrender. He did not, however, bid his son good-night without reminding him in a more than usually solemn strain, that if ever he should turn again to the right paths, the door of the paternal mansion still held a knocker whose smiling face would welcome him once more as it had often and often welcomed him in times gone by.

"Ah, Launcy, Launcy!" he said, pathetically, "I was proud of you once. My old heart was all wrapped up in you, and I spared no expense to make you what you ought to be. You forget all this now, and treat me with shameful contempt; but if you should happen to live the longest, Launcy," and he laid his hand upon the shoulder of his son, "you will remember this night, my lad, with sorrow, and think that your doings helped to bring your old father to the grave, and that's poor consolation in a churchyard, very poor consolation indeed!"

"Very likely," replied Launcy, "but you aint got there yet, and I fancy that jolly red nose of yours isn't particularly anxious to be off either, by the looks of it. Besides, I don't feel a bit pathetic to-night, so we'll leave it to talk about another time, please, pa."

Gabriel departed, while his son, after taking a brandy nightcap, and a soporific peep at his remaining sum of seven hundred pounds, crept off to rest as impenitent as ever.

Chapter the Twenty-sixth.

THE ROBBERY.

Launcelot had just reached his bedroom, when he was alarmed by a mysterious noise below stairs, which caused him to stagger back again. Three or four seconds brought him to the door of the suspected room. The passage was dark, but the inside of the apartment received a dim sort of illumination from a gas-lamp which stood at a respectful distance from the house-front. In ordinary times he could have seen his artistical skeleton hanging in dim horror from the ceiling; as it intersected the line between the doorway and one of the windows. It was now gone! Every thing was still. "They have stolen my skeleton," he thought; but just then he heard the bones rattle on the floor. Launce was frightened; Weigel's story of the picture—told in that very room—shot

across his mind like an arrow. Perhaps the spirit had come back to fetch its own bones again! It must be so; for though he could not see it, he plainly heard it clattering and shaking as it crept along the floor towards him. He fled before it like an arrow; and having reached his bed-room, turned the lock, and hastened to get a light. Happily, lucifer-matches were at that time in common use, and the first that came to hand went off as it was warranted to do, but the brimstone was a terrible long time burning. Yet, even this was better than a flint; for Launcelot felt that had he been obliged to hammer away like a blacksmith over an old tinder-box—hitting out sparks, but never directing them to the right place—he must have dropped dead from terror on the spot.

"Oh, my dearest, what is it?" demanded a very faint voice; at which this dearest of men started, as though the skeleton had suddenly kicked him with its bony toes. He held his lamp up, and looked at the bed. Mrs. Widge was not there.

"Where are you, *my dear?*" he said.

It was the first time Amelia had heard that epithet applied to herself since they two were married, and it superseded all her terror. She rushed forward, crying out:

"Oh, call me that again, Launcy,—again,—again,—and never mind what has happened!"

"It's the skeleton creeping off!" he said, in a tremulous voice.

"I'll go!" she exclaimed with resolution, and at the same time snatching up the lamp. "Any thing now!—bones, or thieves, or death, no matter, if you will but love me!"

And so saying, she rushed out into the passage. The skeleton lay in a heap against the end window, and the figure of a man was for an instant visible. Instantly she raised a shrill cry of "Thieves, thieves!" which rang through the silent house like the high note of an organ. Then turning round towards her husband, who had crept within a yard behind her, she tottered forwards,—the lamp was falling from her hands, but Launcy had the courage to catch it. "Take me in," she said, and then Launce caught her also.

At that very time the whole house appeared to be suddenly converted into a kind of Cockney pandemonium. A long series of tremendous raps were given upon the lion's muzzle on the door,—enough, any watchman of sensibility and feeling might have thought, to knock his very iron teeth through the plank, and down that capacious throat the passage behind. At the same instant Mrs. Neverdone and Jane rushed screaming up from the kitchen, almost buried in mob-cap and frilled bedgown, "distracted to death," as they said, what to do or where to go, between front door and first-floor lodger.

Monsieur Mangolini just then shot down, and throwing back the bolts, let in a brace of black game which on the wastes of a London night is generally known to sportsmen under the name of "charlies." One kept the passage while the other hurried up stairs, throwing his lantern about in order to examine every nook and corner. When its light fell on the skeleton, he started back, declaring in a loud voice that the horridest mudder had been committed that ever he seed in a winter's night. "This corp," he said, "mus' be took to th' next red lamp immedetly;—and now what else is it?"

It very soon appeared that none of the artistical implements in the room,

with the single exception of the skeleton, had been disturbed. And Launcy began to congratulate himself when the watchman's light shot into a corner by the fire-place, where stood an old carved piece of oaken furniture, which he had once purchased at a sale on the recommendation of Stretcher, that "it was the greatest natural curiosity he had ever seen." In the heart of hearts of this antique, Launce had deposited his money. It was broken open; the cash was all gone, and the unhappy son of Gabriel dropped in a fit on the carpet! Launcy's decanters still stood upon the table, and the opportunity thus afforded for a comfortable swig, unknown to him, was immediately seized upon by both the watchmen and Mangolini, without a word being spoken or scarcely a look exchanged. The faculty of seizure in this particular case seemed instinctive. One took it for the laudable purpose of keeping the night air out of an old man's stomach, and the other because he too well knew if he did not take it in that way he should very seldom take it at all. The fact was, that poor Mangolini danced so very few ladies and gentlemen who regularly footed up much cash, that a dinner at the eating-house too frequently became to him a mere visionary bliss—one chop was his chief corner-stone—while through the arid region of his stomach, very rarely flowed one of those little brandy-coloured streams, upon which many poets float to many imaginary immortalities.

After the watchman had supplied his brother below with a very lordly dose, though not equal to the one he had himself swallowed, he found time, assisted by Mangolini, to attend to Launce, who had not yet recovered from his swoon. They first applied the brandy-stopper to his nose; but finding that ineffectual, and being withal desirous not to additionally alarm the women by asking for hartshorn, they took one of his own pencils of a convenient size, and having dipped it in half a wine-glass of the same spirit, fell to anointing the interior of the same valuable organ therewith with a delicacy and precision of touch which would have astonished even Launce himself could he but have seen it. An additional drop poured down his throat had the effect in a short time of producing the consequences desired.

When the search was renewed, the place of entrance and exit of the chief actors in this tragi-comedy was soon traced out by the united aids of watch intellect and of whale-oil; but beyond that these great and pretty equal lights could not go. The up-stairs watchman, however, insisted on having the "corp" removed, in order to a prospective coroner's inquest being held upon it, as he still persisted in asserting his belief that murder had often been discovered by the finding of bones, and that the present was a case "exakly in pint." Eventually, however, this difficulty was with difficulty overcome; the guardians of the night departed, Mangolini partially staggered as he went up to his room, and actually treated himself to a dance before his own looking-glass ere he finally got into bed.

Launce had no sooner entered his bed-room, in the grate of which yet lingered a little fire, than he fell into an easy chair and began in the most uneasy manner to groan at a rate highly alarming, and dreadful to hear. His wife flew to him at the same moment, inquired, coaxed, persuaded, and looked marvellously affrighted.

"*Do* let me alone!" exclaimed the patient, peevishly.

"Humph! If that is all I get," replied she, with affected warmth, "I *must* let you alone."

"Why don't you see," shouted Launce, savagely, "that they've took every pound I had except what's in my pocket; there's seven hundred clean gone; in two or three months I shall have fifteen hundred to pay, including interest, and haven't the look-out of a single sixpence! Aint it enough to drive one mad?"

Amelia stood mute with astonishment. Seven hundred pounds stolen! She did not know there was a tenth part of that sum in their possession, and fifteen hundred to pay shortly! How upon earth had he contracted such a debt? A world of profligate horrors which he had never passed through, opened suddenly to her view: and then, as a matter of course as well as of necessity, she began to lament in a very audible manner, though without uttering a word of either inquiry or reproach.

Chapter the Twenty-seventh.

GABRIEL READS HIS SON A FEW HEADS FOR A MORAL ESSAY, AND CONCLUDES WITH A VERY SAD ANNOUNCEMENT—RICHARD STRETCHER COMES IN AS COMFORTER WITH AN ASTOUNDING PROPOSAL.

When, on the following morning, the young husband and wife, whom we left the previous night, as all late visitors ought to leave, at the proper moment, entered to a very late breakfast, they found Mr. Gabriel Widge already in the room, with the newspaper in his hand, and waiting their appearance.

Having addressed his daughter-in-law after his usual cordial manner, he turned towards his son, who, to say the truth, was ashamed to look his father in the face, and expressed himself as follows:

"Now, Launcy, you didn't expect to see me here this mornin', I know. Nor I didn't intend to come again in a hurry, but to disband you entirely until you had sat on the stool of repentance for about a month or so together. But I see by my paper this mornin' that you have had a visitation of Providence last night. It says here, 'Early this morning, a most daring and extensive robbery was committed on the premises of Mrs. Neverdone, —— Street, by the forcible entry of some diabolical scoundrels through a back window, on to the first floor, occupied by Mr. Widge, a young artist of some name (at the British Museum). A desk was broken open, and cash to a large amount carried away. We cannot give particulars, as the burglary took place only shortly before our paper was put to press. No clue has been obtained to the miscreants, but the police are, *as usual*, unusually active in their search.' Is this true, Launcy?"

"I am sorry to say it is, pa."

"Then I will tell you what, my boy: it's a judgment on you,—it's a stone put before your wheel to stop your career, and hinder you from smashing yourself to pieces against a lamp-post, or knocking your brains out on a kerbstone! I've comed up to tell you I'm glad on't,—very glad. Your father was never better pleased in his life: and all for your own good! You know that money was badly come by, and money so got is sure to burn a hole in the puss it's put in. But you despised me last night,—you used your tongue more like a country wiper than a London-bred and well-eddicated son. Launcy,

you owe me a night's sleep, my boy; and more trouble in my eyes than ever I could have thought you would, considerin' how I have brought you up, and what money I have spent on you ——"

The old man stopped suddenly short here, and 'Mealy' as suddenly burst into a violent fit of crying.

"Don't cry, Mealy," said Gabriel, faintly, "it's of no use, my gal, for if he'll not listen to me, I'm sartin he'll care nothing about your tears if you soak him through wi' them. What say *you*, Launcy? Do you mean to scour your pot a bit cleaner, and put a little more shine on yourself than you have done lately? Or do you mean to go on gettin' blacker and blacker, till at last of all nobody but th' hangman and th' divel can see you!"

"I reckon I can try," replied Launce, very sulkily; "but I don't see how any body can mend much, when he's only th' work'us or Whitecross Street afore him!"

"All your own doings, my boy,—remember that!"

"No, 'taint, pa."

"No, 'taint, no, 'taint, do you say? I'll tell you what, Launcy, if you don't get over that horrid sperit of contradiction of yours it 'll prove th' ruin of both your body and your vitel spark. It'll not do, my boy, in this world, to be always fancying yourself like a clean snowball in a soot-bag, becos we all lick up some black or other as we roll along, and you as much as any body. Now just cast your eyes down and see to what a hedge of a precipice you have brought yourself! Look if another stride or two in the same direction will not pitch you head-first into a quagmire of misery, dragging after you one or two more beings that you ought instead to carry up the mountain of life. Don't you see it? I hardly know now whether you a'int going to tumble in; but you may depend on one thing, Launcy, I shan't do any more for you at present. I have nailed myself to that post, and there I shall stay till I see you doing better for yourself."

Launce began to sob like a man suddenly dropped into cold water, but he did not just then allow his eyes to grow moist.

"You may think," continued Gabriel, "that I am very hard, but it is all for your own good; and depend upon it, my boy, it is harder for me to do it, a deal harder, God knows, than it is for you to bear it!"

And here Gabriel pretended to wipe his nose, though it clearly appeared to be only another way of blowing the tears out of his eyes.

Perhaps the old gentleman might have had something more to say, had not an interruption now occurred by the announcement, followed closely by the entrance of Mr. Richard Stretcher.

"Ah, Widge, my man, called to see how do to-day. Headache? low spirits? half dead? Not surprised at all, not in the least. Well, I've heard of your disaster—just glanced over it at my coffee-rooms as I was taking breakfast. Well, I suppose you're cleaned out, riddled clear, of course? But, I say—"

Mr. Gabriel Widge just then walked out with his daughter, as he said he wished to have a little conversation with her privately.

Launce felt mightily relieved by the timely appearance of his friend, and instantly, assuming a much more cheerful aspect than heretofore, briefly communicated the whole matter to him.

"Exactly so, exactly so!" exclaimed Stretcher; "just to a hair's-

breadth what I expected. But never heed your father, nor any thing he does. *I* can help you, if you will but help me. The thing is easily done, if you can but swallow a good stiff poker of confidence in me, and do as I advise you. The instant I glanced at the paragraph, I knew what would be the result. At least I may *say* I knew, because I never yet found reason to doubt the accuracy of my spontaneous judgment upon any occurrence of difficulty, during the whole of my career. I knew you would want a friend; I knew you would be dead-locked for money. While I chewed my chop, I proposed this to myself: 'I will go down to Widge's,—just ascertain whether he and the old boy stand on the same level after last night's unpleasantness, as before; or whether one is at the top of the steps, and the other at the bottom. In the latter case, I have a certain proposition to make. And if you agree to it, Widge,—as I entertain not the shadow of a doubt you will,—before those bonds of yours have to be redeemed, I shall be enabled to lend you a couple of thousands of pounds, without saying a word, either to the old gentleman or your wife upon the subject!' "

Mr. Launcelot looked astonished bodily, but in spirit he grasped at the offer in an instant, even without knowing a single tittle of the means by which his friend proposed to make it good.

" My plan, Widge, is this. But before I begin, hand out your cigars, and send Betty for a pot of arf-an'-arf. The plan I propose, Widge, is to be something of this sort. You want money, so do I. You have a wife, Richard Stretcher has not yet entered into the holy estate of wedlock. Your wife has a sister, who, I dare say, is passing her time very unhappily; she must be a sort of nun in the convent of her own house. Now if there be one creature more deserving a man's sympathy than another, it must be that delightful creature a grown-up young woman—willing probably to wed, but without an eligible opportunity; who is doomed to pass months and months of her time in peeping between the flower-pots in the window, or just over the edge of the curtain, at the crowds of nice young men, steady-looking, and with goodly-formed foreheads, who are continually passing along the street, and yet without beholding a single soul whom the manners of the day will thus allow to try his congeniality with her own! Unfortunately, I have never yet enjoyed an opportunity of being introduced to any young lady moving in that sphere of life to which I rather flatter myself I am entitled to look up for a companion. Now, Widge, just between our two selves, you are the very man to do this for me. The opportunity you enjoy is as open as an oyster-tub, and I am of opinion that Miss Josey Chuckchin, if she only had the opportunity of cultivating my acquaintance, would not eventually refuse to become Mrs. Stretcher. What think you, my boy?"

" Sure I can't tell," replied Launce, " wimmin is wimmin, and there's no telling what they mayn't do. She might or she mightn't—that's what I think about. But if she did, Dick, what then?"

" Don't let me call you blind," exclaimed Richard, " because you *are* my best friend, and *may* become my brother-in-law! But open your eyes a moment. Upon my honour, you must see that if she did accept me, I should be under the necessity of accepting her fortune as well as herself. Out of that I could at once relieve you from all difficulties, and at the same time, perhaps, not do myself any dishonour, or pecuniary mischief."

Stretcher here drank half of the "arf-an'-arf" at once; and having afterwards taken breath, resumed—

"As a matter of course, Widge, you will see at once that there is, at least, as much friendship as selfishness in me. Unless this disaster had happened to you, I should never have dreamed of any such wild speculation—for wild it does seem, even to myself. But friendship, my dear fellow, friendship is the all-in-all of life. Acquaintance is agreeable—love is charming; but refined, exalted friendship, is as everlasting as the heavens. Yes!" he continued, after emptying the pewter; "love is apt to fade with the object that produced it, and die a natural death in the fires of its own raising: but give me the man whose pocket, like my own, is as open as a market basket—and who looks on his friend as his own best right hand!—Widge, send for another drop of arf-an'-arf."

"I don't see how we can work it," observed Launcelot.

"Easy enough, my fine fellow!—Afford the chance, and leave all the rest to your friend Richard. In the course of a month or so, I shall be able to enslave her, and no mistake:—she will be dying for me."

Mr. Widge, junior, felt at first sadly puzzled. The difficulties of his own position, however—the continued persuasions of a very silly young man—and the temptation itself, foolish as it may seem, eventually combined to induce him to agree that the attempt should at least be made.

"That one word," cried Richard, "has sealed your independence again! It has done me the highest earthly honour of a plebeian nature, and made of us both, to say the very least, the 'shadows cast before' at this present moment, of the gentlemen we shall shortly be!"

And with the expression of this exalted opinion of his friend's and his own coming importance, Stretcher invited Launce to take a stroll with him to the Museum, just by way of diverting his mind from the objects which now oppressed it. Mr. Widge was always ready in season or out of season, to accept invitations from that source; and, accordingly, might very soon have been seen wending his way in the direction of Great Russell Street.

Meantime, and while all this was proceeding in the painting-room, Mr. Gabriel Widge was advising with his daughter respecting her husband elsewhere. What was the peculiar nature of his communications with her we cannot just now discover; but two facts were evident—one that the lady was left in considerable distress of mind, while the redoubtable Gabriel trudged homeward with the briskness of a lawyer's clerk one quarter too late for his office, and with an expression of countenance which seemed not unequivocally to intimate that another triumph of his peculiar genius in the management of an equally able son, might ere long be made manifest to the world.

Chapter the Twenty-eighth.

Mrs. Juno Widge and Mr. Gabriel Hercules at the Royal Academy; with a personal encounter between Mr. Culloden and Mr. Snowdon, two artists of celebrity in their own opinions.

A certain recollection of vast importance happened suddenly to light up in Stretcher's brain, as he and Launce were turning the corner of Oxford Street.

"Why, Widge, my man, 'pon my honour, this very day is Varnishing day! Your Hercules is admitted, and you *must* go and touch up a little."

"Quite forgot it," replied Launce, "though I remembered it yesterday. These late events has drove my head distracted. But I can't do any thing, so it's no use in going."

"Pooh, pooh!" replied Stretcher, "we'll turn back and fetch your materials, and go you shall. Excuse me, but my almost superhuman friendship for you compels me to demand imperatively that you must go, and do justice to your own immortal works. That Hercules may be the making of you. What should you think of a tidy five hundred for it, my boy? Purchased by Lord Lollypop, and so forth. Come along!"

So Launce consented, and eventually appeared at the Academy.

Now, by all the nobility and gentry in town, as well as by the editors and subs. of magazines and newspapers, it is well known that "private view" day at the Royal Academy is a very great and important day indeed. The common herd of picture-gazers also equally well know that the finest "Exhibition day" is a day scarcely inferior in point of interest and grandeur; but we must inform the reader that there is yet another day in the yearly history of that institution which perfectly eclipses the glory of either of the former two. "Varnishing day" as it is technically called, is that fractional point of time to which we allude. It is a day set apart, after the arrangement and hanging of the pictures, for the exhibitors to examine, varnish, or retouch their respective works in case they shall so think fit; it being an ordinary thing for a picture that looked almost perfection itself while in the painter's own study, to appear suddenly dull, tame, chalky, foxy, common-place, and unfinished when placed in contrast with the glowing harvest of many-coloured acres spread around. While, on the other side, the glaring crudities that outrage nature and almost put out a spectator's eyes when looked upon in a private room, gain much undue influence over their more sober and quaker-like superiors upon the Academy walls, and compel them in self-defence to add to the shine of their broadcloth, polish up their buttons, flake whiten their shirt collars, and resort to a little extra rouge for that especial occasion. On this all-important day, too, a whole legion of little imps are let loose out of Tartarus by Mesdames Jealousy and Detraction, one or more of which might readily be discerned perched upon each artists nose, with a claw in either eye, or perhaps bestriding his shoulders and holding a spiritual pair very of strong green magnifying spectacles, before his optics, whereby the animalculæ-like faults of the greatest artists are rendered as large, monstrous, and disgusting, as ever were the microscopic tenants of a drop of rural ditch-water upon the twenty-four feet disc of the Polytechnic Institution, in Regent-street. Oddly enough, the largest demons of this kind take a perverse sort of pleasure in mounting the backs of the least and most contemptible artists, so that it is not unusual to see a great multitude thereof almost bent double, and literally staggering beneath their overgrown riders. On "varnishing day," in fact, Pandemonium holds a regular jubilee in painters' brains and bosoms, and does its utmost to work them up into scenes similar to the one Mr. Launcelot Widge was about to behold on the day in question. Happily, however, to the credit of the profession be it said, matters very seldom reach this desperate and fierce extremity.

Launcelot had transmitted two pictures to the council for that season's exhibition, one of which was a portrait of his mother in the character of Juno, with a hawk and a goose on a perch behind her, and a large well-displayed peacock at her feet. The clouds upon which she was seated,

he had imitated from various voluminous little puffs of gunpowder which he continually let off at the foot of the three-legged stool on which she sat; the goose his father purchased for the occasion at the village of dirty Brentford, having selected it out of a farm-yard flock for its especial good looks—keeping an eye at the same time on the fine dish it would afterwards make for the table in St. Martin's-lane; while the hawk and the peacock were accurate representations of two stuffed and faded specimens which he hired for the purpose, at a broker's shop in a by-street in Soho. This picture, much to Mrs. Widge's mortification, was refused admission —partly, we believe, because the painter had not, in the memorable words of Mr. Griesback, "grasped the whole universal frame" sufficiently to know that geese did not roost on perches, and partly because Mrs. Widge's own lean and tartaric-acid physiognomy conveyed too remote a notion of the charms of Jupiter's most charming sister. Although that lady herself (we mean Mrs. Widge, not Juno) attributed the refusal entirely to Launcy's wretched talents; for her provocation at the odious gunpowder she had undergone, and the everlasting sittings she had endured for nothing, was great indeed. But what contributed to render her considerably more "wrathy" on the occasion was, that a portrait of Mr. Gabriel Widge, her husband, of exactly the same size, and intended (as it ought to be) for a companion of hers, obtained the sanction of the "hanging committee," and might stand out the gaze of gaping thousands during the run of a whole brilliant season. In this classical production, Gabriel, the short and stout, was represented as Hercules strangling the serpents.

The happiness of this adaptation of modern life with ancient heroism was far superior to the former, since both Mr. Widge, senior, and his son saw clearly, that as Hercules must have been a very big boy, a small, rotund man like Mr. Widge could not fail, when juvenilised a little, to make an admirable model for the hero. This magnificent effort then of Launcelot's pencil gained him admission to the exhibition rooms on "varnishing day."

Dressed in a splendid suit, and with his hair so liberally oiled that the unctuous fluid almost stood in trickled beads at the ends of his would-be curls, Launce entered the rooms, his eager mind demanding in almost audible accents, "Where is my Hercules?" for to him it appeared as though the exhibition contained nothing else but his Hercules, and that the world of London would come to stare and marvel at nothing else throughout the summer. He darted directly into the great room first, of course, but on looking round could see every thing else except his Hercules. Yes, there were landscapes, and portraits, and histories, and poeticals, but no classical from his ambitious easel.

"How's this!" he thought, as he passed into the next room, and again into the next, and the next after that, without fixing his eyes upon the ardently sought picture at last. At length he penetrated into a small and dark cell, where scarcely any thing except the window was visible, and there, after his pupils had enlarged almost to the extent of an owl's, and thus enabled him to distinguish hitherto hidden objects through the gloom, he discovered "his Hercules" about twenty feet high, at the very top, close in a corner, and with the ornaments of his frame pushed off against the ceiling.

"Thousand furies," he exclaimed, "if this be bringing genius before the public, the council may go to ——"

We cannot exactly say what destiny, for on hearing these exclamations of injured and indignant talent, six or eight other wonderful artists, who were similarly circumstanced, but whom he had not hitherto observed in the surrounding obscurity, instantly joined in with a violent chorus of execration; during which they swore never to patronise the Academy again, vowed it was time and materials thrown away, and solemnly pledged their respective honours that they would sooner drink the bottles of varnish, and swallow the bladders of pigment they had brought, than lay a single drop or a bit more on their respective pictures.

Having thus, as it were, at one hasty and fatal blow annihilated all hopes of the welfare of the establishment for the future, they were suddenly and simultaneously seized with an irresistible desire to sing, and accordingly broke out as one man into the following piece arranged for nine voices.

SONG OF THE PAINTERS.

Away with your mastic and copal,
Your smearings and glazings, for hark!
'Tis like putting a glass on an opal
To varnish good things for the dark!

However, in future more valiant,
Like fire-flies we'll carry a light,
Hung out on the tails of our talent,
To show up our beauties by night!

Scarcely had the "divine afflatus" departed out of their bodies, when sounds of war issued from an adjoining room, and, on rushing to the scene of contention, Launcelot beheld two artists of high celebrity in their respective families, hotly engaged in a contest of words, which clearly foreboded the more real fight that was close at hand. But since we feel it incumbent upon us to follow the example set in the despatches of all great generals, and describe the position of the belligerents before the battle commences, be it remarked that Mr. Culloden, a painter of history, was exalted upon the topmost eminence of a flight of portable steps, to the height of about ten feet from the floor; while his mortal enemy, Mr. Snowdon, a painter of landscape, occupied the flat immediately below. Each valued himself inestimably upon his astonishing powers of colouring, Mr. Culloden painting flesh of every hue, from that of mother-of-pearl to that of a bay gelding, and Mr. Snowdon depicting skies too brilliant for the sun himself to imitate successfully, and landscapes so gloriously wild and rich in positive colours, that not one spectator in ten could make out whether sea, air, fire, or water, was intended to predominate. He was, however, a great man, and so was Culloden: both were great men, very great; too great, indeed, to suffer each other to be outdone in greatness, and consequently each was firmly resolved to outdo the other in the splendour of his work. Their pictures happened, rather spitefully, to be hung together; and during the whole morning had they been painting against each other with desperate ferocity. For awhile not a word had been exchanged between them; as often as Culloden's pencil laid on a more bright vermilion, green, or blue, so surely did Snowdon's follow the example, and thus giving stroke for stroke, and look for look, they waged silent warfare, until at length the force of colours could go no further, and both gave in, simply because the ammunition was found ineffectual to reduce either. At this critical point, Culloden believed that Snowdon had beaten him at his own

weapons, while Snowdon as sincerely conceded the same honour to Mr. Culloden. They stared at each other frightfully; and at last grinned outright and made horrible faces, in token of mutual hate, and detestation. Both were terribly frightened, and as white as fear, operating upon their tanned and antique skins, could make them. At length, the following dialogue ensued.

"Beast!" ejaculated Culloden.

"Scum!" replied Snowdon.

"Filth!" said Culloden.

"Spawn!" answered Snowdon.

"Dirt!" rejoined Culloden.

"Slaver!" cried Snowdon.

Then at it they went pell-mell. Each was armed with a stiff brush nearly two yards long, for the purpose of painting at a distance, and with these for spears and a large oval palette on each left thumb by way of shield, they tilted at each other in a style worthy of the chivalry of the Earl of Eglintoun's tournament. During at least the first quarter of an hour both combatants hopped and skipped about so much, that neither received a single thrust, except upon the palette, though there indeed were signs of heavy work, for each thus mixed up and amalgamated the other's colours in frightful confusion. Mr. Culloden, though evidently the least experienced fencer of the two, at length had the felicity of effecting a thrust precisely upon his antagonist's proboscis (which by the by was nearly as large as an Irish potato), and leaving thereon a splendid patch of vermilion. This raised a prodigious laugh amongst the young dandy artists and the old clever slovens who had gathered around, which so irritated Snowdon that he immediately rushed forwards to close upon Culloden, and would infallibly have painted him up and thrashed him too with the shaft of his weapon, had not that gentleman fairly turned and fled up his step-ladder, while Snowdon plied him vigorously behind, ornamenting his white pantaloons with large patches of Prussian blue and burnt sienna.

In attempting, however, to scale the heights after him, the stairs gave way altogether; Culloden was precipitated into the very middle of Snowdon's landscape, and both fell together on the ground. Hard fisticuffs would now have followed, had not the bystanders interfered. Both warriors were carried down stairs, decently deposited each in a hackney-coach, and conveyed to their respective domiciles.

The painter of the Hercules was nevertheless in a worse case than either of them. He felt that all the world had suddenly conspired to crush him out of existence: not only to rob him of what he had, but to prevent him from ever getting any more. He mentally anathematised all the members of the institution; he cursed the council; denounced the hanging committee; he rushed down stairs in an agony; he grinned at that most valuable individual, Jackson, the porter, as he passed, and finally made his exit from the arcade with much the same feeling as his prototype Timon did when he quitted Athens. Nay, had he not been restrained by the overpowering sense of the value of a new coat, it is not impossible but that he might, in his heroic enthusiasm, have taken off his upper garment, and dashed it indignantly at the Academy door.

"Oh, Launcy dear, I am *so* glad you have come back so soon, for I am very miserable, very indeed!" cried his wife, as this poor embodiment of disappointment's self entered the room.

"Needn't be glad to see *me*," replied Launce; "I've no consolation to give you above swallowing a file of pison. I'm as miserable myself as a crimped cod-fish, for my hopes gets worse and worse every hour."

"What, worse news yet!" replied his wife, at the same time beginning to cry by anticipation.

"They've hung up my Hercules in a corner of a closet where a bat or a nowl couldn't see it without a lantern; and yet Stretcher thinks it should have fetched two hundred. Well; they'll soon put *me* where nobody can see me, and then my Hercules and me will be both alike, that's all!"

And here Mr. Widge made an ineffectual attempt to hang his coat up temporarily on the top of his easel, and kicked a couple of canvasses out of the way that chanced to be near, though not in *his* way. He then inquired what his father had been talking about behind his back.

Now, Amelia considered that the vow to love, honour, and obey, made at the altar, was not a thing of words for that occasion alone. She held that neither poverty nor sickness should lessen her love; nay, that if any thing, they should increase it, as being then the only treasure her husband could have left. It was her fixed opinion that, however much his sentiments and feelings might differ from her own, they must never cause her for a moment to dishonour him. While as for her obedience, she esteemed it, if possible, more important than either of the other two; as she reflected that to obey was to produce continual peace,—to disobey was inevitably to lead to disagreement, and eventually to misery. No two in the married state can both be masters, and be happy. She, therefore, wiped her eyes, and, with a few preparatory sobs, began.

"Father said first of all, that he would not see you go on so any longer, and that my property should not be wasted in that manner any more than his own. He said, if you persisted in it, it would be all the worse for yourself in the end, as he should never leave you more than a shilling in his will. Besides many more things that I cannot remember just now. But I persuaded him all I could, and at last he agreed that if things mended by the time your money was due, we should find him just the same Gabriel as he had ever been before. Was not that kind, my dear?"

"Remarkably kind," replied Launce, ironically; "very; wonderful, Humph.—Well, no matter. I don't care what he does, for let me tell you, Mealy, my good friend, Richard Stretcher, is going to get me out of the hobble with his own hands. There's for you! What do you think of that?"

"Stretcher! What in the world can he do?"

"Don't say another word about it, becos I shan't anser any more questions. Besides we may recover the money yet when the thieves are cotch'd——"

"They never will be," observed the lady.

"Never, what! How do you know?" demanded Launce, with some surprise.

"I *can't* say why I believe so," answered she, "but I am sure they never will."

"That's just like all you wimmin," said her husband, "you're always so sure about things as you know nothin' about, and the more you know nothin' about 'em the more surer you get."

THE ISLANDS AND SHORES OF THE PACIFIC.*

The social condition of the native islanders, colonists, travellers, merchants, and whalers in that great ocean, where an infinitude of coral banks and volcanoes are gradually welding together to form a vast continent, and which is by a great moral misnomer yclept the "Pacific," presents many facts and features that are of a most painful description.

It is in vain that the governors of New South Wales, of Tasmania, and of New Zealand, appeal to the British government to establish a naval station in regions that are desolated by war, piracy, mutiny, robbery, slavery, and cannabalism. It is in vain that the necessity of the case is enforced by such intelligent travellers as Sir James Ross, Mr. Earle, Count Strzelecki; &c. The spiritual interests of the colonists are provided for with a bounteous hand, by the appointment of no less than five episcopacies and one metropolitan, while the unfortunate aborigines are left to be either kidnapped or slaughtered by thousands, and that with little more consideration, than if they were so many pigs or sheep running wild upon their own hills.

It is long since we have met with so much incident and adventure as are to be found in Dr. Coulter's work; but, at the same time, while much of this refers to fishing and to wild animals, to strange wanderings, to storms and shipwrecks, and to other perils of the land and the deep. Other portions of the narrative reveal a state of things, which it makes one shudder to think of, and which cannot go on long without entailing fearful reprisals upon the great maritime nation which allows such events to take place, and to be coolly related without heed or notice.

In looking carefully over Dr. Coulter's work, we find that the *Stratford* and the *Hound*, the two vessels in which the doctor sailed at different times, touched at twelve different islands in the Pacific. Of these, eight were inhabited islands, and four uninhabited. Out of eight of the inhabited islands, the merchantmen had destructive engagements with the natives at three, besides a sea-fight with the Malays at a fourth. At a fifth, they had just been anticipated by a whaler in slaughtering the aborigines. The sixth island was Tahiti, which, being under a regular government, they could not have a fight at. And the seventh and eighth were the Marquesas and Easter Island, where they only just touched.

An equally curious result is presented to us by the uninhabited islands. Of these the vessels visited four, out of which only two were found without their Robinson Crusoes, and one of these, curiously enough, was by name Selwin, as by habits he was a Selkirk. In the same way also there were few inhabited islands which had not their European runaways, generally Britons, and men of peculiar character and great courage, who had succeeded in obtaining unlimited control over whole tribes of fierce and blood-thirsty savages. On the same islands were also to be met with another class of persecuted beings, sailors who had run from

* Adventures on the Western Coast of South America, and the Interior of California, &c. &c. By John Coulter, M.D. 2 vols. 8vo. Longman and Co.

punishment and torture, and kidnapped natives, who, being no longer wanted, had been left on the first island. This last item of Pacific Sea humanity may sound strange, but it is a trick, as Dr. Coulter calls it, which is practised commonly alike by British and by American ships.

These South Sea captains must, indeed, have queer notions of right and wrong—a code of morality which we suppose has a similar laxity with their code of trade and "tricks." They are certainly men of a very peculiar cast. Paddy appears to have had a notion to the same effect. On doubling Cape Horn, Dr. Coulter relates that a very large albatross of very antiquated appearance was observed sailing along in the wake of the ship. The captain called the Irishman aft. "Come here, Paddy, and take a look at St. Patrick." Pat did look, and with a keen half-wink and a stare at the skipper said, "I think with every respect to you, sir, he looks more like an old South Sea captain." The joke would have been still more severe if the bird had been one of the *âmes damnées* that scud over the troubled waters of the Euxine.

We must, however, give some idea of the way in which these collisions occur between the English and the natives, and shall return to our Robinson Crusoes and other curious matters afterwards. In the first place, it appears pretty certain, that it is a usual plan with a great number of the islanders in the Pacific, who are treacherously disposed, to obtain first as much as they can by fair trade, and if the suspicions of the captain of any vessel trading with them should be lulled, so as to throw him off his guard, to take advantage of such a state of things, and either to cut off a boat's crew, or attempt to board and plunder a ship, if possible. It is obvious that as this is a frequent, so it is also a very excusable, reason for hostilities, especially when there is no naval force to rectify such misunderstandings. But we have in the narrative of Dr. Coulter examples of collisions arising from far simpler causes. The following incident took place in New Hanover, when the chiefs and natives were on board the *Hound*, engaged in barter and commerce.

One of the chiefs had on a remarkable quantity of shells and teeth curiously arranged in coils round his neck; it attracted the attention of the captain, who was desirous of obtaining it. The bargain was made, and the chief proceeded to undo it, but found some difficulty in loosening it: the purchaser volunteered to cut the cord, and lifted a large knife for the purpose of doing so. As all were merry and agreeable at the time, the captain was resolved to "have a joke with the chief," when, instead of cutting the cord, which he held in one hand, he raised the other with the knife in a threatening manner, as if he were about to stab the man. The native took instant alarm, thought the captain was in earnest, made a spring clear of him, which broke his necklace, and plunged overboard. A few natives, who were on deck at the time, followed his example.

Great confusion and excitement prevailed amongst the natives in the canoes about us. They yelled loudly, and threatened us with destruction by the most hideous grimaces and action of their bodies, and nearly all paddled away in haste to the shore. About two hours afterwards, a great many canoes, some of them of large size, shoved off from the shore, and were paddling towards us in a dense body. As they came nearer, we could perceive the men to be much altered in appearance by the daubs of red and white paint that were on their bodies and faces, put on, I suppose, for this hostile occasion.

They were also all armed with bows and arrows, spears, &c., and really looked very formidable as they approached us. A blank cartridge was first fired, in hopes they would take fright at it and be off; but such was not the case, for they continued to urge on their canoes with fearless audacity, discharging

clouds of arrows at us when near enough. It so happened that our boarding nettings were out of order, and could not be triced up satisfactorily. The captain ordered the men to reserve the fire of the small arms for close quarters. A second blank cartridge was discharged from one of the guns, but all to no purpose, for they continued their course steadily on towards our vessel. Two of the carronades fired a ripping shower of grape, which told fearfully amongst the densely crowded canoes. The natives seemed to think they could board and take the vessel before we could again fire, for they reached towards us with serious rapidity. Again the fatal grape streamed through them.

In a few seconds the canoes touched the vessel, and her sides, bow, and stern were swarmed with natives striving to fight their way on board; but the rapid use of carbines, pistols, and cutlasses, soon compelled them to jump into their canoes again, and many wounded bodies to drop heavily into the water. Several of our men were severely wounded, and the rest were so enraged, that, despite all the captain could do, they kept up a fire of small-arms on the natives until they escaped out of range.

Another collision occurred at the Kingsmill Islands, where the natives, men and women, appear to be immersed in the saddest state of heathenism, barbarity, and profligacy. At these islands the boat's crew was first attacked, and one of the crew was treacherously murdered, after which a daring attempt was made to board the ship.

In a few minutes the four men on shore were observed to run with all their might down to the water's edge, followed by a crowd of armed natives. They had scarcely time to get into the boat and push her off from the beach when the natives were close on and throwing a number of spears at them, one of which took effect on one of the men. However, the remaining three got her off into deep water. The interpreter, who could not get into the boat, stole into the water at another point, unperceived by the natives, and swam off. They were all taken quickly on board, but there was no time to hoist the boat up, as the canoes, filled with armed men, were fast approaching.

The seaman who was wounded in the boat died in a few minutes after reaching the deck: the spear had passed right through his chest. The men, all enraged at the loss of an excellent man and an esteemed messmate, were burning for revenge, and were waiting, with impatient eagerness, for the orders to slap them. Trainer was at the gangway, with his eye on the advancing fleet of canoes; I was with him. We were well prepared. The short carronades were the most useful articles on the present occasion, and were loaded with grape. The crew were also armed.

"Well," said the captain, "I have been here several times, always treated them fairly and kindly, and now, without cause, they have killed one of our best men, and want to take my vessel and murder us all. They shall catch it." Thus spoke a really humane man; but he was irritated beyond all patience by the treachery of the natives and loss of his man. "Now, my lads, are you ready?" "Ay, ay, sir!" "Remember, if we let these savages board us, not a man will be alive in ten minutes!" "Never fear, sir, we'll pay them!" On the canoes came; they separated into two divisions, one advancing to the bows, the other towards the stern.

Trainer keenly eyed them, whilst he made frequent exclamations, such as, "Well, you want the schooner, I suppose?" &c. The natives in the canoes were yelling and screaming loudly enough, and brandishing their spears with as threatening an aspect as they could make, seemingly with the intention or for the purpose of cowing us. They approached within twenty yards, when the captain ordered the guns at the bow to be pointed fair for the batch of canoes ahead, while he arranged for those approaching the stern. "Are you ready, men, fore and aft?" "Ay, ay, sir!" "Let go, then." The two carronades discharged their fatal showers of grape, and, before the smoke had rightly cleared away, they were loaded and again fired amongst the savages. "Load again, my lads," said the captain.

There was scarcely any wind, and the smoke, which hung low on the water, was a few minutes in clearing away. The screaming of the wounded people was appalling. Some canoes were sunk or capsized, and numbers of natives were swimming towards the shore. Nevertheless, there were many of them yet that kept their ground, and had the reckless daring to make another bold push for the vessel's side, "Fire," said the captain again, and another volley of grape flew amongst them. This discharge had not the great effect of the former ones, as the canoes were closer, and the contents of the guns had not distance enough to scatter. The savages seemed to comprehend this, and in another moment were clinging to the schooner's sides, endeavouring to board; but the rapid use of muskets and pistols ultimately drove them away in indescribable confusion, with, I am sorry to say, considerable loss.

The whole affair was caused by the natural treachery of the natives. The part we played was unavoidable: in fact, our lives were at stake, and there was only one unnecessary shot fired after the final retreat of the natives. The men who had charge of the bow gun loaded it again unperceived by the captain, and, before they could be stopped, fired it after the savages, who were making for the shore. This parting shot was, as they said, to revenge Tom Staples, the seaman who was speared. There was no one on board the schooner hurt during the affray but the carpenter, whose arm was broken by the blow of a heavy club, wielded by a huge savage who was endeavouring to board.

In fact, we were very critically situated, as there were upwards of a hundred stout negroes clinging to the vessel's sides and nettings, striving boldly to get in upon us. The whole affair, from the time the boat's crew were attacked on shore, until the savages were driven from about the schooner, only lasted about twenty minutes, and would never have occurred if there had been wind enough to take the vessel out from her anchorage. The rapidity with which the natives came off and attacked prevented us even trying to tow her out, so that the calmness of the weather and their sudden treachery compelled Captain Trainer to defend his own vessel, and the lives of those on board of her.

A third collision occurred at New Ireland, the natives of which surrounded the ship and discharged hundreds of arrows, which were answered by rounds of grape. A combat with Malay pirates, off New Guinea, was of a far more fierce and dangerous description. Two ships, the *Hound* and an American, with a Scotch Highlander for a captain, were engaged in it. The Malay prows had brass guns; their numbers were considerable, the courage of the pirates was unflinching, and they were only beat off with considerable loss on both sides, and even when made prisoners they did not ask for quarter.

These South Sea captains, it must be understood, were like many others in the Pacific, their own owners, their own supercargoes, with unlimited power to go where they pleased, and speculate in any thing that suited their own ideas of gain, and as Stewart, the Scotch Highlander, and *pro tempore* American captain, remarked to Captain Trainer, of the *Hound*, "I say, Trainer, it's a d——d comfortable thing to think on, that we can shape our course and do as we like without writing home to some know-nothing owners for orders!"

Captain Stewart, "a tall, raw-boned looking man, upright as a rush, and of bold, manly, and daring aspect," appears to have been the beau ideal of an independent "ould South Sea captain." His dealings were, as may be imagined, often of a very extraordinary character.

Once at Cook's Straits (New Zealand), several of the tribes had a pitched battle; some of them were from the north part of the northernmost island. A

feast on the dead, of course, always ensues after such; and, rather than march overland, they freighted Stewart's vessel to carry the chiefs and the dead, packed up in baskets, round to the place of entertainment. He took on board upwards of two hundred dead bodies, cut up and well packed, with eighteen or twenty chiefs, sailed round, delivered his cargo, and received in payment a large quantity of dressed flax, which he afterwards brought to Sidney and sold at a satisfactory price.

Another trifling affair blemished his character, and that was, that he made several runs to New Ireland, New Britain, and New Guinea, traded for slaves, took them on board in the usual manner, and sold them either to the Chinese or Dutch settlements more to the westward. To this charge he replied, that "It was nothing more than many others did, and that whilst engaged in such traffic he never had the British ensign at his peak."

Enough, however, of South Sea fighting and South Sea trading. We will now turn to more harmless and more interesting themes. The journey up the River Tacames is peculiarly to our liking; it is a scene of singular tropical wildness and solitude. Jack, also, is just the man for a companion in such a stroll. The very onset of the journey is characteristic.

The monkeys in this province are of the most gigantic size, and startled me not a little, as they occasionally made a rustle through the branches about, and stretched out their ugly, yet comical grinning faces, to say, as it were, "How do you do?" As we passed along, several times they were particularly bold, and stretched out their long arms in an endeavour to lay hold of the end of the gun, or the cap on my head. I had frequently the rifle dropt on my left hand to fire at them, when my worthy companion told me to let them alone. Certainly the huge size and daring of some of them would justly alarm any one not accustomed to such creatures; yet Jack did nothing but laugh at them and me, said it was all tricks, and that they were only curious to look at a stranger.

On they trudged, however, Jack leading the way till they got into the forest. They now passed a great many snakes, some of considerable length, writhing sluggishly about through the grass and dead leaves. Jack said, "they were no harm," so we paid no attention to them. At length they came to a ravine, along which a beautiful young wild black horse came tearing pursued by two splendid tigers. A fierce combat was entered upon between the doctor and Jack and the tigers, in which the former came off victorious, but the narrative severely taxes our powers of credulity. The same night was spent at a cottage, where they killed another large tiger, which had been for a long time the chimera of the place. The progress up the river is full of the picturesque. It was one continuous forest, and the rich and lofty trees were overhanging it everywhere. The howl of a tiger and the screams of moneys broke the solitude, and the various sounds of the beasts in the thick woods about, are described as much resembling the distant sounds of a pack of fox-hounds searching cover. The forest was also rendered attractive by numerous kingfishers and parrots of the richest-coloured plumage. The only annoyance were the musquitoes, and they were very troublesome. The first night was spent at the hut of a runaway Peruvian slave. The next morning,

Our canoe was again launched into the river, and being well rested, we urged it at a rapid rate up the river, which occasionally, from being very narrow, would widen out and form a small lake of very picturesque appearance, fringed

along the bank with the most luxurious timber and brushwood. The barking and roaring of the wild animals was incessant, though not unpleasing to our ear; it was the natural music of the undisturbed forest, and we liked it. The only disagreeable feature in the wild landscape around us, was the crawling upon and along the banks of the disgusting alligator, covered with mud out of the river: they were hideous-looking creatures to look upon, yet gave us no concern. They quickly got out of our way as we approached anywhere near them. In fact, they were quite timid, and everywhere in this province, though they would take advantage of a man lying asleep or in a state of inactivity, and drag him into the water, yet they seldom or never attack even a boy when he is in motion.

The trees on the margin of the water were literally alive with parrots and monkeys; kingfishers and vultures were occasionally seen perched on naked branches that here and there overhung the water.

At length they came to a cove where the boat was hauled up, and they began to ascend the hills. After killing numerous dee and one more large tiger, they arrived at the town of Tolo, if a dozen houses in a square can deserve such a name. Here the doctor says, numerous doubloons were pressed upon him in his professional capacity, but the next day the town was invaded by a party of Colombian rebels, and a prolonged and disastrous, but successful fight ensued, and the doctor returned on board ship, satisfied with incidents for one excursion, and thickly inlaid with ticks buried up to the shoulders in his skin.

The hunt for turtles and cocoa-nuts on Christmas Island is very amusing, the rival chase of a whale by the *Stratford* and an American vessel still more so.

The ship having anchored off Cocos Island, they found an Irishman and two American runaway sailors on the shore, and in a sad plight. Here Jack and the doctor shouldered their guns and started for the interior. Their road lay up hills at first by a river's banks, and arrived at the summit of the island, they discovered a lake of some size, fringed round with grass and low hills, presenting a landscape of great peculiarity, and, as the doctor remarks, "of mysteriously enchanting effect."

We descended from our partially elevated situation nearer to the lake shore, and on a large flat stone we seated ourselves, opened our forage bag, containing the bread and biscuit, enjoyed some rest and a cheerful luncheon, in as delightful a spot as any lover of nature would desire to gaze upon. Land birds, not unlike canaries in appearance, were fluttering about the low bushes, and chirping like as many sparrows.

A light breeze had now sprung up, and this hitherto unruffled lake was covered with small ripples that gave it a more lively appearance. Numbers of wild ducks were here and there in groups, showing more animation as the wind acted on the water. The magnificent foliage around began to flutter, and being yet wet by the late shower, glittered in the sun's rays. Altogether it was to me, who had been so much at sea, a cheerful sight, and one of surpassing natural beauty. There were some ducks not far from our resting-place, that were temptingly near the banks, and having a wish to secure a pair for our dinner, I loaded my gun with shot and fired amongst them. My object was so far gained, that three were killed at the water's edge, and brought out with the aid of a long stick.

The echo of the report from hill to hill around for several minutes amazed me; it sounded as if one eminence threw the report back on another, until it exhausted itself in a dying grumble in the distance. Waterfowl and other birds flew about screaming for a while, but settled themselves after a little quite carelessly. Now this was a region or part of the island that I thought was

heretofore unknown, and sacred from the foot of man; judge of my astonishment, when a sudden exclamation of my Indian comrade directed my attention to the other side of the lake, where a man was walking round towards us.

A short time sufficed to bring us into contact with each other; as he came along, I questioned myself much as to who he was, or why here in so unusual and solitary a region; however, my doubts were soon removed, and I felt gratified to hear, in plain English, "Friends, you are welcome here, I am glad to see you; my hut is on the other side of the lake, will you come with me to it and rest yourselves?" We at once accepted this invitation, and commenced our walk round.

Our new acquaintance was a man about middle age and size, of stout and healthy aspect, manly appearance, honest open countenance, though with an apparently settled gloom on it; his present costume consisted of a red flannel shirt, flannel drawers, mocassins and leggings of goat's skin, with the hairy side out, made to fit comfortably, and a kind of cap of the same material; his person and skin was cleanly in appearance, but the beard was long and bushy; he was neither rude nor surly in manner, but, in fact, rather (putting aside his uncouth dress) prepossessing.

We were not long in reaching the vicinity of his abode, and found it concealed from view in a grove of trees, perched on a high green mound; the first look, at both it and its situation, told me that the inhabitant of it displayed his natural eccentricity in its erection. On clambering up the steep ascent to it, and getting inside, I was surprised to find it both clean and comfortably arranged.

There was a rude bedstead erected on one side, covered with leaves, and goat skins softly prepared, which made an agreeable sleeping berth; in the centre of the floor was a rustic table, three or four seats around, all in accordance with the man and the scenery that surrounded him; kettles, frying-pan, some carpenter's tools, a good gun and pistols hung up against the wall, or more properly speaking, partition of logs, two or three bags made of goat skins, and filled, concerning which I was curious, though not pressing enough to ascertain their contents.

His cook-house was a shed erected apart from the dwelling, which our host (as I may now call him) put into instant and hospitable requisition in our behalf. He had shot a hog a short time before he was aware of our presence in his valley; steaks from this were soon in the pan; Jack plucked the feathers off the ducks I had killed in double quick time, and otherwise nimbly assisted the preparations going on, which were quickly completed, and afterwards heartily enjoyed, particularly by my comrade's almost never-to-be-satisfied appetite.

In taking a turn down by the lake shore, I discovered a canoe, in a snug cove, floating on the water, beautifully modelled and well made out of the single trunk of a large tree; it was so wide and convenient to sit in, that it was more like a boat than a canoe. There appeared to be also no lack of fish in the water, as they were leaping about in all directions, and some of them of a considerable size. A short distance from this there was a patch of ground, in extent about three hundred yards square, well laid out as a garden, and containing sweet potatoes, pumpkins, melons, &c.; this small plantation was well fenced in with strong stakes, to keep off the wild hogs and goats, that were numerous on the island.

On returning to the house, I found "the king of the island," as I may fairly term our strange new acquaintance, and my worthy friend Jack, enjoying comfortably, and with all gravity, that very general Indian gratification, the tobacco-pipe; and, although the habit of smoking is not a good one, I confess I joined them for a little time with pleasure, and afterwards finally refreshed myself with a drink of the lake water, which was certainly the purest I ever tasted.

The name of this Robinson Crusoe of the Cocos Island, was Thomas

Stevenson. He had received a good education, had been supercargo to a Liverpool ship, but being unlucky, and meeting also with family misfortunes, he took a misanthropic turn, and remained on the island where he had been wrecked, carefully concealing himself from all run-away visitors. Stevenson, however, ultimately got tired of his solitary residence, and took advantage of an American vessel that touched at the island for water to leave it. He is said to be now settled in Lima and engaged in successful commercial pursuits.

At California we have more hunting of tigers and deer, and there is a picturesque description of a bullock attacked by wolves, as also of a dangerous conflict with a grizzly bear, besides curious accounts of the fur hunters and of the plundering gangs that infest the neighbourhood. It was from this coast that Dr. Coulter, after recovering from a severe attack of rheumatic fever, started in the *Hound* for the Kingsmill Islands, from whence he visited New Ireland, New Hanover, and New Guinea. The history of James Selwin, another Crusoe, found on Willaumez Island, is a strange episode of this portion of the narrative. Altogether, indeed, the whole narrative is replete with incident and adventure of the most curious description. The work has no pretensions to science, but it is the perfect "Romance of travel," and as such is exceedingly amusing.

SUGGESTED BY GIBSON'S STATUE OF QUEEN VICTORIA.

BY THOMAS ROSCOE, ESQ.

"All princely graces,
That mould up such a mighty piece as this is,
With all the virtues that attend the good,
Shall still be doubled on her; truth shall nurse her—
Holy and heavenly thoughts still counsel her—
She shall be loved and fear'd—her own shall bless her—
Her foes shake like a field of beaten corn,
And hang their heads with sorrow."—*King Henry VIII.*

WHAT! from these walls to Genius consecrate,
All it *dare* claim in this proud-lord chill'd land,
A mart of show and sale! What no bright band
With victor crowns, nor laurel'd heads elate,
In palace-gardens walk with the free state
The princely welcome-feast? As when HIS wand
O'er Florence waved, whose free soul's magic fann'd
Angelic fires—Michaels and Raphaels great?
As on thy faultless queenly graces gazing,
Soul-sprung that live and breathe in each sweet feature;
Such thoughts draw tears; 'mid those exulting, praising
The master-mind that stamp'd Heaven's glorious creature—
Woman bright-diadem'd—victory's sceptre raising
O'er Empire wide, as THY Fame's towering stature.

THE GASCONS OF 1585;

OR,

THE "FORTY-FIVE."

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

I.—THE GATE OF SAINT ANTOINE.

On the 26th of October, in the year, 1585, the gates of Saint Antoine were still closed, contrary to custom, at half past ten o'clock in the morning. At that hour a guard of twenty Swiss, best friends of King Henry III. then reigning, passed through the gate which was carefully closed after them, and driving the crowd of peasants and citizens that had gathered together in the vain hopes of entering the city as usual, before them, they took up their station along-side the hedges that bordered the road.

The crowd had accumulated by three different roads, and was very considerable. There were peasants with their carts, women with their donkeys, monks, and idlers; and all were questioning one another as to the cause of these extraordinary precautions. There were also in the crowd some who appeared rather as if they had come out the town, than that they were waiting to get in, and these were busy scanning with anxious eye the roads that passed the convent of Jacobins, the priory of Vincennes, and the cross of Faubin. Those who composed these groups appeared to be citizens, and they were carefully wrapped up in their doublets and hose, for the wind blew cold as it shook off the last few yellow leaves that still swung from the nearly desolate branches.

Among these was a man of high stature, and with arms of proportionate length, who, leaning against the hedge, kept his eye steadily fixed upon the road to Vincennes. Close by him two citizens were apparently engaged in earnest conversation. At length one of the latter, a little busy personage, turned round in an impatient manner to their silent neighbour.

"Am I not right, sir, in asserting that nothing will take place on the Grève to-day?"

"I think you are wrong, and that De Salcède will be torn into four quarters there," quietly observed the man with the long arms.

"No doubt," answered the little citizen, "I meant that there would not be any noise made at the execution."

"There will be the noise made by whipping the horses," continued the other, without turning his eyes from the direction of Vincennes.

"You do not understand me," said the little man, getting vexed. "By noise I mean uproar. If there was to have been any rioting the king would not have taken a window in the Hotel de Ville for himself and the two queens."

"As if kings knew when there was going to be a riot!" said the tall stranger, with a look of mingled pity and contempt. "Perhaps," he continued, as he examined his interlocutor, from head to foot, "you are a friend of the Guises, and are waiting here for the Lorraines who it is said are to invade Paris in order to deliver M. de Salcède."

"Oh, no, sir," answered the little man, terrified at the supposition. "I am only waiting for my wife, Mrs. Nicole Friard, who has the honour to get up the linen of the abbot at the priory of the Jacobins."

At this moment the conversation was interrupted by the opening of the gate, and the issuing forth of a horseman, whose tunic was covered with fleur-de-lis, with an escutcheon bearing the arms of the city of Paris upon his breast. The horseman rode forward with a paper in his hands, and began a proclamation in which it was announced, in the usual formal style, that the gates were closed to all persons except those who were bearers of cards of recognition. At the termination of the proclamation the trumpets sounded.

Four or five horsemen of a rather martial aspect, who formed a group apart in the crowd, now urged their way forwards.

"Oh, oh!" said one of these horsemen to his comrades with a strong Gascon accent, "these Swiss, this crier, these trumpets, and gates, are for us, are they? Upon my honour I feel complimented."

The observation was not lost upon the tall stranger, who, to a question to that effect from M. Friard, had given his name as Robert Briquet, but who had now turned his attention to the movements of the foresaid small group of horsemen. "Well," he muttered to himself, "I think I shall see something more than I expected."

The Gascon, in the meantime, was making his way by the free use of his strong sinewy arms, which played out from beneath his green doublet, his bony wrists advancing several inches beyond his cuffs. He was a man of intelligent look and with a clear eye, and whether naturally so or accidentally, his hair was yellow and crisp, but the dust contributed in no slight degree to its colour. This was rendered the more remarkable as his head was without any covering. At length he reached the officer commanding the guard, who looked at him a few moments without saying a word.

"Why, you have lost your hat, sir, it seems," he at length observed, "was it in the crowd?"

"No, sir, I lost it in the river a league from hence. But there are plenty of hats in Paris, and I intend to purchase one with a diamond for a button, which shall be twice as large as that which decorated the lost one. But if I do not deceive myself," continued the Gascon, opening his enormous eyes, "I have the pleasure of addressing M. de Loignac?"

"Possibly so, sir," answered the latter, apparently little flattered by the recognition.

"Cap de Bious! M. de Loignac, my countryman! my cousin!"

"Possibly so," again observed the officer; "you have your card?"

"Oh, yes," answered the Gascon, drawing from his glove half of a card. The officer took the card, and compared it with another half in his possession. The two fitted one another.

"Your name?" asked the officer.

"Perducas de Pincornay," answered the Gascon, "my name is upon the card," he continued, pointing to it with his dry, black finger.

"Right," said the officer, as he read, "Perducas de Pincornay, 26th of October, 1585. Gate of Saint Antoine. Pass on."

II.—THE MUSTER OF THE FORTY-FIVE.

The horseman that followed next was decorated with a magnificent breastplate, so marvellously wrought that it appeared to have come from

the hands of Benvenuto Cellini. But as the pattern of the cuirass was of a bygone fashion, and no other part of the dress corresponded to the almost royal splendour of the prospectus, this magnificence rather excited laughter than admiration.

"Your card?" said De Loignac.

"What!" exclaimed the man with the cuirass, "M. de Loignac, do you not know your old friend Pertinax de Monterabeau?"

"No, sir, when I am on duty I know no one. Your card, sir?"

The man with the cuirass handed his card, the officer read it, and he passed on.

The next who came up was followed by a fat, grey valet, and thin and sunburnt as he was, he represented Don Quixote as accurately as his servant did Sancho. His moustache appeared as if made of cats' hair, and his eye was green and sparkling. Upon his card was "Chalabre, 26th of October, twelve precisely, Gate of Saint Antoine."

"Pass on," said M. de Loignac.

The next that advanced bore a child about ten months old in his arms. He was followed by a woman and more children and a grown-up young man.

"Your card?" inquired Loignac.

His hand was in obedience with the summons plunged into a pouch of goat-skin that hung by his side, but it was in vain. He could not find the card.

"Why don't you put that child down?" exclaimed the officer, annoyed at the delay. "You marry early in your country it appears."

"Why, yes, you ought to know that, M. de Loignac, you who married at eighteen."

"Good; here is another who knows me," muttered the latter.

"M. de Loignac, allow me to present to you my step-son, Militor," continued the Gascon, as he called forward a vigorous, tall youth of about sixteen or seventeen years of age, and who with his round eye and hooked nose resembled a falcon. "The oldest son of my wife, sir; my wife is a Chavantrade, a relative of the Loignac Militor de Chavantrades, at your service, the other boys are also my step-sons. Be quiet, Scipion!" he exclaimed to the child, who was now screaming in his arms.

"For the love of God, sir, your card," said the officer, "or I must put you in arrest."

"Lardille, come and help me," said the Gascon, reddening, to his wife; "my name, sir," he continued, turning to the officer, "is Eustache de Miradoux, and I can refer you to M. de Saint Maline. Ah! I have it," he suddenly exclaimed in a triumphant tone, "it was an idea of Lardille's, I remember now, she sewed the card to Militor's back."

"So that he should at least carry something, the great calf!" observed the officer.

Militor's lips grew white with anger. But the card was produced and inspected, and the family passed on.

"Pretty recruits M. d'Epernon will have there," muttered the officer to himself as they went away.

The next on the list was a fair young horseman who appeared as if he had been made fast to his sword. He gave his name as Saint Capautel, and his statement being confirmed by his card he was allowed to pass.

The last of the horsemen who closed the procession was a handsome young man, mounted upon a superb black horse. Compared with the others he appeared as a king. Just as he had rode up to the opened gate, he felt the scabbard of his sword pulled. The person who thus claimed his attention was a young man with dark hair, little but graceful, with sparkling eyes and gloved hands.

"Sir," said the youth, "I have a particular wish to enter the city. Take me in with you, and I will be your page."

"Thank you, I do not wish to be served," replied the cavalier.

"Not even by me?" said the youth, with a strange smile. "We will not talk of wages, Ernanton de Carmaignes. I know you are not rich, but you must do me this service, for you know he who now begs has sometimes ordered."

"Come along, then," said the horseman, subjugated by the tone of half persuasion and authority. The young man squeezed his hand, which was very familiar for a page, and then turning round to a group of horsemen in the crowd, he observed,

"I pass, which is the chief thing. You, Mayneville, try and do as much by any means in your power."

"It is not only to pass," answered the latter, "he must see you. Remember the signal. Two fingers to the mouth."

"Are you coming?" inquired the man on the black horse.

"Here I am, master," answered the youth, and he vaulted with a light step behind his companion, who rode forward to join the others, busy exhibiting their cards and justifying their rights.

"*Ventre de Biche!*" said Robert Briquet, who had been carefully scanning all these proceedings, "what an arrival of Gascons!"

At this moment a horseman galloped up from the interior of Paris.

"Ah! ah!" said M. de Loignac, "where do you come from?"

"From the gate Saint Victor, sir?"

"Your account, sir?"

The man handed a list on paper, the officer took it and examined it carefully, making a memorandum of the contents. In a few minutes two other horsemen rode up with lists, and they were followed by others. Robert Briquet was watching all these proceedings with the eye of a philosopher who is seeking for the quintessence of the thing. At length M. de Loignac read over, as if to satisfy himself, his corrected list. It enumerated nine gates of the city of Paris, at each of which from three to eight persons had been admitted.

"Good," he said to himself, "altogether *forty-five*;" and then he added aloud, "open the gates."

Instantly horses, mules, asses, men, women, and children, rushed hastily down that great artery, which is designated La rue Saint Antoine. Robert Briquet alone remained in the rear.

"All these people," he said to himself, "wished to see something and they say nothing even in their own affairs, I am the only one who saw any thing curious. But no matter, I have given up politics, and for the same reason I shall not be a witness to the tearing to pieces of M. de Salcède. If there was a sun it would mark mid-day: I shall go and dine."

And so saying he entered quietly into Paris with a strange malicious smile upon his lips.

III.—THE KING'S BOX AT THE HOTEL DE VILLE:

That morning all Paris had made an appointment to meet at the Grève, and Paris is very exact in keeping its appointments where pleasure or excitement are concerned. The spectator who succeeded in gaining the precincts of the square, either by the inn with the sign of Notre Dame, which then stood at the corner of the quay, or by the gateway of Place Beaudoyer, could perceive the archers, and their lieutenant, Tanchon, and numerous mounted Swiss, but he could not see a little scaffold which was so low as to be only visible from a window, or to those who stood close by. Beneath the shed of the house at the corner of the Rue du Mouton, there were four young unmounted and vigorous horses. They were stamping and neighing with impatience, for they were untrained and unaccustomed to restraint of almost any kind. These horses were, in the energetic language of the people, waiting to convey the patient who had been in the hands of the priests since an early hour of the morning, upon his great journey.

But the attention of the populace was still more rivetted by a window of the Hotel de Ville, from which a cloth of velvet, decorated with the royal arms, was suspended, than by the empty scaffold. It was well known that this was the royal box.

It had just struck half-past one at St. Jean en Grève, when the window filled up with personages, who took their places like so many pictures in a frame.

The first who came in was Henry III., pale, and almost bald, though only thirty-four or thirty-five years of age, his eye was sunken and his look sad. His whole bearing was strange and incomprehensible; more of a shadow than a human being, and of a spectre than a king, he had always been a mystery to his people, who did not know when they saw him, whether to cry out long live the king, or to pray for his soul.

Henry was dressed in a black doublet, trimmed with black, with no decorations or jewels, one solitary diamond glittered in his cap, and to it were attached three short curly feathers. He carried in his left hand a little black dog, which his sister-in-law, Mary Stuart, had sent him from her prison.

Behind him came Catherine de Medicis, bent down by age, for the queen dowager was sixty-six or sixty-seven years of age; but she still held her head erect, and darted keen looks from beneath her habitually contracted brow, but notwithstanding this sharp eye she was always cold and stiff as a waxen image under her vesture of perpetual mourning. On the same line with the queen-mother appeared the soft and melancholy queen, Louise de Lorraine, wife of Henry III., in appearance an insignificant companion, but faithful, in reality, throughout an unfortunate and troubled existence.

Queen Catherine de Medicis marched to a triumph; Queen Louise was present at a punishment; King Henry attended to a matter of business. Differences which were well shadowed forth by the proud brow of the first, the resigned brow of the second, and the clouded, anxious brow of the third.

Behind these illustrious personages, so pale and so silent, were two handsome young men, one scarcely twenty years of age, the other, at the

most, twenty-five. They were smiling at one another, the one with an ineffable expression of sorrow, the eldest with an infinite expression of grace. They were tall and handsome youths and brothers. The youngest was called Henri de Joyeuse, Comte de Bouchage, the other was the Duke Anne de Joyeuse. The people did not entertain for the new favourite the hatred which they had borne towards his predecessors, Maugiron, Quelus, and Schomberg; D'Epernon alone, and by himself, had inherited all.

The crowd accordingly received the royal party with acclamations. Henry bowed to the populace without smiling, and then he kissed his little dog upon the head. Then turning round to the young man, he said,

"Repose yourself against the tapestry. This may last a long time."

"I hope so," said Catherine; "long and good, sire."

"Do you think that Salcède will speak then, mother?" inquired the king.

"God will give, I hope, this confusion to our enemies. I say our enemies, for they are your enemies also, my daughter," she added, addressing the queen, who turned pale, and bent her sweet countenance downwards, as in resignation. "How flattering it is to kings," continued Catherine, pleased with the pain she was inflicting, and still addressing the queen, "to see a man who has royal blood flowing in his veins, torn into quarters."

"Oh! madame, spare me," said the young queen, with a despair that she in vain attempted to conceal; "no, this monster does not belong to my family."

"Why," said Catherine, sharply, "he belongs to the Lorraines, and the Lorraines are of yours, madame, at least I think so. This Salcède is certainly related to you."

"That is to say," interrupted Joyeuse, with an honest indignation which was one of his chief characteristics, "that is to say, he is a relative of the Guises perhaps, but not of the Queen of France."

"Come," said Henry, "it is not a question here of the Lorraines or the Guises, still less of the queen; we came here to see M. de Salcède, an assassin who wished to kill my brother, divided into four quarters."

"And here," exclaimed Anne de Joyeuse, "here is the patient entering the square, a sad figure he makes, too."

"He is frightened," said Catherine; "he will speak."

"If he has strength," said the king; "his head reels as if it belonged to a corpse. Yet he must be a brave man. He has been engaged in ten duels, and has killed three of his adversaries, but he is a serpent as well as a wolf, for he has been detected uttering false coin, and condemned to death for the crime."

"But was," observed Catherine de Medicis, "pardoned by the mediation of the Duke of Guise, your cousin, daughter."

Louise only answered with a sigh.

"Well," interrupted Joyeuse, "there is an existence that will soon be over. I do not think that the muscles and tendons of M. de Salcède will offer much resistance to those spirited horses I see yonder."

"Oh, but my son is merciful," observed Catherine, with a smile peculiar to herself; "he has ordered that the horses shall draw moderately at first."

IV.—M. DE SALCEDE.

While this little conversation had been going on in the royal box, the halberdiers, archers, and Swiss had been increasing the space around the scaffold so that the unfortunate De Salcède could, notwithstanding the little elevation of the scaffold, be easily seen in almost every direction.

M. de Salcède was a man of about thirty-four to thirty-five years of age, he was strong and vigorous, and his pallid face, upon which a few drops of blood and perspiration, relics of the torture of the day before, still trickled, became reanimated, as he gazed around with an inexpressible look of hope and of anguish at the same time.

Salcède was not an ordinary murderer. He was a man of noble descent, and had been a captain of renown. That hand which was now bound by an ignoble cord had once wielded the sword with consummate bravery, and that livid head, now paled by the terrors of death, had once harboured great designs. Forgetting that his father had shed his blood in the cause of the Cardinal de Lorraine, and had earned, in consequence, a glorious death in the massacre of Saint Bartholomew, the son had trafficked in Spain with the Guises to annihilate in Flanders the rising power of the Duke of Anjou, so much hated by the French.

His intimacy with Baza and Balovin, the presumed authors of the plot to destroy the Duke François, brother of Henry III., was generally known, and the skill which he, De Salcède, had shown in escaping from the wheel and the gibbet, still smoking with the blood of his accomplices, had awakened unusual interest in his fate. He had, at least, so said the Lorraines, by false and pretended revelations, so excited the curiosity of his judges, that the Duke of Anjou, in the hopes of learning more, had had him conducted into France, instead of having him beheaded at Antwerp or Brussels, but only to arrive at the same end. But De Salcède had hoped that during the journey, which would put an end to his revelations, that he should be delivered by his party. Unfortunately, he had reckoned without M. Bellièvre, who, responsible for this precious charge, took good care that neither Spaniards, nor Lorraines, nor leaguers, should approach him within a mile distance.

Salcède still hoped when he was in prison; his hopes did not entirely leave him when put to the question; he had hoped in the executioner's cart; and he still hoped on the scaffold. It was not that he wanted courage or resignation, but he was one of those vivacious beings who cling to life to their last breath with that tenacity which humanity seldom exhibits among minds of a secondary order.

On his arrival at the scaffold, he had risen up, as if by enchantment, amidst the crowd, he had scanned the whole with a searching, vigilant eye, and each time that a new head raised itself above the groups of men, women, and children, a glance of a moment was equal to the examination of an hour, with an organisation wrought to the highest point of excitement, and whose faculties were tenfold, or rather a hundred times increased, by the sense of how precious time had become.

But the executioner had seized his person, and had begun to fasten him by the middle of his body to the centre of the scaffold. Upon a sign made by Tanchon, two archers, making their way through the crowd, had gone to fetch the horses. The crowd, aware of what the

archers were going for, made way for them willingly, for without the horses, their spectacle would not be complete.

At this moment a noise was heard in the royal box. The president, Brisson, and four counsellors, had been admitted to an audience with the king. At the same moment, Joyeuse had taken the opportunity of saying,

"A grace, your majesty."

"Speak, Joyeuse, so long as it is not that of the culprit."

"No, sire; but I wish your majesty would allow us to retire. The sight of an execution makes me ill for a week afterwards."

"What, Anne, do you wish to leave me at such a moment?" said Henry, in a voice of deep distress.

"My organisation is as weak as a woman's upon such points," continued the favourite, "and I fear I shall expose myself by some weakness. May I beg of your majesty to permit us to retire?"

"Well," said Henry, sighing, "do as you have a mind; it is my destiny to live alone."

And as the president and counsellors advanced, the young men slipped behind their robes, and disappeared.

"Sire," said the president, with that easy dignity which was called Huguenot courteousness at court, "we come to pray that your majesty will not urge the immediate death of the culprit. He has, no doubt, some revelations to make, and by promising him his life, they may be obtained."

"But," said the king, "have not these revelations been obtained?"

"Yes, sire," replied the president, "partly so——does that suffice for your majesty?"

"Sir," interrupted Catherine, "the king is willing to grant a reprieve, if the condemned will sign a confession analogous to that which he made when put to the question."

Brisson interrogated the king with his eyes.

"Yes," said Henry, "I wish it to be so. But no variation in the confession, or I withdraw my promise. All the names must be given—after that we shall see."

The president, having bowed respectfully to the king, withdrew with the counsellors.

V.—THE EXECUTION.

At this moment the horses were seen, at the other end of the square, cleaving the crowd, and leaving behind them a wave, which, like that of the sea, closed up the furrow behind as quickly as the steeds advanced. This wave was produced by the mass of spectators throwing themselves forwards to obtain better places—the strong in advance of the weak.

Among the most energetic of the former might have been perceived a young man, who appeared to be urged on by a child scarcely fifteen or sixteen years of age, yet who seemed to have a deep interest in this terrible drama. It was the mysterious page, and the Viscount Ernanton de Carmaignes.

"Quick! quick!" exclaimed the page; "throw yourself into the furrow, there is not a moment to lose."

"We shall be trodden to death," replied the viscount; "you are mad, my little friend."

"I want to see—see close by," said the page, in a voice that evidently would not bear contradiction, so Ernanton rushed on.

"Seize the horse by the tail," exclaimed the page, "horses never kick when so held."

Ernanton obeyed again, and held fast by the horse's tail, while the boy held on by his belt. And thus, in the midst of the crowd, leaving at one place a bit of their mantles, at another a fragment of their doublets, they arrived, at the same time as the horses, within a few paces of the scaffold, upon which stood Salcède, the very picture of despair.

"No one! not one of them!" he muttered between his teeth; "not one of those who promised me aid—the cowards!—oh, the cowards!"

And his eyes turned around him, like those of an eagle watching its prey.

The horses were so close to the scaffold, that the traces fastened to their collars could be attached to the wrists and ankles of the patient. Salcède groaned when he felt the rough friction of the cords upon his arms and feet, as the knot was drawn tight.

Lieutenant Tanchon approached him at this moment.

"A good confession, and your life may be saved," he whispered in his ear.

Salcède looked at him as if he wished to read to the very bottom of his soul.

"The king," continued Tanchon, "exacts a written and signed confession."

"Then loosen my hands, and bring me pen and paper. I will not forget those who have forgotten me."

The rope which held the culprit by the right wrist was loosened, and De Salcède wiped the foam from his mouth, and lifted his hair that fell, humid with perspiration, upon his eyebrows.

"Come," said Tanchon, "write away, the king is waiting."

But the culprit ventured one more look upon the vast expanse of people before him. No doubt the moment had come for the page to show himself, for, seizing the hand of Ernanton,

"Sir," he said, "I pray you take me in your arms, and lift me so that I can see over the heads of those who are between me and the culprit."

Ernanton lifted him up in his arms, not without some surprise at the delicacy of the body which he held in his hands.

Salcède perceived the head of the page dominating the other heads, and looked stupified. At the same moment the two fingers of the page were pressed against his lips. An inexpressible joy illumined the countenance of the culprit. He recognised the signal that promised him aid.

After looking at the page for another moment, Salcède took up the paper and began to write.

"He is writing," murmured the crowd.

"He is writing," ejaculated the king.

"Have you finished?" said Tanchon, seeing that the culprit had attached his signature to the writing.

"Yes, it is for the king alone," replied Salcède, as he handed over the manuscript to the lieutenant. but his eyes were still upon the place where he had seen the page, but Ernanton, fatigued, had deposited him upon

the ground, and the anxious eyes of the culprit now wandered in vain over the crowd.

"A thousand devils!" he muttered to himself, "they cannot be deceiving me? Oh, no, it was she, it was she, I knew her well."

The king at the same moment was busily examining the manuscript.

"Oh, the wretch!" he exclaimed, when he had glanced over its contents.

"What is the matter, my son?" inquired Catherine.

"He retracts, mother. He denies having ever avowed any thing, and declares the Guises innocent. He lies, for I heard him myself. I was behind a curtain when he was put to the rack, and I heard his confession with my own ears."

"Well, then, let the rack make him speak again," said Catherine, "order the horses to be whipped."

Henry raised his hand. Tanchon repeated the signal. Four men leapt upon the horses, and the four horses started off in different directions.

A horrible cracking noise, and a fearful cry of agony came from the scaffold at the same time. The limbs of the unfortunate Salcède were seen to grow blue, to lengthen, and to become injected with blood. His face was no longer the face of a human being.

"Treachery! treachery!" he shrieked out, "I wish to speak; I will avow all."

"Stop, stop!" cried Catherine.

It was too late. The head of the culprit, stiffened for a moment by agony and passion, fell back lifeless on the scaffold. Salcède was dead.

Tanchon now turned his eyes towards the spot where Ernanton and his young protegée had attracted the dying man's attention. His movements had not been lost upon him, and he gave orders to some of the archers near him.

"I am discovered," said the page, "help me, sir, they are coming, they are coming."

"Who are you then?" inquired the viscount.

"A woman—protect me, save me."

Ernanton turned pale, but his resolution was soon taken. Devoting his whole strength and energies to the task, he forced himself away to the corner of the Rue de Mouton; arrived at which, the page rushed into an open doorway, and closed it after her.

"My son," said Catherine, wiping the perspiration from her face; "you would do well to dismiss your executioner. He is a leaguer."

"What makes you think so, mother?"

"Because Salcède has been strangled by a thin cord from beneath the scaffold at the moment he was going to speak. Let the body be examined, and you will see that what I say is correct."

"You are right," said Henry, whose eyes sparkled with passion; "my cousin Guise is better served than I am."

A MAN IN THE HOUSE.

BY E. P. ROWSELL, ESQ.

A VERY dreadful murder it was, and great was the commotion excited, in consequence, throughout the little village of Compton, near which it was perpetrated. This was the manner of it. There had been a fair at Compton, at which there was a large assemblage of all sorts of people. Among the number was a certain farmer, of the name of Sniggs, who having very successfully disposed of some cattle to a not-at-all-wide-awake buyer, and made a good sum of money, adjourned to an ale-house in a state of considerable exhilaration. He then and there partook of dinner and an alarming quantity of strong liquor. This done, his glee and satisfaction at the day's proceedings rose so high, that, feeling the absolute necessity of unbosoming himself to somebody—whether friend or foe, no matter—the said Sniggs, without more ado, drew forth his heavy canvass purse, and flinging it down on the table, in the parlour of the inn, where many persons were sitting, announced, with a loud voice, that "in that ere puss were sixty pund; and let any mon then and there stand out and say there wunt sixty pund, and he'd soon show him to th' contrayry, he would."

Certainly it was foolish of Farmer Sniggs to do thus, and so the event proved. In that room were twelve honest, jolly farmers, like himself, and glad were they, right merry, at witnessing friend Sniggs's success; but in that room, also, was a thirteenth individual, of very equivocal character—a gentleman, in fact, who earned his livelihood by the "stand and deliver" system on the highway. The last-named personage was also rejoiced at witnessing Farmer Sniggs's success, though for a different reason, as you will presently see. He alone replied to the bold defiance of Sniggs, and stood forth, saying,

"Come now, friend, I'll bet you there an't sixty pounds in that purse."

A mighty passion Sniggs was in in a moment.

"I'll not bet with 'ee," he growled, after a short pause; "but I tell 'ee what I'll do—if thee'll only just say as much again, I'll knock 'ee down."

"Well done, Sniggs! brayvo!" shouted the farmers.

"Then here goes," cried the other; "now, farmer, I say there are *not* sixty pounds in that purse."

Sniggs said nothing, but walking quietly up to his man, delivered upon the chest of the said individual a blow which one would have thought would almost have felled an ox, but which scarcely moved the sturdy person who received it.

Sniggs stood in silent amazement, and the farmers looked aghast.

"Now," said the stranger, calmly, "it's my turn—I'll have a try," and he *did* try. He applied a punch that would have delighted Mr. Grantley Berkeley himself, had he been there to see it, full upon Sniggs's bull-head. Down went that worthy, as if he had been shot, and up started the twelve farmers, with their pipes in their mouths, with the intention of taking summary vengeance upon the man who they verily believed had given their poor companion a lasting quietus.

Such was far from being the case, however. Sniggs was up again

almost directly, and in another second would have made a very suitable reply to the favour just received, but his opponent stopped his arm, saying good-humouredly,

"Pshaw, man, what's the good of fighting? It was only fun on my part. I don't doubt there being 60*l.* in the purse. It was merely to try your pluck. Come now, (I haven't hurt you, have I?) we'll drink each other's healths. I'll treat the company. Gentlemen, be good enough to give your orders. Any thing you like."

Believe me, a sly and skilful member of the "stand-and-deliver" profession was that worthy gentleman of whom I speak. In the course of an hour every man in the room had vowed eternal friendship with him. They all told him their private histories; showed him their purses—(strange to say, next morning some of them were missing, but that's no affair of ours)—and swore right heartily "that he was a ray-al good fellow."

At last, about midnight, they separated; one man of the party having some recollection—which was confirmed by the landlord—that Sniggs and the stranger went together. Poor Sniggs! The next morning he was found dead in a ditch, with a fearfully shattered skull, and his canvass bag gone. Inquiries were instituted, and by the description given of the ray-al good fellow, Sniggs's homeward companion, that worthy was discovered to be a real highwayman and a thorough ruffian, whom justice had long time sought in vain.

Now we have said that this darksome deed created great excitement in the little village of Compton. Just a hundred yards out of the village stood a very nice cottage, belonging to and occupied by a Mrs. Biddles, the widow of Jotham Biddles, who, having in his lifetime made much money in the cheesemongery line, had bought this tidy little box, and retired to it for the remainder of his days. Mrs. Biddles felt herself very lonely after her husband's death, and was repeatedly saying as much to divers unmarried gentlemen living about Compton, who stupidly replied that they were sorry for it, and went their ways. The circumstance of this dreadful murder much affected Mrs. Biddles, and so preyed upon her mind, that for many nights after its perpetration she did not go to bed at all, but sat awake in her chamber, incessantly requiring the attendance of her two female servants, to the great distress and discomfort of the said unfortunates. One night Mrs. Biddles heard, or fancied she heard, most alarming sounds as of some one attempting an entrance by the parlour window, and straightway falling into hysterics, remained in them almost till dawn; the affrighted and afflicted domestics being driven well nigh to their wits' end.

"I can bear it no longer," murmured the unhappy lady next morning, in a very faint voice to her attendants. "I must have a man in my employ. It really is not safe when one hears of such frightful things to be without a defender in the house. I will make inquiry for some one at once, else O dear! O dear! we shall all be murdered in our beds. I view it as a mercy we have escaped hitherto."

So Mrs. Biddles wrote to her friend Mrs. Tomlinson, in London, to engage for her a person suitable for the situation.

In a short time the latter lady wrote back to say that she had complied with her friend's request, and had engaged for her a very well-behaved man, who had been highly recommended to her, and who, she doubted not, would be found to suit perfectly.

It was not long before the "well-behaved man" arrived at Compton,

and with much satisfaction did Mrs. Biddles behold him. He was good-looking, stout, well-proportioned, civil, respectful, obliging, and Mrs. Biddles now slept of nights tranquilly, and Susan and Jane were not again deprived of their slumbers.

The widow had long been on the look-out for a successor to the lamented Biddles. That she acknowledged to herself. And had so frightened the linendraper in the village—a man of weak nerves—by her marked attentions, that he had been forced to fly. But—disgusting creatures!—the men of Compton hung aloof, and would not be brought forward. But the widow would not despair, so she laid her schemes anew, and carried on the war right manfully.

Oh, shame on you, men of Compton! To no purpose did the Widow Biddles display her charms. Eyes were dull and hearts were dead, and no impression could be made. Yet we are wrong, there was one exception, but what an exception! One individual had shown, in various ways, but very timidly and humbly, that on *his* heart an impression *had* been made. *He* was *not* insensible to the enslaving fascinations of the Widow Biddles—he felt them in their full and fearful force, and straightway was captive led. At least, thus judged the widow, and who should know better the real state of things with the individual in question? But who was this individual? Alas! no other than the newly-engaged male domestic, "the well-behaved" John.

Mrs. Biddles pitied him, of course, any other feeling than pity was out of the question. Yet the Widow Biddles could not resist the temptation, when again writing to her friend Mrs. Tomlinson, to mention the worthy John, remarking upon his very superior manners, inducing almost the idea that he could not always have been in his present situation, but must have been some unfortunate gentleman hardly dealt with by Fortune, and toppled down from wealth to poverty.

Marvellous! so the event proved, John *was* such an instance of ill-usage on the part of the fickle jade, at least thus Mrs. Tomlinson stated in her reply, her (Mrs. T.'s) sister having been told by a person who was very intimate with some one who was a constant visitor at the lady's in whose employ John had formerly been, that such was the case. Why did Mrs. Biddles' heart beat quicker when she had concluded that letter, and why did Mrs. Biddles read it again and again so earnestly, and why at last did the widow shed a copious flood of tears! What was there to create excitement, or to call for weeping?

Oh Mrs. Biddles, Mrs. Biddles, why disown it? Confess it, you pitied John no longer!

It might be a week after this, that one day John was summoned into the parlour.

"John," was faintly murmured, "I fear that I am very ill."

John was shocked beyond expression.

"I do not think I shall long remain here," continued the widow, shedding tears, and speaking in a faltering voice.

"Oh my dear mistress," answered the faithful servant *also* shedding tears, and *also* speaking in a faltering voice, "for 'evin's sake do not talk so. Oh consider those as regards and esteems you above all that they possesses, who would at any time think it an onner to lay down their lives for you. Oh remember—" but here the estimable John was fairly overcome, and could speak no more.

Mrs. Biddles wept audibly.

"My faithful servant," faltered the widow, "my faithful—*very* faithful servant" (John tottered to a chair), "how can I reward you for your devotion? Would that I had the power so to do!"

In a second John was on his knees, apparently in an agony and blubbering fast. "Oh,—my—adorable—missis!" he exclaimed, well nigh choked with emotion, "I—can—no—lon—ger—endure this—state of anguish—I can conceal—it—no longer—oh, mi—se—rable creature that I ham!"

Mrs. Biddles started from her chair. Then fell back again. Jumped up afresh. A second time fell back. Wept fearfully. Then went straightway into strong hysterics.

I draw a veil over the affecting picture. Suffice it to say, that before the faithful John left the parlour, the whole matter was satisfactorily settled. John was promised his promotion; and—he rubbed his hands.

What was it John and Susan were talking about together that evening, all by themselves (it was the first Monday in the month and Cook was out for a holiday).

"Dear John," murmured Susan, looking up tenderly in his face, "dear John, how happy we shall be!"

"That we shall, Susan," softly replied John; "as happy as the days is long. It aint the first time to-day, dearest, I've spoken them ere words, though it's the first time I've said 'em to you."

Yet there was nothing like alarm or wonderment expressed in Susan's countenance, as she listened to this statement. She even joined in John's quiet laugh as he uttered it.

"I shall try and make it to-morrow three weeks, my own dearest," resumed John, after a pause.

"Three weeks!" repeated Susan, mournfully.

"Not possible, dearest, sooner. The old lady would not hear of it."

Susan meekly acquiesced.

Great was the commotion in Compton, when it was announced that actually and positively Mrs. Biddles, the rich and gay widow, was about to marry her man-servant. Compton stood aghast. Its men and women, in mighty chorus, proclaimed aloud that Mrs. Biddles ought to be ashamed of herself, though divers of the male sex could not help reflecting, with some degree of remorse, that here was a prize which, doubtless, might have been theirs—about to be carried off by a low mean footman. However, it was too late now. John was to have possession of the widow, and in a fortnight's time the wedding was to take place.

"Dearest madam," said the bridegroom elect, a few days before *the* day; "dearest Mrs. Biddles, our trip to Paris will be very expensive. I need not, of course, advise our being careful to take a sufficient sum with us, that we may not be inconvenienced."

"Oh, I have provided against that," replied the considerate lady, addressed. "I have 100*l.* by me; that will be sufficient."

"Better have 200*l.*, or even 300*l.*, if I might suggest," said the accomplished John, insinuatingly.

"We'll take just as much as you like, my dear John. I leave it to you—say another 100*l.*; 400*l.*, will that do? Very well, to-morrow I'll go to my agent and get the money."

So next day the 400*l.* was procured.

"It's to be hoped no one knows of the money being in the house,"

remarked Mr. Spindles (really, I can no longer call him John); "or it might be dangerous. I hear there are many most desperate wagabonds about, and various burglaries, nearly attended with murder in two or three cases, I've heard of only this mornin'. They *do* say that the willin as murdered Farmer Sniggs is abroad again. And they tells a dreadful story of poor Mrs. Swillington who was known to keep a large sum in her bed-room. Thieves broke in at night, went straight to the bed-room, of course, and were carrying off the money, when the lady, awaking, began to scream. The willins turned back, and ——"

"Oh! oh! pray—pray, don't go on. It's too horrible!" almost gasped Mrs. Biddles. "My dear John, will you—will you obleege me by taking care of the whole of the money? I could not bear to have charge of it after that."

Of course, to be of the slightest service to the object of his devoted affection was bliss, indeed, to Mr. Spindles. So he took charge of the coffer containing the four hundred pounds.

It was the night preceding the wedding-day, and Mrs. Biddles lay awake. What was that? There was an alarming sound; or was it fancy? No, no! there was somebody moving about down-stairs. Thieves! thieves!—murder! murder! Mrs. Biddles started up, and, in mortal dread, ran to her servants' room to tell them to go at once and arouse Mr. Spindles.

The cook alone answered her summons.

"Run, run, run," exclaimed Mrs. Biddles, as loudly as she dared, "run and tell Mr. Spindles."

"Its no use now, ma'am," answered the cook, almost sinking on the floor exhausted, "they're off by this time, ma'am. I didn't come and tell you before, ma'am, for they said they'd murder me if I did."

"What do you mean?" cried her mistress; "run, you stupid creature, and tell Mr. Spindles. If they're gone, he must go after them."

"But it's *he* as has gone, ma'am, and Susan with him, a wicked creatur. They've run away, ma'am—run away together."

"What!" ejaculated Mrs. Biddles.

"I thought from the first he was no better than he should be, ma'am. So now don't take on, ma'am, pray don't, bear it like a Christin, now do, ma'am, do."

What a story to tell the wondering guests as they arrived next morning. The bridegroom gone, run away with the housemaid, with 400*l.* in cash, and with as much plate as he could lay his hands on.

I mean to say that John Spindles as much murdered Mrs. Biddles as he had previously murdered Farmer Sniggs. Poor Mrs. Biddles, she never recovered it, but wept unceasingly, until at length her sorrow-laden spirit took its flight, and she now lies quietly by the side of the lamented Jotham in the pretty little churchyard at Compton.

As to John Spindles, there is some satisfaction in stating that he was hanged for the murder of Farmer Sniggs, and that his wife was transported beyond the seas as his accomplice in the robbery of Mrs. Biddles.

So much for having "a Man in the House."

SIR HARRY SMITH.

A SONG FOR ENGLAND'S SOLDIER.

(Lines suggested by a friend, on the writer applauding some passages in the speech of Sir Harry Smith, at the Celebration of his Return to his Native Place, July, 1847.)

PROEM.

THRILL'D thro' the spirit's chords, those words of fire,
Sublime and beaming o'er Eternal Time!
Truths that flash'd brighter, struck from steel-war's ire,
Sweet Peace's Rainbow—pledge to many a clime!

A humble mind; pious, on duty bent,—
Obedience to the guardians of our youth;
To shun the path, a mother's eye intent,
Forbade; and stern to act as speak the truth.

These the great secret of thy life's career;
Signal success; safety through flood and fire;—
Thanks, thou brave heart, thy God taught ne'er to fear,
That give *Him* glory, mounting higher and higher.

Thy country's thanks! though poor were these indeed,
Did not one loftier, nobler guerdon far,
Crown all thy toils; for thine that sweetest meed,
E'er won from the grim-visaged front of war.

That mother's birth-day shines upon thee now,
Blessing; and he who bade thee humble be,
"Patient, forbearing, and long-suffering"—Now
Glows his glad soul with all the chivalry.

Caught from the honest fame—while youth's friends throng
And love and beauty round thee;—the deep spell;—
The war-son's cycle fill'd—no conscious wrong;—
The thought of joy—"My part has been play'd well."

SONG.

Then pledge him deep! again—again!
Till echo swells the sound;
With heart-cheers strong as Englishmen
E'er breathed on martial ground.

When face to face, and lance to lance,
They quell'd the pride of mighty France,
On those famed plains whence shrieking flew
Her eagles—scared at Waterloo,—
A sun too fiercely bright to bear
That scorch'd the imperial conqueror.
One cheer more? Well! now tell the story
How Britain's sons achieved their glory;
Thro' hut and hall, from town to tower,
Proclaim it with a voice of power,
Till its spell reach the sunniest bower,
Where blooms her bright imperial flower,
Joying to hear the praise of them,
Who wield the sword, by lord of song,
Or what their deeds? her diadem?
To silence doom'd,—oblivion's wrong.
Their light, their beauty, and the beam
Of soul, would vanish like a dream.

When prostrate Europe trembling lay,
And deep eclipsed e'en England's day,
When that dread exile of the rock
Resplendent shone, at whose fierce shock
Of banded millions monarchs bow'd,
And nations wove their funeral shroud,
Freedom and commerce died—e'en hope,
His dark fates' baleful star to cope,—
Decius-like the gulph she saw;
The last sole refuge,—Britain's awe
Held the world's Victor still at bay,
Panting to add her to his sway.
'Twas then around her threaten'd shores
Their shields of valour throwing,
Young hearts like thine far fled the towers
Where Pleasure's strains were flowing.
The soldier's eye attracts the chief,
Kindling fresh fire—and words are brief—
Brief service too,—born to command,
He marshals soon his veteran band.

When erst in academic bowers—
Not lost on thee the glorious stores
Brought from fall'n Latium's silent shores;
Or Greece's prowess—Carthage' fall—
The pride of empire—and its—pall.

Like that resistless chief he served,
Thought-read from duty never swerved,
Vied with his country's genius—rose
In every land where fortune throws
The bold and buoyant o'er each ill,
Foremost of all in strength or skill,
Each feat of daring—gallant deed
Swift as the wind upon the steed—
To form, to charge—to win or bleed—
By day by night, his stern delight
To lead where danger threats, and say,
"How beautiful the English fight—
Each chief to each—when chiefs away—
And their's the glory of the day!"*
Their Freedom's pastime—valour's play.
Brethren and comrades heroes grow,
The soul inspires—fresh laurels flow.

How many a clime and burning sun
Witness'd the fields his spirit won,
When Victory, trembling in the scale,
Is lost, if high hearts pause or fail,
Soldier and chief his genius fired,
Till from the blood-red turf, attired,
Like goddess from the head of Jove,
The bravest e'er are woman's love,—
She sprang to her own favourite child,
And on his fearless stern feats smiled.
The gems in Britain's bright arms set,
Lustre of crown and coronet.
Prize them beyond all statesmen's wiles,
Thou sovereign Lady of the Isles,
As pillars of thy empire when
Wild war-shocks try the souls of men;—
Shower honours on the veteran's path
Who met him in his deadliest wrath—
Still taught each British breast to glow
Where his fierce tempests loudest blow.
'Twas then proud Victory like THEE smiled
Beauteous, and spoke:—Now glory's child
Shine forth! my own my favourite one.
See Britain's genius droop—her sun
Half clouded;—hasten—now, the hour
For England strike—for England's flower;
So with thy fame for evermore
Her triumphs knit—shall Alliwal
A watch-word be for heroes' spirits,
A spell thy genius to recall
Whoe'er thy dauntless soul inherits.

NOVELS OF THE MONTH.

I. GRANTLEY MANOR.—II. RUSSELL: A TALE OF THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.—III. ALL CLASSES.—IV. DAUGHTERS.—V. CROMWELL IN IRELAND.

I.—GRANTLEY MANOR.†

"THERE are some things," says a writer in the *Edinburgh Review*, some seventeen or eighteen years ago, "which women do better than men, and of these, perhaps novel-writing is one. Naturally endowed with greater delicacy of taste and feeling, with a moral sense not blunted and debased by those contaminations to which men are exposed, leading lives rather of observation than of action, with leisure to attend to the minutiæ of conduct, and more subtle developments of character; they are particularly qualified for the task of exhibiting, faithfully and pleasingly, the various phases of domestic life, and those varieties which chequer the surface of society."

A generalisation of this kind is, however, not without exceptions. If the delineations of female writers are distinguished, for the most part, by greater fidelity and consistency, they are also generally less vigorous than those afforded by men. Generally prone to the sentimental in fiction, that sentimentalism is often carried to an affected and ridiculous extent, to the sacrifice of natural incident, character, and dialogue; and impelled by their peculiar sensibilities and delicacy of feeling they are too uniformly pathetic and tender.

These peculiarities of the very best class of novels from female writers, are also strikingly prominent in Lady Georgiana Fullerton's new novel, "Grantley Manor."

If sentimentalism is sometimes carried to a rather extravagant height, and tenderness and pathos are occasionally over-wrought, still it is impos-

* An observation attributed to Napoleon at Waterloo.

† Grantley Manor, a Tale. By Lady Georgiana Fullerton. Authoress of "Ellen Middleton." 3 vols. Edward Moxon.

sible to deny to the work, striking and passionate scenes, exquisite and truthful delineations of English society and character, vigour and grace of language, and high intellectual power; that power being steadily and energetically devoted to one great purpose.

"Grantley Manor" is not a story that bears telling otherwise than as it is told. It is too simple in construction, and the execution is certainly, in some respects, better than the design. The devices of the narrative are evidently throughout made subsidiary to one great purpose. So also it is not easy to extract from a narrative of which every part is essential to the whole, and in which each scene is only a step in the progress to one great end.

A young girl—the offspring of a second union, her father being an English gentleman, her mother, the sister of an Italian painter—is married in Italy to a young English traveller; but the bride being a Roman Catholic, and the father of the bridegroom, a stern, unyielding Protestant, it becomes expedient to conceal the marriage. The fair and intellectual Ginevra yields to the entreaties of her husband, and repairs to England to join her father, Mr. Leslie, and her beautiful sister Margaret Leslie, a character most carefully, and, we may add, most skilfully delineated. That this gay, child-like, spoiled, and yet clever, heroine of the earlier portions of the story, should, however, give herself ultimately away to the passionless family friend "Old Walter," as she calls him, the monitor of her young days, is not a denouement precisely in accordance with admitted proprieties.

Received in her own family as an unmarried daughter, it is then that the trials and perplexities of the graver and more impassioned Ginevra Leslie begin. The mystery attached to her position is rendered even more painful by Margaret becoming attached to her husband, and thus giving a temporary slight to "Old Walter." In the meantime the stern father dies, and Edmund Neville, Ginevra's husband, succeeds to the property, encumbered by a provision that in case of his marrying a Roman Catholic, that property passes at once to his sister and her betrothed cousin, another Neville.

The necessity for further concealing the marriage is now apparently rendered more imperious than ever, and most trying and perplexing are the embarrassments which are brought upon all parties by this state of things. The husband and wife meet constantly in society, the latter is wooed, for her beauty, her intellect, and her wealth; and jealousy adds its pang to the pains and difficulties of the false position in which all parties are placed. At length the tired and suffering Ginevra is driven by the selfishness of her husband, and the difficulties of her position, to a state of madness, and to the very verge of the grave, and then we have the climax.

Among the various trials to which Ginevra is exposed in this systematic piling up of grief upon grief and sorrow upon sorrow, the greatest is founded upon an error in name, which leads her to believe that Edmund is about to desert her altogether, and enter upon a new matrimonial engagement. This fragment of the story may serve as a fair example of the whole. Ginevra, it must be understood, is hastening upon the announcement made to her of the intended marriage to the church where the ceremony is to be performed.

Oh, there is strength in the human frame when terror awakens it. There is a might in the feeble limbs when despair lends them speed. Weights have been lifted—walls have been scaled—bolts have been wrenched by the weak

hands of women, when love and fear have made them strong; and she too can struggle, she too can fly, she too can reach that spot, lift up her voice at that altar, or die at its foot! She did not faint, she did not tremble now, she did not even turn pale. She gave the child to its mother, and drew her shawl over her breast, as if she had been cold. The thermometer was at eighty, and the sun shining on her at the time. She stared at Giovanni's wife for a second as if about to speak, and then darted out of the door, and into the lane that led to the London-road. She walked—she ran—she flew along the dusty foot-path. She was cold, and shivered, but her head was burning. An omnibus passed, in a minute she was inside. Then the intensity of suffering began. While she walked, it had not been so acute; now the horses crawled along, while the fever raged in her veins. The coachman stopped for another passenger. She went almost mad. Each impediment, each delay, sent the blood to her head with violence, and then with a sickening revulsion back again to her heart. The crimson spot on her cheek grew deeper and deeper; the brilliancy of her eyes vanished, a dull film spread over them. She knew, or felt, or saw nothing, but that a crime was about to be committed, that she was dying, and that the road was lengthening before her. The fixity of her purpose guiding her, the intensity of fear paralysing her, the dreadful strength of agony supporting her, she went on, each second a minute, each minute an hour, that hour an eternity of suffering. The driver stopped again; she clenched her hands together and wrung them.

"Are you wanting to get on? What's the matter wi' you?" said a rough man by her side.

She did not answer, but he looked into her face and saw that the delay was killing her.

"Have you money to pay for a cab? It would take you faster."

They were just passing a stand. She rushed out, was asked for the fare, and put her purse into the driver's hand. He took out a shilling, and gave it back to her, but shook his head, and touched his forehead with a significant gesture as she passed him. She sprung into a cab, gave the coachman a sovereign, and said, in a scarcely audible tone, and then, when not understood, in a loud startling manner—"To St. George's, Hanover-square!" and, crouching at the bottom of the carriage with her head against the front seat, she prayed not to be too late—that prayer which was no form, no words, no cry, nothing but a silent wrestling for mercy—the struggle of a great agony which God sees and hears. Her sufferings drew to a close. Flashes of light seemed to pass before her eyes. Strange sounds mingled in her ears with the distant growling of the thunder. An unnatural strength seemed to animate her. She began to speak in a loud voice, and was conscious that she did so, and yet could not stop. She knew not where she was. Earth seemed passed away, Time to be no more. The carriage stopt—she sprung out—passed through the portal into the church—gazed wildly down the nave—tried to speak, to move, to scream, for he stood at the altar; she could not—she gasped—she stretched out her arms. He turned—he saw her—he knew her—he was with her—her arm was drawn in his—and through the crowd they darted away across the square towards Oxford-street, unconscious where they were, unconscious of what they were doing. He pressed her arm to his heart, but the mute caress was not returned; he spoke to her in short broken sentences, and no answer passed her lips; still she kept up with him, and walked on with her eyes bent on the ground. He asked, at last, in dreadful agitation,—

"Ginevra! do you hear me?"

She stared at him and said "Yes."

"Where have you been—where do you come from?—will you not answer me, Ginevra?"

Still she said "Yes," in that same strange voice, and gazed on him with the same fixed dull look as before. He turned very pale. A horrible thought occurred to him; one of those thoughts which freeze a man's blood in his veins, and make a cold sweat start on his brow; and the while, they stood in one of those crowded London thoroughfares, jostled by hundreds of busy

hurrying passers-by—brought together he knew not how—an unnatural silence between them—his mind unable to contemplate the next step to be taken—and still they walked on, and still she spoke not. It was as if her spectre was accompanying him. He addressed her again in words of supplication, and still she answered "Yes," in that deep unnatural tone. He grew almost frantic. "She is mad—she is mad," he said to himself. He felt it; he knew it; *he* had driven her mad!

II.—RUSSELL: A TALE OF THE REIGN OF CHARLES II.*

The corruption of the land in the time of the second Charles, is a thing at present almost inconceivable. The scheming in court and cabinet, in the courts of law and the houses of parliament, in every mansion, and in almost every family of the land, while it baffles the historian presents ever new and unhackneyed themes for the novelist. The Rye House plot, and the melancholy fate of Russell and Sidney, scarcely come under the latter category, but the history of the houses of Ellerton and Malwood, which constitutes the real groundwork of a story to which the name of Lord William Russell serves rather as a beacon than the representation of the thing itself, presents us with an equally varied and able sketch of scenes common to those gloomy days, when every one was plotting to gain some end—power gold, station, love, honour, fame—and all by tortuous means, as cunning, trick, artifice, knavery, violence; but rarely violence where corruption would do. There was no shame; for, from the king to the link-boy every one knew his neighbour to be a rogue, and there was no such thing as morals in the back parlour to shame the vice in the drawing-room. The records of most private families of the period show that this was the case; but of course, there were some exceptions, one or two honest statesmen are recorded, and such things as patriots were found with a lantern; but most of them, it must be said, expiated their eccentricity on a scaffold.

There were, also, some private individuals who thought straightforward truth best, and some families, in which sincerity was the rule; and such was the case at Ellerton Castle, where we are presented with a blameless hero in the person of Lord Francis Vipont, although the earl, his father, had come to Sir William Ellerton's estates, by mysterious means, of which the most prominent part was the expatriation of Sir William, and the confiscation of his property as a traitor; and with an equally conscientious and faithful heroine, Emmeline, who was steadfast at once to her principles and her love, although its object, Henry Maldon, was another of the victims of the fierce and unsparing persecutions of the times.

But at Malwood Hall we have characters of another description, and scenes more characteristic of the times—to wit, Lord Alcester rioting in the dissipation of a property unjustly acquired; Sir Frederick Beltingham at once pandering to his friend's vices, and yet striving to serve his own scheming purposes; besides two other specimens of the profligate, immoral young gentlemen of the period. This is the party to whom we are introduced at the onset of the story.

"To the blue-eyed maid of the cottage!" said one.

"To the blue-eyed maid of the cottage!" said another.

And so said a third and a fourth.

And then we have a compact description of the oak-panelled hall in

* Russell: a Tale of the Reign of Charles II. By G. P. R. James, Esq. 3 vols. Smith, Elder and Co.

which these festive scenes were enacted in Charles the Second's time—a real painting in prose. And who is the blue-eyed maid of the cottage? No less a personage than the heroine of the story—the fair Gertrude Ellerton, domiciled in a cottage upon the expatriation of her father—betrothed in her palmy days to Lord Francis—sought after by Sir Frederick Beltingham, as the rightful heir to the Ellerton property—and still more energetically pursued by Lord Alcester—the occupant of Malwood—as simply "the blue-eyed maid of the cottage."

Alas, poor Gertrude!—Her trials may be imagined. But Henrietta Compton, a fair maiden, already deceived and wronged by the profligate young lord, warns her in time, and a strange juggler from abroad, with Moorish attendants, and barbs fed with bread and ale—an Anglicised version of Dumas's Balsamo—comes to her rescue and carries her to a place of safety.

New difficulties await her. Delivered from one persecutor, a letter, forged by Beltingham, purporting to be from her father, just returned to England, carries her into the power of the former, from whom she is saved at almost the last moment, by the greatest, if not the most important personage of the story. Beltingham had made his case a strong one, for he had positive information of the return of the outlawed Sir William, and he had, by his deeply laid schemes, outwitted Lord Alcester, and got Gertrude in his power, and that, too, at a time when her loyal lover, Lord Francis, was ransacking the country, day and night, in pursuit of the abductors. But maidens, too, had imbibed the desperate spirit of the times.

"Now I tell you, Gertrude Ellerton," cried Beltingham, vehemently; "that even if you dare to make that sacrifice—if you are resolved coldly to leave your parent to the fate that shall certainly overtake him—it shall not serve your purpose. You know me, Gertrude, and that I will keep my word. If you are not my wife, you shall be worse. I have offered you an honourable fate and your father's life; do not you madly seek dishonour, and a parent's death. Girl, remember that you are in my power as well as your father."

"Not so much as you suppose, sir," answered Gertrude, with a dauntless look, for her spirit rose with indignation. "You think me defenceless; I am so no longer;" and she raised her hand, clasped tight round the handle of the sharp-pointed knife.

"Put it down on the table," cried Beltingham, in a voice of thunder.

"I will not," answered Gertrude, firmly; "it is here my only defence—my only friend. Do not deceive yourself, either, sir; for if you attempt to touch me, I will use it."

"You shall see that," cried Beltingham; and darting round the table, he sprang upon her. Had Gertrude struck one blow, he was a dead man; for, as he stretched forth his arms to clasp her, his breast was left unguarded; but a moment of hesitation lost her the advantage. Her heart failed—she could not strike; and the next instant both her wrists were caught in his strong grasp. But in terror and agitation, she uttered shriek upon shriek, and she thought she heard steps running quick.

"Silence!—Silence!" he cried, "I will not hurt you—I did but jest—silence! put down the knife."

But Gertrude held it fast, and encouraged by his evident alarm, shrieked for help again and again.

The next instant the door was shaken violently, and burst open into the room; and two gentlemen rushed in with their swords drawn, followed by several servants.

Beltingham let go his hold, took a step back, and unsheathed his rapier, exclaiming. "Back! What seek you here? How dare you intrude?"

Gertrude sprang forward, and fell overpowered at the feet of William, Lord

Russell, while the gentleman at his side darted past her, and she heard the clashing of swords.

"Separate them!—Separate them!" cried Lord Russell, as she clasped his knees; but the next instant there was a groan, a heavy fall, and a dead silence.

The gentleman who thus revenged the outraged young lady, and wounded Beltingham, but not to death, was Algernon Sidney.

The hue and cry, and the chase across the country after the returned outlaw, even to the refuge in the church tower, is peculiarly characteristic of Mr. James; with whom also the faithful, plain-spoken, hardy Dick Myrtle is an inevitable accessory in those rural exploits and "runs," which are as essential to his English stories as a trial in a court of law was to Sir Walter Scott.

But the scene changes again. The prosecuted man is befriended by William, Lord Russell, and a place of refuge is afforded him in a meeting-house of the malcontents—where an interview with his daughter, Gertrude, was first obtained. The period of Sir W. Ellerton's residence at Shepherd's, the wine-merchant's, was that at which the fatal message was brought by Colonel Rumford from Lord Shaftesbury, urging the assembly, in somewhat furious terms, to raise the country to resistance before effectual resistance should be rendered impossible.

It was at the same time, also, that in the chambers of a poor lawyer, high up in one of the tall houses of the Temple, Dick Myrtle became an involuntary listener to the plot proposed by Master Rumbald to his associates for murdering the king.

"You must come to my scheme after all," said Rumbald; "wait till the king goes again to Newmarket, then gathering force at my place, the Rye-House, near Hoddesdon, one man on horseback can ride forward a mile or two on the road, and bring us news when the carriage is coming; we can then overturn one of my carts, just round the corner, where they will not see it till they are close upon it. There are never more than ten or twelve guards with the coach; and then Colonel Walcot can charge with a body of our own horse, who can lie concealed in this court till the moment they are needed, while we put the two tyrants to death. Look here! this is the plan of the farm: there is the house, a nice old place which would stand a siege if need be; here is the moat round the grounds and a thick wall; then up the west side, you see, comes the road from Newmarket, and at that corner turns away to the south, still keeping along the moat and the wall. Then I would overturn the cart, so that the carriages could not pass. Here you see the great gates and a drawbridge over the moat, so that a charge out of the court would take the guards on the rear and flank. As soon as it was all done, we could separate by all these lanes and by-ways, get into London, and raise the city. Nothing can be more easy than the whole affair, with stout hands and hearts to execute it."

As a sequel to these treasonable meetings, we have to follow Lord William Russell to the scaffold, and to peruse a well-penned narrative of the affectionate zeal and magnanimity of the Lady Rachel, which has won more renown to this sad execution, than even the virtues or the rank of the sufferer. The visit of Gertrude to the prisoner in the Tower is admirably told.

As a contrast to these lugubrious reminiscences of times past, and it is to be hoped never to return, an agreeable surprise is left to us in the assumption by the mysterious juggler, of his real character, of Henry Maldon, the returned and now happy lover of the Lady Emmeline Vipont—the successful suit of Lord Francis with the long persecuted Gertrude, and the restoration of Sir William to his rights and property. At the same

time, punishment and degradation await the profligate Lord Alcester, to whom Henrietta Compton, who has succeeded to a goodly estate, alone remains, like true-hearted woman, faithful in his misfortunes. As for Beltingham he was knocked down by Dick Myrtle, at the scaffold where Russell sealed his devotion to his country by his blood, and trampled to death by the multitude. The Black Care which sits behind each horseman as a whip and a spur throughout this interesting story is at length happily unseated, and a fair vista of happiness appears to be permanently established in the prospective for all parties.

III.—ALL CLASSES.*

Carefully written, with well discriminated characters, and a sufficient intricacy and variety of plot and incident, this novel possesses the additional merits of keeping sound moral objects in view. Madame Wolfensberger's comprehensive ideas of "All Classes," may, indeed, be gathered from a few introductory observations.

It would be impossible to find a more interesting spectacle for a moralist, than the hurrying crowds that flit along one of the great thoroughfares of London. No two human beings he beholds resemble each other. Nor does this dissimilarity exist alone in external appearance, in riches, in poverty, in station, or natural faculties. But the minds of all have had a different training, and a fearful inequality has thus been produced among the motley crowd, as regards the power of availing themselves of the means of happiness within their reach.

They are all pursuing the same object in different ways; yet few, very few are capable of attaining it. Vice darkens the eyes of many; passion misleads many more; the most educated frequently, wilfully nurse the seeds of sorrow in their own hearts, whilst numbers who crawl about in want and rags, hopeless and idle, had then been taught in their early years, that the honest and the true are the only real sources of happiness, might in humble plenty have enjoyed the contented cheerfulness of successful industry.

There, too, may be seen the spoiled children of good fortune, whose feeble affections death can scarcely wound, and yet whose luxurious days are clouded by many a self-created misery. These votaries of pleasure would shrink with horror and disgust from the history of half the unknown beings on whom they scarcely deign to glance, as they glide past them in their faultless equipages; and yet in this history of the busy throng lies the real poetry of life. It is the story of man's solitary struggle with his own passions and the passions of others. It is the great tragedy of which the earth is the theatre, and whose catastrophe will be the end of time.

There is a certain class of elegant exclusives who consider that princes and nobles, the great and the fashionable, all above themselves but none beneath, constitute the world. Yet it appears impossible for any reasonable being to watch the tide of life as it rushes through one of the great metropolitan currents, and maintain a prejudice so narrow.

No, the moralist must feel that the main ocean of existence is here around him, struggling, and rushing, and whirling, now in the depths, now in the sunshine; and this is the social world whose happiness, and welfare, and moral training, and not that of an exclusive class, ought to be the object of legislation, and whose eternal movement, ever gathering strength with knowledge, has already shaken off the dominion of brute force, is struggling against that of gold and superstition, and leads ever forward to liberty and justice.

It will be readily anticipated that after so stern an exordium, we are favoured with a heroine of gentle blood, who has so far broken through the trammels of rank, as to labour to render herself a useful member of that society which her relatives insisted that she was only born to adorn. And the Lady Clara is also favoured with a lover, in

* All Classes. A Novel. By Madame Wolfensberger, late Miss Burdon. 3 vols. T. C. Newby.

the person of a young barrister, a man of thought and feeling, who estimates others by their qualities, not by the external circumstances of fortune and rank, with which birth or hazard has surrounded them, and which habit had alone sufficed "to elevate him above the abject pursuit of great or fashionable society, which renders many otherwise honourable men contemptible even in the eyes of those whose transient notice they consider honour."

As a reverse to this picture, we have a noble father, proud, selfish, irritable, ignorant; and a step-mother, vain, extravagant, heartless, and criminal; a spoilt heir and corrupted youth; a gambling, profligate knight; and a variety of characters of inferior importance, acting their parts in the good or evil aspects of the story. The suppression of the will by the step-mother, an intriguing widow of low birth, is the mainspring by which the minor details are brought into play, and the detection of the injustice done to his beloved Clara by the young barrister, and the final exposure of Lady Ellersby, constitute the *denouement*.

The lesson which this story conveys, and which Madame Wolfensberger has evidently wished to enforce, is, that much remains still to be done in the education of the rich to enable them to make a proper use of the property they enjoy, and "to resist the evil influence of the ever progressing luxury of the age, the most subtle and dangerous of all enemies to national virtue and independence."

IV.—DAUGHTERS.*

THE author of "Sybil Lennard" has put forth a new novel, "Daughters," which possesses considerable merit. The interest of the tale is too varied to permit of an abstract, for it turns upon the sufferings of a good and well-intentioned mother in disposing of her daughters by marriage, and hence it is diffused over the events attending the career of several young ladies in that period of life which especially belongs to the Novel.

"Daughters" may, however, fairly take high rank among the best stories of every day life, and fidelity in such cannot but be considered as excellence in art; notwithstanding the absurd dogma of a certain school of criticism to the effect that every work of imagination should evolve and illustrate a distinct truth.

V.—CROMWELL IN IRELAND.†

As in most Irish stories, there is too much native dialogue in "Cromwell in Ireland," which has no reference to the narrative. But the time is well chosen, and many of the characters are dashingly hit off, and possess great historical interest. Such being the case, it is a pity that the interest is made to depend upon incidents and events, which have more of Irish historical reality in them, than of the usual contrasts of fiction. The rivalry of a good and a bad man for a fair heroine, which is terminated by the maiden's death, is a bold venture for a romantic denouement; a widow's marriage with her husband's assassin, the expiation of the atrocities of others on the scaffold, and the sorry satisfaction of the royalists—the party affected by the romancer—in living to see the prince for whom they bled, reign as a "heartless profligate over a corrupted people," are all events more characteristic of the colour given to the times, by the "Emerald Islanders," than calculated to win interest, either as a romantic fiction or history.

* Daughters. A Novel. By the Author of the "Gambler's Wife," "Sybil Lennard." 3 vols. T. C. Newby.

† Cromwell in Ireland; a Historical Romance. 3 vols. T. C. Newby.

JAMES THE SECOND;

OR,

THE REVOLUTION OF 1688.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

EDITED BY

W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. W. BUSS.

BOOK IV.

IX.

FEVERSHAM AND CHURCHILL.

WHILE the events just related were taking place in London, the king's army had pursued its march, and ultimately encamped on Salisbury Plain.

The morning was somewhat advanced, as two officers issued from a pavilion near the centre of the camp; and, halting outside, looked anxiously up the road to London. The foremost was the Earl of Feversham, the commander-in-chief, and his companion was Lord Churchill, afterwards the great Duke of Marlborough.

Lewis de Duras, Earl of Feversham, was a native of France, and son of the Duke de Duras, and brother of the Duke de Lorge. His mother was a member of the noble house of Bouillon, and sister of the great Turenne. At the Restoration, he bore the French title of Marquis of Blancfort, and accompanying Charles the Second to England, he was naturalised, and appointed to the command of the third troop of horse-guards, from which he was afterwards promoted to the first. He behaved with great gallantry in the sea-fight with the Dutch, in 1665; and some years afterwards was raised by Charles the Second to the English peerage, under the title of Baron Duras of Holdenby; and having married Mary, the eldest daughter of Sir George Sondes, of Lees Court, Kent, who had been created Earl of Feversham, the same title was conferred upon him on the death of his father-in-law. In 1679, he was made master of the horse to Queen Katherine, and was afterwards appointed her lord-chamberlain; and on the accession of James the Second, was admitted into the privy-council, and despatched as commander-in-chief against the Duke of Monmouth, whom he completely defeated, and sent a prisoner to London.

Feversham was tall and well-shaped, with a frank and expressive countenance, and resembled his maternal uncle, Turenne.

Born at Aske, in Devonshire, on the 25th of June, 1650, Lord Churchill was the son of Sir Winston Churchill, of Newton Basset, in Wiltshire, who had joined the standard of Charles the First during the civil war, and suffered severely for his loyalty. It was probably owing to this circumstance that the education of the future hero was entirely neglected. Lord Chesterfield speaks of him as "unusually illiterate;" and

he said himself that his whole acquaintance with history was derived from Shakspeare's plays. A letter in the Clarendon and Rochester Correspondence, furnishes a curious specimen of his orthography. It is dated "*Jully* 4th, 1685;" and begins thus,—"I have *recived* your lordship's kind letter, and *doe ashure* you that you *waire* very Just to me in the opinion you had of me, for nobody living can have *bene* more *obsarvant then* I have *bene* to my Lord *feavarsham* ever since I have *bene* with him, in *soe* much that he did tell me that he would *writt* to the king, to *lett* him know how diligent I was,—and I should be *glade* if you could know whether he has done me that Justice."

But to compensate for the deficiencies of education, nature had endowed young Churchill with extraordinary personal attractions; and having at an early age been appointed page to the first Duchess of York, and ensign in the guards, these attractions soon opened to him the way to preferment.

"The graces," says Chesterfield,* "protected and promoted him; for while he was an ensign of the guards, the Duchess of Cleveland, then favourite mistress to King Charles the Second, struck by those very graces, gave him five thousand pounds, with which he immediately bought an annuity for his life, of five hundred pounds a year, of my grandfather Halifax, which was the foundation of his future fortune. His figure was beautiful, but his manner was irresistible, by either man or woman." It was said of him, indeed, that he refused more gracefully than other people could grant, and that those even to whom he denied favours, were so charmed by his flattering manner, that they retired from his presence without feeling disappointment. To these advantages, he added a coolness and self-possession which no circumstances could disturb, and however he might be provoked, his countenance never lost the singular mildness of its expression. As a drawback to so much excellence, however, he had a disagreeable voice, which Pope ridiculed in an unpublished poem, making him,

"In accents of a whining ghost
—— lament the son he lost."

His ruling passion was avarice; and he is spoken of by Swift, in one of his letters to Stella, as being as "covetous as hell, and ambitious as the prince of it;" Lord Bolingbroke unwillingly admits his avarice, but adds, "he was so very great a man, that I forgot he had that vice."

Churchill's first military service was at Tangier, where he served as a volunteer, though holding a commission in the guards; and having distinguished himself for skill and courage, he was appointed captain in Monmouth's regiment of grenadiers, and in 1672, when the duke was despatched with six thousand men to assist Louis XIV. against the Dutch, Churchill obtained permission to accompany him. He remained with the duke throughout the campaign, and behaved with such gallantry at the sieges of Maestricht and Nimeguen, that he was complimented on his conduct by the great Turenne, who mentioned him in very flattering terms to the French monarch, and always spoke of him as "the handsome Englishman." On his return to England, Churchill's services were rewarded with the colonelcy of Littleton's regiment, and he was appointed gentleman of the bed-chamber to the Duke of York,

* Letters to his Son. Letter 136.

and, shortly afterwards, his master of the horse. From this period he became James's inseparable companion, attending him on all the occasions of his being sent into exile, both to Scotland and Holland; and he was with him in the *Gloucester* frigate, in 1682, when that vessel was wrecked on the Yarmouth Sands. On this occasion, James gave a flattering proof of his attachment for the young soldier; for, though he was awakened in the middle of the night, yet, regardless of all the terrors of the scene, his first inquiry was for Churchill, and his first care to see him safely bestowed in the only boat that was seaworthy. On the 1st of December, 1682, he persuaded the king to raise his favourite to the peerage, by the title of Baron Eymouth, and soon afterwards procured him the colonelcy of the Horse Guards. It was about this period that Churchill married the beautiful Sarah Jennings, sister of La Belle Jennings, of Grammont, and afterwards celebrated as the favourite of Queen Anne.

On his accession to the throne, James seized every opportunity of conferring new favours on Churchill. After sending him as ambassador to France, to notify his accession to Louis, he created him a viscount, appointed him lord of the bed-chamber, and high-steward of the borough of St. Alban's; and in the following month sent him as major-general, under the Earl of Feversham, against his former commander, the Duke of Monmouth, and by his vigilance on the night of the battle, Churchill was mainly instrumental in obtaining the victory.

"There is no sign of his majesty coming, you see," said the Earl of Feversham. "I will wait another hour, and if he is not here by that time, I shall march towards the enemy."

"I defer to your lordship's arrangements, but, I confess, I am still of opinion that we should await the enemy here," answered Churchill. "It is a strong position, and covers the approach to the metropolis, and if an action ensues, our men will be fresh and vigorous, while the enemy will be wearied with his march."

"All this is true," rejoined Feversham; "but there is, as your lordship knows, a great point in making the first attack. By advancing, we shall give the soldiers more confidence, and, at the same time, defeat any treachery which may be in contemplation. The rumours that have reached us call for every precaution."

"If there were any ground for believing them," replied Churchill; "but I would pledge myself for the loyalty of our officers. Prince George is equally satisfied of it; and, *à propos*, here comes his royal highness."

Turning, Feversham perceived the prince, and he and Churchill advanced to salute him.

Prince George, youngest son of Frederick III., King of Denmark, was born at Copenhagen on the 21st of April, 1653, and had attained his thirtieth year when he became the husband of the Princess Anne. He had previously travelled through France, Germany, and Italy, and as a soldier, had gained great reputation for personal courage, having distinguished himself in a signal manner at the celebrated battle of Landen, where his brother, Charles V., was taken prisoner by the Swedes, when Prince George, perceiving his situation, rushed into the enemy's ranks, and rescued the monarch with his own hand. He arrived in England on the 16th of July, 1683, to solemnise his nuptials with the

Princess Anne; and Evelyn, who saw him the day after his arrival, says, "He had the Danish countenance, blonde; of few words; spoke French but ill." Macky describes him as "very fat; loves news, his bottle, and his wife;" and it may be added that the prince was not only partial to wine, but was also given to dram-drinking. His temper was mild and gentle in the extreme, but his capacity was small; and the kindness of his heart frequently made him the dupe of designing persons, when he thought he was acting with perfect rectitude.

"We were talking of these slanderous rumours, sir," said Churchill, as the prince came up; "and I was assuring Lord Feversham, that the enemy reported what they wished rather than what they believed."

"Just so," replied Prince George, drawing forth a massive gold snuff-box, and taking a heavy toll of its contents. "There is no reason to doubt any of the officers. But see! yonder comes his majesty at last."

A cloud of dust rising on the road at some distance proclaimed the royal approach. Turning to the pavilion, Feversham called his aide-de-camp, and gave him some instructions, and in a moment more trumpets were heard in every direction, ringing forth the stirring summons of "Turn out the whole army—turn out the whole army!"

The whole army, horse and foot, accordingly turned out and mustered on parade, where they were drawn up to receive the king. Scarcely was the manœuvre effected when James entered the camp, accompanied by Moor and his personal attendants, and followed by a guard of honour. He was received by the artillery with a royal salute, while the band of the guards struck up the national anthem, and the whole army presented arms.

Riding on to the parade James was met by Feversham and his staff, and he complimented the general on the fine appearance of the army. But though he felt cheered by the imposing aspect of the troops, the king still doubted the fidelity of the officers, and he informed Feversham of the intelligence he had received from Moor.

"I have heard a like rumour, my liege," replied Feversham, "but I believe it to be erroneous."

"I will speak to the principal officers on the subject," rejoined James; "let them be called."

Accordingly, the word was passed for all field-officers to step to the front. As they ranged themselves in a line, James informed them in a few words of the report that had reached him, adding that he disbelieved it, and to show his entire confidence in them, he had come to place his crown and his cause in their keeping.

"Your majesty will have no reason to repent your confidence," cried Lord Churchill. "We are all devoted to you."

"I shall rejoice to fall in your service, my liege," cried Colonel Trelawney. "My life will be a poor return for the favours you have conferred on me."

"Your majesty has conferred a new favour on us in discrediting this slander," observed Colonel Kirke, "but if I catch any of these Orange pips I'll sow them in a soil from which they shall never rise till the Day of Judgment."

Prince George of Denmark, the Dukes of Grafton and Ormonde, and other leading officers expressed themselves in a similar manner, and the whole body solemnly pledged themselves to stand or fall with the king.

James then dismissed them, and they returned to the ranks, while the monarch passed down the front of the line and inspected each regiment in succession. As he approached the centre of the line, Moor, who had absented himself for a few minutes, rode up, followed by a couple of horsemen.

"Two messengers to your majesty," cried the young man. "Lord Danby, who was reported to have joined the enemy, has sent to say that he has raised Yorkshire in your behalf, and another messenger brings word that the traitor Lovelace and seventy horsemen have been attacked and captured at Cirencester by the militia."

James uttered an exclamation of pleasure, and the news passing quickly along the line, the whole army burst into a simultaneous huzza. As the cheers subsided Lord Feversham approached the king.

"Now, my liege, let us advance," he said, "and victory is assured us."

"Not to-day," answered James. "Churchill recommends our staying here, and I cannot decide in a moment. We will talk of it to-morrow." And turning to Moor, he added, "Now for Salisbury. We will fix our quarters to-night at the bishop's palace."

With this he led the way to the road, followed by Moor and his guards, and galloped off in the direction of the ancient city of the plain. At the same time Feversham dismissed the troops and they retired to their tents, talking over the events of the morning.

X.

THE MEETING AT STONEHENGE.

The night was somewhat advanced before Moor was released from his attendance on the king, but late as it was he determined to return to the camp, in order to satisfy himself, from his own observation, of the good disposition of the army. It was very dark, and the road was extremely lonely—all communication between the camp and city being prohibited after sunset; but at length the moon rising, Moor discovered that he had strayed from the direct route, and at the same time perceived at a little distance the gigantic outlines of Stonehenge.

Lofty barrows ran in lines round a level plain, called the *Cursus*, which tradition asserts was used as a race-course by the ancient Britons; and in the centre of the area was a circular ditch, enclosing a mound of earth, about fifteen feet high, and within the mound rose the mysterious pile which many suppose to be of anti-diluvian origin.

Unable to resist the temptation to explore the wondrous relic of a forgotten faith, Moor dismounted, and tying his horse to a thorn, proceeded along a sort of causeway, supposed to have been the original avenue to the interior of the enclosure. This embraced a circumference of about 300 feet, the centre of which had originally been occupied by three distinct circles of upright stones, one circle within the other. These upright stones were about five feet apart: they were fourteen feet high, and nearly eight in thickness, and each supported an horizontal stone, running from one to the other. Within the third circle was an enormous flat stone, lying prostrate, supposed to be a Druidical altar.

Only the front part of the outer circle, forming a sort of crescent, was now perfect, but many of the stones of the other circles were standing, while the remainder lay around in disorder—some leaning against other stones, some partly sunk in the earth, and others lying flat on the ground.

As Moor surveyed the mystic pile, rendered more solemn and striking by the darkness, which was revealed rather than broken, by the partially obscured moon, he could not repress an indefinable feeling of superstitious awe, but the impression was quickly effaced by the approach of footsteps, and mechanically drawing back behind one of the huge stones, he saw, without being himself observed, two men enter the temple.

"We are late," said the foremost, "but they have not been here, or they would have waited till we came. They may miss the road in the darkness."

"There's some one comin' now," answered his companion. "Stand back a little, my lord."

As they drew into the shadow of one of the gigantic stones, two other men, muffled in long cloaks, made their appearance.

"Orange!" cried the foremost of the new comers.

"Nassau," answered a voice; and the two men who had first arrived stepped forward.

"Ha! Lord Mauvesin!" returned his challenger. "We have kept you waiting, I fear. I have brought Lord Churchill to see you."

"Colonel Trelawney tells me you are the commissioned agent of the Prince of Orange, my lord," said Churchill. "I am anxious to offer my best services to his highness."

Before Mauvesin could reply other footsteps were heard, and the next moment Colonels Kirke and Colepepper, and the Dukes of Grafton and Ormonde, entered the temple. Giving the password of "Orange," and being answered with the countersign, they stepped forward.

"We are all here now, except Cornbury," said Mauvesin, "and I saw him in Salisbury this morning. My instructions can be told in a word; the prince wishes to get the tyrant out of the way."

"It is natural that he should do so, but it will not be of easy accomplishment," observed Kirke. "The common soldiers are faithful to a man, and the king will never be persuaded to abandon them."

"There is a shorter way of settling the business," said one of the speakers, significantly.

There was a pause. His auditors, as well as the speaker himself, owed almost every thing to the king's bounty, and the dark suggestion filled most of them with horror.

"No, no," cried Churchill. "We will carry him off. I have sounded my regiment, and can depend on its fidelity, and I shall seize an early opportunity of taking the king to the outposts, whence he can easily be removed to the prince's camp."

This proposition was more agreeable to the confederates, and after a short debate, it was acceded to. They then conversed for some time on the position of the army, and it was decided at last that whatever happened, they should at least prevent the king from advancing further, as he would otherwise block up William in the peninsula formed by the Bristol and English Channels—a measure which would be fatal to his enterprise.

These schemes resolved on, the conspirators took their departure, and Moor was again the only inmate of Stonehenge.

After waiting for some time, and finding all quiet, he ventured from his hiding-place, and passed out. There was no one in sight, and hurrying on, he soon reached the spot where he had left his horse, which he instantly mounted, and spurring on to the road, shaped his course for Salisbury.

On his arrival at the city, he answered the challenge of the sentinel with the password, which procured him instant admission, and riding on he speedily reached the bishop's palace. The king had retired, and would not be disturbed, and he was, therefore, obliged to defer communicating with him till next day.

XI.

THE RIDE TO THE OUTPOSTS.

THE morning had scarcely dawned when Moor was again in attendance at the king's bed-chamber, and after a brief interval, he was introduced by the gentleman in waiting to the royal presence. James was in bed, but motioning the attendant from the room, he commanded Moor to advance, and stepping forward, the latter acquainted him in a few words with what he had overheard at Stonehenge.

The monarch heard him to an end without interruption, though the most poignant distress was pictured in his looks. Several minutes elapsed before he could control his agitation.

"This cannot be," he said, at last, in hurried accents. "You must have dreamed it, Mr. Moor—dreamed it. I have regarded these men not as subjects, but as friends. I have fought with them, fasted with them, revelled with them. They have been my companions in adversity, my favourites in prosperity. *They* betray me! No! no! depend upon it you have been dreaming, Mr. Moor."

"Dreaming, my liege!" echoed Moor, in amazement. "I assure your majesty that the meeting took place precisely as I have described it."

"Then you must have been mistaken as to the men," said James. "You could not possibly see them."

"I acknowledge that I did not see their faces, my liege," began Moor.

"I knew it!" cried James, quickly. "Believe me, my young friend, the persons you have named would sooner die than desert me. But, since you are positive you were not dreaming, I will inquire about the meeting at Stonehenge. Treason must evidently be at work somewhere."

"Your majesty's confidence in these traitors fills me with alarm," cried Moor, passionately. "I implore you not to trust them, or you are lost. Confront me with them, and I will make good my words."

"I cannot," replied James, "for though I feel assured that you believe them to be the men you saw, I have no more doubt of their fidelity than of your own, and nothing short of actual proof should induce me to insult them with suspicion. I would as soon question the dutiful devotion of my own child, the Princess Anne."

Moor felt that he could not pursue the subject further, and taking leave of the king, he withdrew. But though he had failed to awaken James to a sense of his danger, he could not dismiss the matter from his own mind, and after long reflection he determined to repair

to the camp, and communicate the whole affair to the Earl of Feversham.

During his absence, James arose, perused and answered his private letters, and partook of a light breakfast, when an attendant ushered in Lord Churchill and Colonel Trelawney.

The monarch changed colour as the two favourites entered, but disbelieving the charges brought against them, he received them with his usual kindness.

"We have come to tell your majesty the news," cried Churchill. "The invader has advanced to Axminster, and will probably push on further before night, so that we may expect him here in a few days ; and, as I command the outposts, I should be glad if you would inspect them."

"I will do so instantly," answered James, rolling back a chart which lay on the table ; "I suppose we have pushed our posts to the end of the plain. Where is Kirke stationed?"

"Here, my liege, at Warminster," replied Churchill, placing his finger on the map.

"It is about three hours' ride, your majesty," observed Trelawney, but an orderly has been sent forward to prepare for your reception."

"It is well," replied James, "let us to horse at once."

With this, he led the way to the palace-yard, where the two commanders had left a troop of the horse-guards, who received them with a general salute. A horse was soon provided for the king, and he was about to mount, when his foot slipped, and he would have fallen, if one of his attendants, who was close behind him, had not caught him by the arm and sustained him. The stumble seemed ominous, and James was half inclined to turn back, but growing ashamed of his hesitation, he mounted his horse, and the whole party rode off.

James did not address a word to the two favourites till they reached the plain, when the fresh, bracing air seemed to revive him, and he talked with them very earnestly on the posture of affairs, and the temper and condition of the army. As they proceeded, the road gradually became more and more lonely, but they could still discern both the city and the camp occasionally, though they were sometimes screened from view by enormous barrows, or by the natural irregularities of the ground. As they proceeded, Trelawney became restless, and frequently glanced anxiously around, but Churchill was calm and collected, and although the king had again become moody, left nothing untried to sustain his attention, at the same time keeping the whole party at a gallop. After they had been riding thus for some time, however, James suddenly reined his horse.

"We must halt a while," he said, "I feel ill."

"You alarm me, my liege," replied Churchill, "but you can procure no aid here. With your leave we will push on."

"We have but a few miles to go, your majesty," cried Trelawney, "and you will then have every attendance. We will get on as fast as possible."

As he waited a reply, the king placed a handkerchief to his face which was instantly dyed with blood. Trelawney and Churchill instantly sprang to the ground, and helped him to alight, when Churchill supported him in his arms.

James felt very faint, and all that Moor had told him respecting Churchill and Trelawney came forcibly to his mind, for the first time ex-

citing his suspicions. As he saw himself completely in their power, he even dreaded that they might avail themselves of his insensibility to take his life. At this moment, he heard them exchange a hurried whisper; his sight began to fail, the figures of the soldiers seemed to whirl round and round, when all at once he caught the sound of a trumpet, followed by the tramp of horse. The excitement had a favourable effect. The bleeding ceased, and his senses were fast returning, when a troop of cavalry galloped up, headed by two officers, whose horses were covered with foam, and one of whom sprang at once to the ground, and hurried forward to the king. It was Charles Moor, and his companion was the Earl of Feversham.

James extended his hand to the former, who raised it to his lips.

"I am glad we have overtaken you, my liege," said Moor. "The general heard you had gone to the outposts, and he thought it better we should follow you."

James pressed his hand, but made no reply.

"I suppose your majesty will not think of going on now?" said the Earl of Feversham.

"What, if Lord Churchill and I go on to Warminster, my lord?" said Trelawney, anxiously — for the appearance of Moor and Feversham excited his suspicions. "The outposts ought to be inspected without delay."

"Of course, of course," said Feversham, sharply; "but we may want both you and his lordship elsewhere. Fall in with your men. I will give you your orders presently."

The two commanders replied with a salute, and turning to their horses, were quickly in the saddle. Though suffering from weakness, James determined to return to Salisbury on horseback, and accordingly, leaving the command to Feversham, he rode back slowly, closely attended on the right by Moor, and followed by the whole party. And in this order they reached the city.

XII.

EST-IL POSSIBLE?

Worn out in body and mind, and harassed by a thousand anxieties, James was in great need of repose; but scarcely had he entered the episcopal palace, when a courier presented himself, bringing intelligence of an advantage having been gained by a small body of the royal troops over a superior force of the enemy, at Wincanton, in Somersetshire; and it was determined to hold a council of war to consult on what was to be done. Messengers were accordingly despatched to the principal officers of the army, requiring their immediate attendance; and in the interim James held a private conference with the Earl of Feversham.

"I have ordered Lord Churchill and Colonel Trelawney to remain in attendance, my liege," said Feversham, "because Mr. Moor has confided to me the communication he made to you, and I fear it is but too true. Under any circumstances, it will only be a proper precaution to place them under arrest. Supposing them guilty, depend upon it they are not the only disaffected officers, and the arrest of two such distinguished persons will strike terror into the others."

"I see all the advantage of it," answered James; "but if they are innocent—as I desire to believe them—I should never forgive myself for such a step. Let us, at least, wait till we discover some corroborative evidence of their guilt."

While they were thus talking, they were joined by Barillon, who had just arrived from London, and becoming acquainted with the subject of their conversation, he strongly supported the advice of Feversham. But the longer they argued, the more obstinately James adhered to his resolution, and, at last, they gave up the point in despair.

The gentleman-in-waiting now entered, announcing that the leading members of the council had arrived, and James passed into another chamber, accompanied by Feversham and Barillon. Here they found Prince George of Denmark, the Dukes of Grafton and Ormonde, and Lord Churchill, together with Colonels Trelawney, Berkeley, Lewson, and Maine. After looking round, the king inquired for his nephew, Lord Cornbury, the commandant of Salisbury; and was informed that the messenger despatched for his lordship had not yet returned. But while he was talking apart with Barillon, the messenger arrived, introducing the assistant-commandant, Major Nunn; and James again inquired the reason of the nobleman's non-attendance.

"I will relate the whole affair to your majesty," answered Nunn. "This morning, Lord Cornbury ordered out all the garrison, consisting of three regiments of cavalry, and marched us off towards Dorsetshire. I did not like his proceedings, and after riding some distance, I demanded to see his orders. He evaded me for the time, and during a short halt, found means to escape, with three or four common troopers, and they have gone over to the enemy."

James uttered an exclamation of amazement. "Could my own nephew be so false, when the common men were so true?" he added, mournfully.

"*Est-il possible!*" exclaimed Prince George of Denmark, with an expression of horror, which he exaggerated by taking an immense pinch of snuff.

The other members of the council uttered similar exclamations, but before they could pursue the subject further, a voice was heard in the ante-chamber, and presently the door was thrown open, and a venerable-looking man, whose countenance wore the impress of the deepest sorrow, made his appearance. It was the Earl of Clarendon, the deserter's father.

Casting a distracted look round the council, the earl hurried up to the king, and threw himself at his feet.

"Pardon! pardon, my gracious master!" he exclaimed, in mournful accents. "Do not punish the father for the offence of the child."

"Heaven forbid!" cried James, extending both his hands, and forcing him to rise. "From my heart I am sorry for you. May you derive that comfort from Heaven, which is denied you on earth."

"Oh! my liege, your gracious words overpower me," replied Clarendon. "What does not our house owe you! You raised my father to the highest dignities; you gave your hand to my sister; you have showered down emoluments and honours on myself and my brother. Yet my son—my only son, is the first to desert you!"

As he spoke, he covered his face with his hands.



H. Bellew.

Est-il possible!

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"Be comforted, my lord!" said James, embracing him. "You have lost your son, but I will be both a son and a brother to you. Go now, and repose yourself. We will talk of it hereafter—when this wound is healed."

A profound silence followed Clarendon's departure. At length the council began to consider how they were to act against the enemy. Maps were carefully surveyed, reports examined, and a variety of opinions expressed, but no positive course was decided on, when, after an interval of nearly an hour, a letter was handed to the king, which he opened and read. As he did so, a look of surprise spread over his face, but it was quickly succeeded by a flush of indignation, strangely mingled with disgust.

"You all heard what Lord Clarendon said about his son," he then cried. "He has now written to me to say, that all things considered, he thinks it better to follow his son's example, and, accordingly, he has himself deserted to the enemy."

"*Ah, mon Dieu! mon Dieu! Est-il possible!*" exclaimed Prince George, with another huge pinch of snuff.

"The father and son may well go together, my liege!" cried the Earl of Feversham, with a look of ineffable disgust. "They are not worth consideration."

"Right, my lord!" cried Churchill. "But I must pray your majesty to adjourn the council? I must positively inspect the out-posts this evening, and it grows late."

"We must decide on our operations to-night," answered James; "but I will not detain you and Colonel Trelawney. I shall remember your advice—namely, that we had better remain in our present position. You are at liberty to go."

Churchill instantly arose, as did also Trelawney, and, taking leave of the king, they withdrew.

The council had been debating some time, when the door was again opened, and Moor was ushered in. Stepping forward, the young man made some communication in an undertone to the king, which violently agitated him.

"This is indeed sad news," said James, at length, "but I am more affected by their ingratitude than their desertion. Your fears of treachery were but too well grounded, my lord," he added, to Feversham. "Lord Churchill and Colonel Trelawney have deserted to the enemy."

"*Mon Dieu! mon Dieu! mon Dieu! Est-il possible!*" exclaimed Prince George, taking a pinch of snuff between each exclamation.

The other members of the council seemed to be equally astounded.

"The dastards should be pursued," cried the Duke of Grafton. "But perhaps it is better to let them go. They will fall into our hands anon."

"If they do, let them be tried by a drum-head court-martial, and executed on the spot," cried Ormonde.

"They are traitors of the blackest dye," said Colonel Berkeley. "But let me beseech your majesty not to doubt the loyalty of your other officers. For my own part I swear to conquer or die. I will neither give nor take quarter. Is not this invasion without parallel? In the midst of profound peace, when our poor country, so long torn by faction, was enjoying all the blessings of your majesty's benign rule, this unnatural Calvinist—this Dutch pest, plunges us into all the horrors of civil war.

And does any one dare to speak of quarter? Whoever does so is your majesty's enemy, and I denounce him as a traitor."

"I cannot blame you, but I must insist that quarter be given," replied James. "My wishes will be expressed in the order of the day."

"If they command quarter to be given I will obey them, my liege, though reluctantly," returned Berkeley. "But these base and unnatural desertions have over-excited me, and I crave your permission to retire."

James readily excused him, and Berkeley withdrew, leaving the council in full debate. Thus they continued for some time, discussing the question before them with great warmth, but without any sign of coming to a decision, when a proposition was made which required reference to Berkeley, and a messenger was sent to recall him. The messenger was absent nearly an hour, but at length returned, bringing information that the colonel had deserted to the enemy.

"*A—h! a—h! a—h!—Est-il possible!*" exclaimed Prince George, nearly stifling himself with an enormous pinch of snuff.

"It is scarcely credible!" cried the Duke of Ormonde. "To hear him talk, one would suppose him the most loyal man in the country. I shall now doubt every one."

"I always doubt great talkers," observed the Duke of Grafton. "I thought Berkeley a traitor, but he masked his treason with furious words. But these desertions are infectious, and some steps should be taken to reassure the men. With your majesty's leave I will ride off to the camp."

"And I will accompany you, if his majesty will permit me!" cried Ormonde. "It may have a good effect on the men."

"I do not fear for the men, if the officers are faithful," observed Feversham.

"Let them go," said James, unable to disguise his uneasiness.

The two dukes accordingly withdrew. A pause ensued, but it was quickly broken by Feversham, who assured James that he might place the most implicit trust in the common soldiers. The remaining officers corroborated this opinion, and while they were all conversing, a page entered, and presented Feversham with a letter, which, as it was marked official, he opened and read. It was from his brother, the Count de Roye, and informed him that the Dukes of Grafton and Ormonde had gone over to the Prince of Orange.

"*Mon Dieu! mon Dieu! est-il possible!*" cried Prince George, nearly emptying his snuff-box in his consternation.

The king seemed stupified.

"I think, my liege, we had better adjourn our deliberations till night," resumed Feversham. "In the meantime, I will call the officers together, and ascertain how they are disposed. We can then decide more easily what is to be done."

"If I may venture a suggestion, I would recommend all the officers to be sworn," said Colonel Maine. "I would not trust my own brother after these desertions."

"Oh! swear them, by all means," said Colonel Lewson.

"Confer on this point as you ride along," replied James. "Take Moor with you, my lord, and he can bring me an account of your proceedings."

Bending deferentially, Feversham withdrew, accompanied by Lewson

and Maine, who, as they retired, were heard expressing their determination to stand or die with the king. An hour afterwards, Moor entered the room, bringing intelligence that the two colonels had deserted Feversham on the road, and fled to the enemy's camp.

"*A—h! a—h! Est-il possible!*" exclaimed Prince George, clearing out his snuff-box, and shutting it in despair.

James was silent, and sank into a reverie, in which he remained for some time, but arousing himself at last, he looked up, and to his surprise, found he was alone. A strange suspicion flashed across his mind, and summoning an usher, he sent him in search of Moor. The young man speedily made his appearance, wearing a sad, but resolute, look.

"Where is the Prince of Denmark?" asked James.

"I have but this moment heard of his departure, my liege," replied Moor. "I grieve to say that he has deserted to the enemy."

"What, *Est-il possible* gone, too!" cried James, with a bitter smile. "Well, well, I can spare him better than a good trooper. Why he has left his snuff-box behind him—empty too, pah!!"

XIII.

THE RETREAT.

It was night. James was again seated at the council-board, and around him were assembled Feversham, Barillon, the Count de Roye, and Lords Dumbarton, and Melfort, debating gravely, but earnestly, the important question of the future operations of the army.

"The enemy has now advanced too far to be blocked in the peninsula of the south-western counties," observed Feversham, "and our present position is by no means strong. I therefore counsel a retreat."

"Then we must cross the Thames," said Dumbarton. "That will enable us to cover London."

"Why not march against the enemy, and strike a blow at once?" said James.

"It is now too late, my liege," said Feversham. "The enemy has the country open before him, and he will not venture a battle. Our safest course is, to place the Thames between us, and protect the capital."

"I have received certain information that the Prince of Orange will decline a battle," said Barillon.

"Then, we have no alternative but to retreat," rejoined James. "Send off messengers to call in the outposts, and when they return, we will retire in order beyond the Thames. In the meantime, let our intention be kept a profound secret."

So saying, he arose, and dismissing the council, withdrew to take some repose.

It was a dark night, and the camp was as still as a churchyard, except for the occasional voice of a sentinel, pronouncing "All's well." Suddenly a trumpet was heard sounding a retreat; in another part the rolling drum and shrill fife called the host to arms, and in a moment all was noise and confusion.

Soldiers were now seen scrambling from the tents, officers running about; others riding to and fro; troopers leading forth their horses; squadrons assembling; battalions forming in line; women rushing out

half-dressed; pioneers striking the tents; the baggage-train attaching horses to the waggons; artillerymen headed by their officers, dragging forth the cannon; while the clang of trumpets, the roll of drums, and the shrill whistle of the "ear-piercing fife," together with the shouts of the officers, the cries of women, and the voices of the soldiers answering to the muster-rolls resounding on every side.

In a short time some of the infantry regiments were in motion. The remainder quickly followed, marching by various routes towards Maidenhead, Windsor, Egham, and Chertsey, where they were to be distributed, while the rear was covered by the cavalry.

Unable from weakness to mount on horseback, James pursued his way in one of the heavy carriages of the period, drawn by six horses. About a dozen dragoons accompanied the vehicle, which proceeded at a rapid pace, and soon left the army behind.

After an interval of about an hour, it was overtaken by a strong force of dragoons, the commander of which ordered the party in attendance to fall to the rear, and as they did so, he completely surrounded the carriage. He was then observed giving some directions to the postilions, and soon afterwards the carriage turned into a by-road, and drove along as before.

The commander of the new party now fell back a few paces, and was joined by two other horsemen, who, though muffled in their cloaks, appeared to be civilians.

"We have him now," he said. "In an hour we shall well place him in the prince's hands."

While this was passing the officer in charge of the first party of dragoons, had fallen back from his men, and turning round rode off unperceived in the opposite direction. After riding some distance, he was encountered by a strong force of troopers coming along very leisurely, and spurring up to their commander, he exchanged a few words with him in a low tone. The commander then ordered a halt, and calling forward a sturdy yeoman, who acted as guide, they held a brief and rapid discourse together, when he gave the word to resume their march at a quiet pace.

Meanwhile, the king's captors, urged the postilions to make every exertion; but it was soon found that the unwieldly vehicle could not be moved along cross-roads with the same facility as on the highway. Their progress was slow, and it was feared that the constant jolting of the carriage would alarm the king, and lead to a premature discovery. Nor was this apprehension groundless. At first James bore the jolting of the vehicle in silence, but after a time finding that it continued, he turned to Moor, the only other inmate of the coach, and expressed his surprise that the road should be so bad.

As he was about to look forth from the window, sounds of confusion were heard without, and before he could discover the occasion of them the carriage was suddenly stopped. The next moment the door was opened, and Snewin presented himself, while Mauvesin and the Duke of Grafton were seen behind. Snewin had a pistol in his hand, but before he could raise it Moor wrested it from his trembling grasp, for unscrupulous as he was, the ruffian was alarmed at his position, and in the scuffle it went off, and lodged its contents in the roof of the coach.

Meanwhile, Grafton and Mauvesin were both springing on Moor, when several shots were fired, and at the same time their force was attacked both in front and rear. The darkness increased the confusion, and in a

moment the two contending parties were mingled together in strange disorder. Moor had thrown Snewin to the ground, but as he sprang back into the carriage in order to protect the king, the constable picked himself up and escaped, while Grafton and Mauvesin flew to their horses, under a volley from the royal party, and as they turned Moor saw one of them swerve in his saddle. But his companion kept him from falling, and calling his men around him bore him off, pursued for some distance by the king's dragoons.

All this had passed with such rapidity, that James had scarcely recovered from the first surprise when he found himself in safety. At this moment the Count de Roye, who was the leader of his deliverers, appeared at the carriage-door.

"I congratulate your majesty on your escape," he said. "I shall not leave you till I see you in safety."

"Be it so, count," replied James. "Mr. Moor tells me the traitors have escaped. Did you know any of them?"

"No, my liege," replied the count. "Mr. Moor had the best opportunity of recognising them, for I saw one of them struggling with him."

"Yes, it was a ruffian named Snewin," cried Moor, "and his companions were Lords Mauvesin and Grafton. But where are our postilions? Ha! the knaves were no doubt in league with them, and have decamped. You must lend his majesty three of your troopers' horses, count."

The advice was acted upon, and in a short time the carriage was again on its way, and arrived in London without further interruption.

A messenger had been despatched in advance to announce the king's approach, and though it was scarcely daylight when the royal carriage reached Whitehall, the whole household was astir. Alighting, James entered the palace followed by Moor, and passing up the grand staircase was met by Mary, who, informed of his approach, had hurried unattended to welcome him.

The meeting of the royal pair was affecting in the extreme. They said but little, but their looks spoke more plainly than words the anguish they endured. Passing into a neighbouring gallery they were met by the Count de Lauzun and Sabine, and James, taking Lauzun by the arm, walked slowly on with him, while Sabine lingered behind, and was joined by Moor.

"I am afraid all is lost for the king," she said, after they had exchanged a few words.

"Not if he would venture a battle," answered Moor. "In that case he would be the victor; for his army is superior to the enemy's, and the common men, and the greater part of the officers, are faithful."

"Why do you not tell him this?" returned Sabine. "He would surely listen to the counsel of one who has shown such devotion to him."

"You are mistaken," answered Moor. "To all the representations made him on the subject, his answer is that he cannot rely on the soldiers. Depend upon it, he will not risk a battle. But do not be alarmed. I trust there is no immediate danger."

Such was not the opinion of the king; and as he walked forward with Mary and Lauzun, he made them acquainted with his sentiments.

"My despatches have informed you of the desertions, and of the dis-

affected state of the army," he said. "There remains only one course for me to adopt, which is, to place the queen and Prince of Wales in safety, and then either treat with the Prince of Orange, or strike one blow for it."

"Your majesty says well," replied Lauzun. "But I would strike the blow first, and treat afterwards."

"Whatever is done, I will not leave my husband!" cried Mary.

"It must be," said James. "I will show you the necessity of it. But where is Father Petre?"

"He has gone," answered Mary, hesitatingly.

"Gone!" echoed James.

"He craved my permission to retire to France, and I could not refuse him," returned Mary. "He said that it would be for your majesty's advantage, and his life was certainly in danger here—the mob were so violent."

"It may be better that he is gone," said James. "But what is this you say about the violence of the mob? I thought the people were with us."

"Ha, my liege!" said Mary, mournfully; "the mob change with every current. Your enemies have been among them, and have made them believe that if you win a victory, it is your intention to have a general slaughter of the Protestants. This has infuriated them against you; and they would, no doubt, have attacked the palace, if Lord Craven had not come to our assistance, with a strong force of the guards."

"You amaze me!" cried James, "but does not this show you how expedient it is that you should leave the country? Let me see you and our son in safety, and I shall be able to act with more decision."

"I will remain and share your dangers," answered Mary; "were any thing to happen to you, and I were absent, I should never know peace again."

"I am but too sensible of your affection," returned James, tenderly; "never could I prize it higher than now, when those whom I have most loved are the first to desert me. But I conjure you, by your love for me, and for our son, not to increase my embarrassment by remaining here. It is now in my power to protect your flight, but such will not be the case long."

"Let me add my persuasions to those of his majesty, gracious madam," urged Lauzun, "should you or the Prince of Wales fall into the hands of the Prince of Orange, our cause is for ever lost."

"I will go, then," faltered Mary, "but on condition that your majesty promises to follow me within twenty-four hours. No other consideration shall induce me to leave you."

James mused a moment, evidently in deep perplexity.

"I promise you, then, that unless things take a more favourable turn, I will follow you in that time," he said. "My brother, Louis, will afford us an asylum, and something tells me we shall soon be called back by our people. We must now make immediate arrangements for your journey. I will myself notify it to the Princess Anne, and she will accompany you."

"Alas, my dear liege!" exclaimed Mary, tears gathering in her eyes, "you must now suffer a new sorrow—the greatest a parent can know. The Princess Anne has clandestinely left the palace, in company with Lady Churchill, and gone over to the enemy."

The king heard her in silence, but a deadly paleness spread over his face, and he looked as if he would fall to the ground. He was supported, however, by the Count de Lauzun, and in a moment or two his emotion, though far from disappearing, became less violent.

"Have they taken away my child—my darling Anne?" he cried. "Has she, too, forsaken me! Oh, God! this is too much!" and he added the ejaculation of the Psalmist—"Oh! if my enemies had only cursed me, I could have borne it!"

There was something so touching in this burst of grief, that both Mary and Lauzun were too much affected to offer the king consolation, and they were all silent for several minutes. Suddenly, however, James seemed to arouse himself, and seized Mary by the hand.

"Come," he said, wildly; "let us be gone. We will leave this unnatural land, where subjects betray their king, and children desert their parents. I will go out, in my old age, on the wide world, and find another home."

"We will go together," said Mary, with eagerness. "Only death shall part us."

"Stay, my liege, I implore you!" cried Lauzun. "Do not throw away the slightest chance of recovering your rights. Remain here at least the time proposed by her majesty, and make sure that every thing is really lost. Meanwhile, I will escort her majesty to a place of safety."

"Be it so, then!" cried James. "I have yet a son left, who is too young to be perfidious. Were it not so, I could now lie down, and pray God that my sorrows and my life might end."

"I will not add to your distress, by opposing your wishes," said Mary, "sad as it is to leave you. But I will instantly prepare for flight."

With this she turned away, leaving the king still leaning on Lauzun's arm. There was a pause.

"You said, count, you would escort her majesty to France," said James, at length. "I need not say how glad I should be if you render me this service; but, if I remember right, when you first came to this country, you were forbidden, on pain of death, to return to your own."

"True, my liege, but my sovereign will not punish me for my devotion to your majesty," answered Lauzun. "But if I even thought otherwise, I should not hesitate to fulfil your wishes."

"Louis will not punish you," said James, quickly. "Should you incur his displeasure, I will excuse you to him. But promise me—swear to me, that you will not leave the queen till she is safe in France."

"I do swear, sire, by every thing I hold sacred!" cried Lauzun, solemnly.

"I should not have asked your oath, count," answered James, pressing his hand. "The bare word of the Count de Lauzun is the best of bonds. But I am low and sorrowful; and when my own child deserts me, how can I look for faith in strangers! But enough. Nothing can make me doubt you."

"Your majesty shall never have cause to do so," said Lauzun. "But time presses. With your majesty's leave, we will prepare for the queen's departure."

James assented, and turning round, they joined Moor, who was still in waiting, and passed out of the gallery.

TAKING THE VEIL.

A TALE OF SPANISH LIFE.

Chap. I.

ROSINA.

Since the recent unhappy events in Spain, Catholicism has again raised its head, and, like a giant refreshed with wine, is preparing to enter upon a new and more splendid career. "Conquering and to conquer," it begins to unfurl its old inquisitorial banners, and, in concert with modern Jesuit-fostering Rome, to spread the soul-subduing doctrines of its grand *propaganda* faith far and wide. Having survived its adverse day, and perseveringly crept along for centuries, it now aspires to climb. In the secret, and yet undeveloped powers of its internal government, in its exterior magnificence and display, its consequent sway over the senses, and in all the weakest qualities inherent in man, it possesses weapons with which it confidently expects to recover its former ascendency, both in the temporal and the spiritual affairs of the world.

With the aid of Popish intrigues and French gold, it has already succeeded in laying an embargo upon the national property; in trampling upon and dishonouring the rising liberties of Spain. It has compelled her to crouch at the feet of the temporal and spiritual tyrants of France and Rome, and entered into strict alliance with the Catholic despots of other countries, and with the propagandists of those jesuitical principles which, whether in Europe or America, at Lucerne or at Pennsylvania, as long before in China, and every quarter of the globe, are invariably put in action to arrogate power by involving the population of all states not wholly Catholicised in civil war and discord upon the old Loyola maxim, that "to divide is to govern."

A warm admirer of the national characteristics and the heroism of the old Iberian race—men who held the Roman Pompeys and Scipios at bay, I grieved as I traversed the silent plains and sierras made so glorious by their deeds, to behold their brave descendants on the eve of being replunged into all the horrors of priestly tyranny and superstition.

The opinions which I then formed from all I heard and saw, were not lightly taken up upon a subject so important as national religion, in connexion with a people's welfare, must be allowed to be. They were not formed without mature consideration; without reverence for Christian doctrines embued with the spirit of Apostolic faith, free from sectarian views and prejudices of whatever kind. I could not resist a mass of concurring incidents and the evidence of facts, which, revering as I do the old Christian Apostleship in all its genuine characteristics, uncorrupted by temporal passions and interests, I perceived with pain bore with such crushing weight upon the motives and objects of modern Catholicism as seen in Spain. It is with a view of showing the fatal and unhappy influences which such doctrines must exercise over the passions wielded by the power of inte-

rested and fallible men ; and priest or layman, where shall we find them perfect enough to be arrayed in the divine attributes ; in other words, to be entrenched with the irresponsible authority which absolution, remission of sins, and confession necessarily involve.

It is with the view of arresting in some degree the progress of principles so injurious to the peace, to the moral dignity, to the domestic happiness, and the welfare of society, to say nothing of the civil and political order, the free action and national energy of governments themselves, that I have been induced to make these remarks. Similar motives have actuated me in placing upon record the following little domestic history, communicated by a Spaniard, and if a liberal one—a truly religious man —an apostle of his divine Master—without being either a Jesuit or a Jesuit's slave, in other words, what is termed a good Catholic, and elevated far above those unhappy strifes and the superstitions which he has boldly denounced, while pointing out their mischievous results with relation to the noblest feelings and the best interests of man.

To the unfortunate alliance of the Catholic religion with the state, as in Rome, he attributes most of the political errors and vices of governments,—the nepotism and public scandals of the popes ; the favouritism of monarchs ; the *liaisons* of queens ; the corruption of courts, with the whole system of state-religious patronage, as first founded by Constantine, and which still retains all its worst features in the present sanguinary and morally corrupt and degraded government of Papal Rome. To the operation of the same state-priestcraft, under the disguise of a mere political movement, he also refers the daring attack on the queen's palace at Madrid, the overthrow of free institutions with the Espartero government, and the return of the heartless and abandoned queen-mother to participate in the spoils of the fallen constitution which she had sworn to support. The seeds of the same papal spirit which gave birth to Jesuitism, founded the empire of the popes in the very heart of surrounding monarchies, the dungeons of state inquisitions which yet survive, and those monastic palaces which aped the criminal excesses of papal courts upon a small scale, he considers as still actively alive, and germinating in the rapidly increasing monasteries and colleges of the present day.

From Madrid, says my friend's note-book, the young Englishman and his tutor proceeded through Alcala, once so famous for its university, and thence to the ancient city of Toledo, long renowned for the exploits of its patriot-chiefs, especially of the illustrious Cid Campeador in their chivalrous encounters with the tough old Moors. There they found the chief " Posada" almost wholly occupied by a Spanish family of rank from Truxillo, the descendants doubtless of some of those ballad-famed " caballeros," consisting of an elderly hidalgo (literally a son of something), his lady very considerably younger than himself ; his daughter, a splendid model of southern beauty, about seventeen, and the family father confessor, a fine representative of the somewhat facetious order of Friar Gerund, that blazing star of *miraculous* oratory. There was left then a single apartment, with lattices open on all sides to the air, and one room —a dormitory beyond it ; but as this was the only pleasant and respectable inn in the place, they gladly took possession for the sake of enjoying the bath, and the cool siesta of both of which the fatigued and sleep-longing travellers stood in some need. Eagerly, or rather drowsily, bent on taking a nap before any other kind of refreshment, Seymour was

endeavouring to compose himself, when disturbed by what he thought the sound of half-stifled sobs, and then words uttered in a low tone that seemed to come from the adjoining room. So slight, indeed, was the partition—a mere screen-work—as to render it not at all difficult to overhear; but very difficult *not* to overhear one's nearest neighbour. Soon, too, the notes were pitched in a somewhat higher key. Then, as if in answer to some deep-toned and grave reproach, a female voice, interrupted by strong emotion, but of the sweetest mellow tone imaginable, was heard beseechingly murmuring out these words:

"It will lead to my everlasting perdition; and, O Heavens! must such a sentence come from the lips of my own parents? Wretched that I am to be compelled to sacrifice even the last poor hope of peace and liberty, to mourn my evil fate. Ah, pity me! Was it not enough to deprive me of all I most loved on earth, but I must be forced to embrace a life of conventual penance, which from my soul I abhor!"

"What, again!" replied a stern voice; "after I told you the consequences—dare you longer hesitate? Your refusal shall be his death-warrant. Yes, even now, he is in my power; and I will use it!" were words again interrupted by new sobs and lamentations.

"No, no! I will go with you, holy father; indeed, I will."

"Yes! you will obey your parents, as I promised them you should do," replied the confessor; "it is the only means of restoring peace, and insuring the safety of Don Fernando; and then there are your brother, your poor mother, and young sisters to benefit by so good an example; think of them!"

"Alas! are my sisters to be sacrificed also?"

"That is not your affair," was the reply; "enough for you to secure your own salvation; come, the altar awaits you; the ceremonials are prepared; you are to be the bride of Heaven; a virgin sacrifice to the Lord."

"Ah! in mercy's name—spare me! spare me!"

"To spare you," interrupted the father-confessor, "would be to give a loose to your criminal earthly passion; a passion that renders you a disobedient child, and teach you to regard a religious life as something inexpressibly dreadful."

"Yes! dreadful, inexpressibly dreadful, indeed!"

"Dare you say so?" exclaimed her own father; "dare you ——"

"Stop, Don Pablo!" interrupted the confessor, in an imperious voice; "allow me to deal with the young lady, and all will go well. She is new to the kind of love with which I wish to ravish her heart; to penetrate and imbue her whole being, to vanquish this sort of coyness, this timid, trembling apprehension, which, after all, are only natural, and call for a little support, as well as gentle compulsion, in approaching the sacrificial altar, and contemplating the event."

"You see, my Rosina, how good Father Gerund is!" observed the mother; "how kindly and gently he would wish to fit you for your heavenly bridal. Can you doubt your future happiness?"

"Yes!" replied the confessor; "that is the language in which to address her, Donna Leonor, and not that of your lord," observing Don Pablo with a dignified and reproving air. "Yes! believe me, dear lady; when once the grace of our Lord begins to insinuate itself into your affections, once committed to His arms and left alone with Him in your

sacred retreat, you will be made a different being ; all this shyness and reluctance, all these pretty tremblings and agitations will turn to pleasant smiles, these little sobbings, that now almost look like wicked grief, to a sweet celestial complacency ; for you will then be the Bride of Christ. Have no misgivings, therefore, no silly virgin fears, for you will become an angel while yet on earth."

"Unhappily, I was born a woman," was the poor artless girl's reply ; "and I have no wish to become an angel,—at least so soon ; none at all. Nor am I presumptuous enough to think myself entitled to any such high advancement till my earthly duties are performed ; and why should my brother, Don Julian, wish to take them, with my dowry, upon himself, and sacrifice all the advantages of this blessed conventual life upon my account ?"

At these words the threats from all sides became almost outrageous, and the sobs and lamentations of the young lady burst into loud and unrestrained weeping.

Seymour could with difficulty restrain his indignation ; his cheek flushed, his eye kindled, and he would there and then have burst in upon the whole party, had not his friend Harding, laying his hand upon his shoulder, spoken a few words in that soothing tone which never failed of success.

"I will go and reconnoitre the localities," said Seymour, "while you turn over some plan to bring the poor lady off, for I am determined she shall not be made a nun of while I am here."

Chap. II.

DON FERNANDO.

As Seymour entered the court-yard, he met a young Spaniard, mounted on a high-spirited barb, richly caparisoned, followed by his servant, on a fine Andalusian of the purest breed. The chevalier wore a handsome Spanish riding-coat, a large, richly-spangled hunting-cap, with black feathers, and his bold, military air, was rendered more imposing by his splendid accoutrements. A long hunting-spear and a richly-jewelled sword hung at his side, in addition to a short-handled rapier, and a pair of richly-mounted pistols glanced from the holsters at his saddle-bow. He fixed his eye on Seymour, and having returned his salute with an easy and affable air, he leaped from his saddle, and gave the reins to his servant. Seymour, who had advanced to accost the host, who now approached, politely gave way to the stranger. After a short colloquy, the chevalier was about to remount his steed, when Seymour observed, that if all he wanted were a room, he was welcome to his own, as he was proceeding on the morrow, and he would be glad of his company to supper.

"And to-morrow," added the host, "you can have as much room as you want—the whole inn, if you please—when the grand ceremonies of taking the veil at Santa Maria are over. We shall all be very full till then."

"I am extremely obliged," said the stranger, "by the courteous offer of the Señor Englese, and will gladly avail myself of it, as it is my extreme wish to witness the whole of the proceedings."

"And I will also," observed Seymour, "try to engage the party already here to join us."

"That is impossible, señor," exclaimed the host; "they retire early, to be prepared for the morrow's festival; they are even now about to be dressed."

"And I, too," rejoined the stranger, somewhat confused, "have an engagement near here, from which I cannot be released till very late, when I shall again have the honour of thanking you," and after speaking in an under-tone to his valet, he bowed to Seymour, and proceeded in the direction of the neighbouring convent.

"Know you the name of that cavalier, sir host?" inquired Seymour.

"Yes, I do," was the reply, "but you must excuse my keeping a quiet tongue. I do not wish to meddle in other people's affairs, or embrue my hands in other people's blood."

"To what do you allude in Heaven's name,man?" inquired Seymour.

"I allude to my house—too full already, for had it been half-empty I could not willingly have given room for him; but you had a right to do as you would with your own. You will know more to-morrow."

"Do you mean to insult, or to alarm me? That is useless," exclaimed Seymour, "and I dare say that man is neither thief nor assassin."

"But there is another thing quite as unpleasant," said the host, with an arch smile, and that is being——But not a word more."

As Seymour was puzzling his wits how to account for the host's mysterious language, and angrily following up his inquiries, up stept his valet, Altau, to his relief. Making a significant Spanish sign to the host, which seemed to discompose his philosophy extremely, for he grew more angry than Seymour, himself, he respectfully bowed, and inquired if his master wanted any thing.

"Yes," replied Seymour, taking him aside, "can you tell me who that Spanish gentleman is, and who the family are who arrived just before us?"

"I am most happy I can do so!" was the Spanish valet's courteous reply, as, wholly heedless of the gesticulations and maledictions of Boniface, he proceeded with a volubility that left his adversary no further resource. "The truth is, your lordship," replied Altau, "that hardly any thing else is talked about. The old gentleman, Don Pablo, with a string of other names and titles, De Belmonte is a native of Truxillo, highly born, but still more grand than wealthy, and of very considerable consequence, more particularly in his own eyes. He had a brother, a rich Indian merchant, who has recently left a large fortune among his children; but the father is as avaricious as he is proud, and under the control of the family priest, intends to immure the daughters in a convent to maintain the state and dignity of one son and heir, though a good-for-nothing spendthrift. They are now taking the eldest, Rosina, to the grand nunnery close by, where her relation, the lady abbess, a most severe and cruel woman, has promised to take care of her, which there is no doubt she will do with the help of the father confessor, with whom she is in strict alliance. I have heard from their own people that she is the most beautiful of all the daughters, and was betrothed to a noble and gallant gentleman previous to the wealthy bequests left them in the uncle's will. So great is the infatuation of the parents, such is their avarice and their thirst for vengeance, that they sent word to Don Fernando they would despatch him without mercy if he dared to approach the spot. The aunt is more particularly spiteful."

"That aunt must have a terrible antipathy to matrimony," observed

Seymour; "she is a perfect duenna. Who is that young chevalier in the hunting-dress?"

"That I do not know," replied the valet.

"Then try by all means to ascertain it," said Seymour, "and let me know immediately."

"You may depend upon me, señor."

But a few minutes had elapsed after Seymour rejoined his friend, when Altau again made his appearance. He was pale and breathless, and alarm was depicted in his countenance as he began: "I know it all now, sir; it is a very shocking affair. That old Boniface is a rogue, sir; a great rogue in more ways than one. He is not only in league with Father Gerund and the stewards and other managers of the monasteries, but he is one of the directors himself—one of their Board of Trade for the surrounding districts. He is not what he seems, but a regular priest who fills the office of innkeeper, and plays into the hands of the father and the lady abbess, as one of the partners in the grand Chartreuse company. All the young women of property who refuse to comply with the advice of their friends are brought here on their route to the convent, and if followed or interfered with by their lovers, very summary methods are adopted; they are entrapped, secured, and mostly sent to the colonies. All is conducted with such secrecy that the law is seldom aroused, and, if it were, means are taken to purchase peace and impunity. That is the question now. All contingencies are prepared for. The poor gentleman you saw, sir, is the unfortunate lover, Don Fernando, who at the last hour only learnt the horrible design of secretly and forcibly immuring the object of his long and assiduous passion, for I am told they have known and loved each other from their tenderest years. Though aware they will either take his life or kidnap him, her lover has resolved, it seems—resolved to venture every thing—to save her or perish. He will perish, for their plot is ripe; he has no time, and they will carry their point."

"Never!" exclaimed Seymour, "while I have breath."

"Be calm," interrupted Harding, "we must watch, let the horrid disease reach its crisis, and interfere only like wise physicians at the favourable moment."

"For the love of God, gentlemen," exclaimed Altau, "don't dream of such a thing. Do you know what you are about? It is the most terrible infraction of the law; you would see your friends and country no more."

"Leave it all to me, and compose yourself, Altau. Promise to do only as I direct you," replied Harding, in that earnest and persuasive, yet commanding tone, which dispelled half his fears. "I have a plan; we shall run no risk unless some unforeseen accident should mar all."

"Hold yourself in readiness, Altau," said Seymour, "and obey Mr. Harding in every thing. That is my command—do you understand?"

"But too well, sir," replied Altau, who, having been a confidential domestic of Seymour's father when on his travels, felt apprehensions only for his young master. "I understand, and will obey, only I would entreat Mr. Harding to reflect."

"Not a word more," interrupted Seymour.

"And now," said Harding, "go, and take my servant Eustace with you—go armed in case of need—for I can trust you both; go in the

direction of the monastery, and if you can meet with Don Fernando, accompany him back, and say that Mr. Seymour sent you to request an interview with him."

"That is well thought of! Famous!" exclaimed Seymour; "who knows what they are not capable of, when they can proceed to such extremities against that poor girl. Lose not a moment, Altau!" and the old traveller valet disappeared.

Shortly afterwards the two friends, still conversing in a subdued tone, could overhear the father confessor repeating the Ave-Maria, and then, after a short homily, they heard the whole of the family retiring to rest. The family confessor, however, descended the stairs, and a little afterwards, upon looking out of the verandah, Seymour observed him in earnest colloquy with the host, and soon afterwards he proceeded slowly towards the monastery.

Night was far advanced; but no Don Fernando made his appearance. The servants returned, but no tidings of their having met with him; and close to the hostelry they had encountered its owner, carrying with him a pickaxe and a spade along a by-road by which they had returned in the hope of seeing the stranger. Harding thought that no time ought to be lost, and Seymour having armed himself, was advised to proceed with the two faithful domestics in pursuit of the host, while his friend awaited the chance of the poor lover's return, small as he confessed that chance appeared to be.

It was now past midnight; the hostelry was perfectly still; and Harding, as he watched the receding form of his friend, was busily revolving in his mind different plans of proceeding for the morrow. Less sanguine than Seymour, he saw many obstacles to the liberation of the unhappy lady; he was unable to close his eyes, though overpowered with weariness, he longed to punish the avarice and villany of Father Gerund and the unnatural parent, but he almost despaired of the means. All at once he was aroused by the sound of music, like that of a lute, in the distance; it became more distinct, and at length seemed to come close from under his own window.

Chap. III.

DON PABLO.

Harding could not for a moment doubt, that the lute he heard was that of Don Fernando, and was rejoiced to reflect that he had escaped. But what was next to be done? how to avert the fate that so imminently threatened him no less than the unfortunate lady whom he so passionately and devotedly loved. His first step was to hurry towards the spot to apprise the lover of the danger to which he was exposed, and, in addition to the offer made him of their hospitality for the evening, to concert with him the most prudent course of proceeding in the unhappy dilemma in which he found himself. What, then, was his disappointment to find that he whom he sought—doubtless upon hearing some one approaching—had already retreated, and while proceeding in the direction he conceived he had most probably taken, he met Seymour and the servants returning from their fruitless search.

That search was now renewed on all sides with the same result; and, wearied and disappointed, the friends returned to their rooms filled with sad but vain anticipations of the events of the morrow.

The morrow came; and no Don Fernando had been further seen or heard of. Seymour was indignant. Was it possible he could have left the wretched girl to consummate her evil fate? Had he shrunk back and quailed in the crisis of the trial, consulting an unworthy safety, and left to strangers the duty of rescuing oppressed innocence and beauty from the hands of cruelty and violence, bent upon consigning them to a living tomb?

Within a brief period, they heard preparations for the removal of the unhappy Rosina; the same lamentations, and the same repetitions of reproaches and violence; even to threats of removing her by force to the carriage the moment it should make its appearance. Soon it was heard approaching; it stopped at the inn-door; one loud and piercing shriek announced its effect upon the excited feelings of the intended victim, and the anxiety and indignation of Seymour had now reached the highest pitch.

They descended the staircase with quick and agitated step; and at the foot of it, opening into the vestibule through which the party would have to pass, they beheld Don Fernando attired in a rich embroidered dress of black and striped velvet, but without any military distinctions such as he had before worn, a light Spanish hat and feathers, and wholly unarmed. How Seymour reproached himself for his ungenerous suspicions, as, advancing towards him, Don Fernando stretched out his hand,

"I am happy in this opportunity of thanking you, Mr. Seymour, once more for your kind and hospitable offer of yesternight; and at the same time to express my regret at not being enabled to accept it; for my absence arose from no want of inclination or gratitude I can assure you."

"Say not a word in the way of apology, I conjure you!" replied Seymour, "it is I who ought to beg your pardon, if you knew—— but I have no time," he added, as a confused sound of voices was heard upon the stairs; "only permit me to say, Don Fernando, that if I—if my friend, Mr. Harding, can be of the least use to you now, pray command us freely and to the utmost."

"Then you are aware? I see it in your looks!" exclaimed the lover, growing very pale, and trembling with agitation, as the imploring voice of Rosina broke upon his ear, and steps were heard descending; "but you cannot aid me—no one on earth can aid—I am prepared for all; yet my eternal gratitude to you and to your friend," seizing the hand of Harding, "is not the less."

Hardly had he said these words, and retired some paces back, struggling to master his extreme emotion, with his eyes fixed mournfully upon the ground, before the party, headed by the father confessor, entered the vestibule.

The extraordinary beauty of the unfortunate lady seemed to rivet every eye. She stopped upon seeing strangers, not, at first, recognising her lover, who stood somewhat apart; and regarding us with a supplicating but hopeless look of grief, prepared to pass on, when her eye caught that of Don Fernando, fixed upon her with an expression of mingled despair and rapture.

"He is not dead then!" she almost shrieked out, as she rushed towards him, and was the same instant clasped in her lover's arms.

Taken completely by surprise; for the unnatural father and the priest supposed that Don Fernando was in safe custody; it was some time before

either recovered presence of mind to interfere; and we all stood gazing upon each other, as if asking what was to come next? while the lovers remained wholly unconscious of every thing but each other's presence.

Harding had drawn near the incensed father, his eye fixed upon his motions; for he observed that he was armed, and almost speechless with rising passion:

"What is it I see? What treason is this?" he muttered.

"No treason!" replied Don Fernando, now advancing, after resigning his Rosina to her mother's arms; "I am come to claim my bride; my betrothed, promised, and about to be given by yourself, Don Pablo, till that fatal dowry, which we both are willing to surrender, intervened. She is mine, mine only!"

"Ah, traitor, villain!" exclaimed Don Pablo, rushing towards him with his dagger drawn—so rapidly as to elude even Harding; "dare you beard me to my face?"

"Strike!" exclaimed Don Fernando, boldly confronting him in a manner that startled even the enraged father, arresting his hand for a moment; "strike, and *she* will be free! It is for the assassin to hide his guilt and shame in a monastery; fit sanctuary for slaves and tyrants, but not for the pure and innocent—the beautiful and the beloved."

Mad with passion, and freeing himself by a sudden spring from the restraining grasp of Harding and of the mother, who now clung wildly to him, Don Pablo aimed with his dagger at the bosom of Don Fernando, who sought not to avoid the blow, his despairing love partaking of the same morbid and wild excess as that of the avarice and rage of the other.

At the moment the blow was given the poor girl threw her arms round her lover as if to protect him, but such was its force that, passing completely through one of her arms, it also pierced the bosom of Don Fernando. Withdrawing the accursed steel to strike again, the blood sprung from both wounds, and mingling together besprinkled the perpetrator of the horrid deed with the ensanguined stream.

Before their servants had rushed to the spot, Seymour and Harding, throwing themselves upon Don Pablo, had wrested the weapon from his hands.

"Not a moment is to be lost," exclaimed the confessor to the enraged father. "You must away; away to sanctuary before the arrival of the alguazils; help me to remove Don Pablo," he added, to the host, and he was hurried by them away, while the attention of all others was occupied with the poor lady and her lover.

Neither of the wounds were fatal. The now happy lover's project was crowned with complete success, and with results far more fortunate than he had dared to anticipate. His prophecy was fulfilled to the letter; the father and not the daughter was hurriedly forced into the silence and horror of conventual walls to escape the punishment due to his crime. He continued in them till the affair was adjusted, owing to the recovery and subsequent marriage of the young people, whose bliss received a fresh zest from the sufferings they had endured. Don Pablo finally became a monk, and a complete tool in the hands of the father confessor, who ruled the roast.

PEPE, THE PIRATE.

A ROMANCE.

By William H. G. Kingston, Esq.

Chap. I.

HOW PEPE WENT TO SEA, AND BECAME CAPTAIN OF A SLAVER.

Thanks to railroads and the new police, gentlemen of the road, highway-robbers have pretty well disappeared from the thoroughfares and the wild heaths and woods of Merrie England. In Ireland, to be sure, a mail-coach is now and then stopped, and lives, if not purses, are more frequently taken than is pleasant to contemplate, or altogether creditable to some party or parties unknown—lords or beggars—the hereditary rulers or the hereditary rebels; but wander where one will, with the exception of one or two countries, a genuine brigand or a professed robber has become almost a traditionary character, and the adventurous traveller has scarcely the chance of pulling the triggers of his pistols, except to exhibit his skill as a marksman on some harmless bird, or to silence a roving cat. Spain is one of the happy exceptions, and even from thence many a disappointed tourist has to return home without one thrilling adventure worthy of record in his note-book, unless he has sufficient imagination to invent one for the amusement of his friends. On the wide ocean, once the scene of so many daring exploits, the same deplorable dearth of openly professed robbers is to be found. Now and then, to be sure, a good respectable cut-throat is heard of, who carries a black flag at each mast-head, makes all the men he captures walk the plank, like the grand Turk marries all the women, and lives a jolly, roistering life till he blows himself up into the air, or goes to the bottom with his colours nailed to the mast like a brave man. For my part, when such a gentleman is found I think he ought to be cherished the more for the rarity of his character—hung, of course, if he is caught, but respected as long as he manages to range at liberty. For a reason not very dissimilar, I hold in the greatest esteem a certain Senhor Don José Montes Pepe, a hidalgo of the highest honour and integrity, who flourished not many years ago, and extended his reputation to all parts of the world. Whether Don Pepe owed his existence to honest and respectable parents may be strongly doubted; of his birth and education, therefore, the less said, perhaps, the better—his enemies even asserted that he had no right to the Don before his name—but thus much he could affirm, that less honest gentlemen than himself had assumed it before him. Pepe first saw the light of this sublunary world not far from that spot famed in history, the now decayed town of Palos, whence the great discoverer of the western hemisphere set out on that important expedition which served to extend the eyes of mankind wider than they had ever opened before. I do not know that in consequence of this locality Pepe troubled his head much about Columbus, or ever read his voyages, but at a very early age he exhibited a strong predilection for a sea-life. Finding that his friends, who, for certain reasons, intended him for the church, did not coincide in his views, he bolted, carrying away, to supply his immediate wants, as much of their money as he could lay his hands on, and, into the bargain,

some silver and gilt utensils used in the sacred mysteries, and which were under the charge of a certain holy friar in a neighbouring convent. Scandal says that to one of the pious fathers he bore a strong resemblance, but of that nothing certain can be learned. Knowing that were he caught, consequences far from pleasant would ensue, besides the loss of his wealth, Pepe made the best of his way on board a ship on the point of sailing for South America. As he could pay for his passage no questions were asked, and he was treated like a gentleman, having the air and manners of one to perfection, being a very good-looking fellow into the bargain, with a tall, manly figure, and an intelligent countenance. In fact, he had always been a great favourite among the ladies, who being, as is acknowledged since the days of our fair mother Donna Eve, at the bottom of all mischief, had persuaded him that it would be a great pity so nice a young man should have his crown shaved, and sleep for the rest of his days in a cold cell within the walls of a convent. So as I have said he went to sea. Knowing, however, that he might have some difficulty in replenishing his pockets, he was not idle during his voyage, but by being always wide awake he soon made himself acquainted with all the details of seamanship, so that by the time the ship reached Monte Video he was no contemptible sailor. He liked the style of life so much, that he determined to go to sea again at once, but the seductions of the sex in the New World, as it had done in the old, again proved his bane, showing also that the change of climate has not altered their natures. He went to their tertullias, he sang and danced, he made love, and would have married had not the ladies already been provided with husbands; he laughed and he smoked, he drank and he gamed, regardless of the future, till one night on his return home, happening to look into his chest, he found it empty, or rather full only of old clothes, he searched in his pockets—not a dollar could he find in them. He then sat down like a philosopher, and after meditating a little on affairs in general and his own in particular, he came to the conclusion that he was not worth a maravedi. Other young gentlemen might have been disconcerted at this discovery, but Pepe instead went to bed, and determined to think the matter over on the morrow. He had no relations or rich monks to rob, or there would have been no difficulty about the affair, he thought. He had also not a few debts, for his credit was extensive, and he patronised all the best tradesmen in the place. It struck him, however, as he was dressing in the morning after a refreshing night's rest, that he required change of air for his health, so he ordered a new kit as soon as he went out, paid—not his bills—but a round of visits in the evening to his fair friends, and at night went on board a fast schooner, the captain of which was an acquaintance of his.

During his second cruise, he contrived to improve still further his nautical education, though, as he spent his money as fast as he got it, he was not the richer for all his toil. Thus, for three or four years, he remained constantly at sea, undergoing all its vicissitudes, and increasing in knowledge, till at last he shipped on board a schooner, bound for the coast of Africa, to take in a cargo of slaves, which were then to be sold in one of the West India markets. The speculation was successful, for *Blacks were up* when they arrived, and only a third had died, thus Pepe again found himself supplied with funds to carry on the war. So pleasantly passed his life on shore, that he was in no hurry again to go to sea; and when the slaver sailed, he was nowhere to be discovered.

Pepe must at this time have been a bad calculator, for his money was soon gone, and his credit did not last much longer. His resources were, however, in one respect inexhaustible—he always contrived to keep up appearances, the true way to greatness. He had, by his good looks or his soft tongue, won the affections of the wife of a wealthy planter. The husband, to get rid of Senhor Pepe, offered him a berth on board a richly-freighted merchantman, bound for Cadiz, in Old Spain. Pepe accepted the offer, and sailed; but he had his reasons for wishing not to go home; he preferred seeing more of the world first: so he persuaded the crew to take a cruise with him down the South American coast, where he sold his cargo to the Portuguese, and ended by selling the ship. He then gave their share of the profits to his men, bought a fast schooner, fitted her out with guns, and as he was in no ways particular as to morality of character, he had no difficulty in shipping a crew. Behold Don Pepe at length launched as captain of his own ship. He had found slaving so profitable before, that he determined to try a speculation on his own account; and as he had plenty of dollars to purchase half-a-dozen cargoes, he forthwith sailed for the African coast. Surely he must have been born under a fortunate star, for again success blessed his labours, and he cleared an enormons profit: but when are mortals content? Pepe immediately sailed on another voyage: a new passion had entered his soul, and the sex had gone to leeward—he was beginning to grow avaricious.

In the meantime, England had discovered that she and the rest of the world had for many centuries been actively engaged in a very nefarious traffic; and that if she did not put a stop to the slave-trade, a number of most unpleasant occurrences would assuredly come to pass. She had also persuaded some of her allies and friends, by dint of strong arguments, to join her in her philanthropic project, promising to take all the trouble upon her own shoulders, which her said disinterested friends not only fully intended that she should do, but also slyly purposed to increase the load as much as they could, calculating that with the kind aid of the climate, her officers would have no sinecure appointment of it, and would soon induce her to abandon the enterprise. Neither Spaniards, Portuguese, nor Frenchmen, however, have any idea of the curious composition of John Bull, or they would not for a moment have dreamed of such a thing. John has determined to get rid of the slave-trade, and depend upon it he will some day succeed, although he may first have to expend a good number of lives in the undertaking.

But to return to Pepe's adventures. One fine morning, as the *El Carmen*, the name of his new schooner, was off the mouth of the Nunn river, out of which she had come during the night, with about two hundred slaves on board, he observed a strange sail five or six miles away to the nor'ward. The haze was too thick to make her out clearly, but Pepe had a strong suspicion that her appearance boded him no good; in fact he could not divest his mind of the idea that she was a British cruiser. The breeze which had come off the land at night had completely fallen, the sea was smooth and shining, and the long, low line of mangroves on the pestilential shore, looked dark and dreary. Pepe walked the deck of his vessel with a glass under his arm, which he every now and then turned towards the strange sail; for though she, like the *El Carmen*, was then becalmed, she might first get the breeze and bring it

down with her. If she was also a man-of-war, she would have boats he recollected, and might very probably think fit to overhaul him with them. Now, although his vessel carried six long guns, and he and his crew were perfectly ready to fight if required, as he did not care one jot for the honour and glory to be gained thereby, he saw no manner of use in risking his own life, or that of his people, if it could be avoided. He therefore got out his sweeps, and with his boats towing ahead, pulled away to the southward.

The *El Carmen* was a fast craft, and soon made good head-way, but her proceedings were observed by the strange sail to the nor'ward. Captain Pepe had mounted into the main rigging, and kept his eye intently fixed on her. For some time he was unable to make out any thing to alarm him; but at last, as his telescope ranged over the intermediate space of water, he discerned three little black spots floating on its surface, no bigger apparently than so many black beetles swimming in a horse-pond.

Having satisfied himself, however, that they were ships' boats, and probably full of armed men, who would prove ugly customers if they once managed to get on board his vessel, he descended on deck and ordered the boarding nettings to be triced up, the guns to be loaded with grape and canister, and to be run out, and the arm-chest to be thrown open and pikes placed ready to repel the enemy. The schooner was soon in fighting order, and the crew having done every thing necessary, like brave men, prepared for the worst. Although the enemy's light boats pulled three times as fast as they did, still they continued at their oars to prolong the time before they could be attacked, in the hopes that a breeze might spring up and carry them clear. Pepe did his utmost to encourage them in their labours, even to putting his hand to the hawser which worked the sweeps. In this he was ably seconded by his mate, a creole, Diogo Nunez by name, a sharp, active little fellow, the life and soul of the ship's company. He appeared a realisation of perpetual motion; he was here, there, and everywhere at the same moment, shouting, jumping, and laughing, now giving one fellow a pull by the ears, now another a kick on the breech in the most amiable way possible, just to expedite their motions; he was the idol of the men, and as brave and tough as he was full of fun and wickedness, for, to speak the truth, he was a sad scamp into the bargain.

"Well, Diogo, how far off are the boats from us now, should you say?" asked Captain Pepe of his mate.

"A good league and a half, Senhor Captain," answered the mate, coming down from the main rigging. "As we are slipping at the rate of three knots an hour through the water, it will take half an hour before they can be up with us. In that time, by the blessing of the saints, a breeze may spring up, and then good bye to their lordships. I should like to give some of them to the sharks before we part company."

"Ay, if the whole crew of yonder craft, and every one of their hated nation went to the Inferno, it wouldn't matter," muttered the captain between his closed teeth. "What business have they to interfere in our lawful traffic?"

"None, I should think, the vile heretics! Courage! my men," shouted the mate. "Pull away with a will, I see a breeze playing on the water ahead of us."

This last remark was not true, but it served Diogo's purpose, and that was all he cared about. The crew redoubled their efforts, and for some time longer kept out of range of the boat's guns. The boats came on steadily abreast of each other, and none but British seamen would have pulled as did their bold crews under a burning sun, but the prospect of a skirmish nerved their arms. Pepe was watching them through his glass. "Carramba, we shall have some tough work with those fellows," he observed to his mate. "Get in the sweeps. We must let the men rest a little to be prepared for them; but stay, look to the westward; what's that?"

"The saints be praised, a breeze on the water," cried Diogo, clapping his hands.

"We'll keep the sweeps going then. Pull away, my lads, the holy Virgin favour us."

As he spoke he pointed seaward, where a line of darker colour could be seen gradually expanding and advancing towards them. The sails of the schooner, however, still hung sluggishly against the masts, but the yards were at once braced sharp up to meet the breeze. It did not come as soon as expected, and the consequence was that the boats got rather closer than was pleasant, as was proved by a shot from a gun in the bow of the largest, which came flying over their heads through the fore-top-sail.

"Shall we give them one in return?" asked Diogo. "It may silence their tongues."

"No, no, we'll reserve our compliments till they get nearer," answered the captain. "Perhaps, after all, we may not have to pay them, and there's no use throwing powder and shot away."

Pepe was in an economical mood, like Joe Hume. Every instant the boats were drawing nearer—in another minute the largest fired again, and the shot passed through the main-sail. Pepe cast his eyes anxiously towards the point whence he expected to see the breeze come. It seemed to be in a coy mood, just touching the face of the water and flying off again, ashamed of what it had been about—a third shot struck the topsail and knocked one of the crew overboard.

"Curses on the heretics, we must fire now," exclaimed Diogo.

Pepe nodded his head. "Train a gun aft to give it them."

Just then the sails were seen slowly to bulge outward, and the schooner sensibly increased her speed through the water, the sweeps were plied with redoubled vigour, so were the oars, if that were possible, of the British crew. Each moment the breeze strengthened, and every sail drew well. She was, however, obliged to keep close hauled to retain her distance from the land. The sweeps were therefore still continued at work, for, notwithstanding all the efforts of the Spaniards, the boats gained on them.

"Shall I fire now?" asked Diogo, who had been looking anxiously along the sight of a gun run out at one of the after ports.

"No; hold," answered Pepe. "It will do no good as yet, for you will hardly hit them at this distance, and it will only make them in a still greater hurry to come up with us."

"As you like, senhor captain," replied Diogo, shrugging his shoulders. "Then I must suggest that we just throw them a little bait to stop them for a minute or so. It will be the loss of a few dollars; but that will be better than risking the whole cargo."

"You are right, Diogo," said Captain Pepe. "I should not wish to kill them, but our safety demands it. Here, Antonio, get up three or four of the most sickly of the slaves, and bring them aft immediately."

Chap. II.

DIOGO'S BAIT TO THE MEN IN THE BOATS.

The captain's orders were quickly obeyed, and four emaciated wretches stood trembling before him. The weakest was first selected and brought aft. The poor wretch evidently thought that his life was to be instantly sacrificed, but so stupified was he that he did not make even a struggle for existence, looking on with a stare of amazement at the proceedings of his masters. They, following Diogo's directions, made fast several large pieces of cork under his arms and round his neck sufficient to buoy him up, and then, careless of his imploring looks for mercy, lowered him by a rope into the sea; one end was let slip and the poor wretch was left floating by himself in the broad sea, with numbers doubtless, of the ravenous monsters of the deep, swimming at no great distance round him. Had he been allowed to retain his knife he might perhaps have been able to defend himself from them, but buoyed up as he was he had not the means of encountering them. As he dropped astern of the schooner he cast a reproachful look with his large full eyes at the Spaniards, which seemed to say, "Was it for this, cruel men, that you tore me from my sweet and shady groves to become the sport of your malice? May the fate to which you abandoned me soon be yours." Something in fact to this effect he spoke, but his words did not reach the slaver's ears. They were busy in making ready another unfortunate wretch to throw overboard while they watched eagerly to see whether the boats would stop to pick up the first.

The breeze was every instant freshening, but the sea still remained so smooth that the boats continued to make good way; Captain Pepe kept his glance roaming from them to his canvass, and many a look did he cast over the side to see how fast the *El Carmen* was slipping through the water, that he might give the order to get in the sweeps as soon as possible to rest the people for further exertions should they become necessary, while now and then his eye fell upon the black head floating between him and the enemy.

"It is to be hoped no sharks will scent the bait, or our object will be lost," observed Diogo, with admirable *sang froid;* "it would be a pity to expend any of the cargo uselessly."

None of the monsters, however, appeared, and the Spaniards had quickly the satisfaction of seeing their manœuvre succeed, for no sooner did the Englishmen observe the negro in the water than one of the smaller boats pulled towards him, and was of course delayed some time in getting him on board, his additional weight also serving to decrease their speed. As soon as their humane conduct was perceived, another black was lowered like the first into the water, but he, seeing that his companion was safe, did not appear very much alarmed at what was going to happen to him. No sooner, however, did the pursuers perceive that this trick was to be repeated, than the barge recommenced firing as fast as the gun could be loaded, in the hopes of counteracting its effects, by knocking away some of the schooner's spars.

"The fools are in a merciful humour," exclaimed the little villain Diogo, rubbing his hands with glee, "so much the better, we must expend a few more negroes, but that matters little, for they are no great loss, they cost little, and would probably have died before they reached the end of the voyage."

Four negroes had thus been thrown overboard, and successively picked up by the humane English. A fifth was now prepared. He was a stout, strong youth, full of animal life, it seemed, but he perhaps had some disease, which made him of less value to his captors. He struggled with all his might when he found what was to be done with him, for he had not seen his fellows picked up, and fully believed that he was to be sacrificed, perhaps to propitiate the water-demons of the whites. At last they succeeded in making the floats fast to him, and in forcing him to the stern of the vessel. Scant ceremony was used with him, and as a punishment for his resistance he was hove overboard. For an instant, carried down by the force of his fall, he sank beneath the water, but soon rising again, he struck out towards the approaching boats. His efforts were of no avail. At that instant a dark body was seen to glide away from the side of the vessel, more ill-omened from its silent movement. A loud shriek was heard, the hapless wretch threw up his arms, as if grasping at the air, and was dragged down by his ruthless destroyer into the fathomless deep; a crimson tint marking the spot where he had disappeared. Even the rough slavers shuddered at the catastrophe they had contributed to bring about.

"We must have no more of this," said Captain Pepe, who was a humane man in his way, and averse at all times to shedding blood.

"No," observed Diogo, shrugging his shoulders, "there will be no use in it, if the sharks are to pull them down instead of letting the boats pick them up. Ship the hatches again, or if the spars are hit some of the splinters may be falling below and injuring our cargo. Here comes another shot."

The iron missile came hurtling along, and striking the helmsman, laid him a corpse on the deck, then, killing another man, after knocking the binnacle to pieces, struck the mainmast, whence it glanced off through one of the lee ports into the sea. Diogo flew to the helm, while the second mate, a black, savage-looking fellow, pointed one of the stern guns at the boats.

"Yes, you may fire, and take care to hit one of the villains," cried Don Pepe, his anger being aroused at the loss of his people.

The mate fired, but as the smoke blew aside the boats were seen approaching as before.

"I must now try my hand," said the captain.

He fired, and it was evident from the confusion in one of the boats that somebody had been hit if the boat herself had escaped. On they still came, but it was very clear that they gained nothing on the schooner. Notwithstanding this, they persevered in the hopes of the breeze again falling, or of some other circumstance favouring them. Pepe looked aloft with a satisfied air, every brace was taut, every sail drew well, and as he glanced to windward he observed the bright sparkling foam leaping upward from the fast increasing breeze.

"We shall do now, and may laugh at the rascals," he exclaimed; "in with the sweeps, we no longer want them. Bravo, the saints are in good humour with us. Ten candles to the shrine of our lady of the rock."

"And ten thousand curses on the villains who have killed three of our

best men," added Diogo, frowning at the boats, in which expression he was cordially joined by the second mate.

Don Pepe, mindful of his gentility, jumped up on the taffrail, and making a polite bow with his hat, wished the enemy good-bye. A few more shots were sent after him, but they soon fell altogether short of the schooner, and *El Carmen* bounded gaily on her way. The wind had come round a little more to the nor'ward, so that she was now able to stand off shore, at the same time Don Pepe well knew that the British cruiser was not likely to give up the chase as long as she could keep him in sight, and the same breeze which was now filling his sails was also sending her along through the water. Every means therefore were used to increase the speed of the schooner, and as she was a very fast craft there appeared a good chance of her getting away from her pursuer, but alas, in this world nothing is certain. Just as Senhor Diogo was in the midst of a jovial song into which his spirits broke forth as the enemy's boats sank beneath the horizon, the look-out at the mast-head hailed the deck to announce a sail on the weather-bow.

"Diablo!" exclaimed Diogo, stopping short in his song, "what does he look like?"

"A square-rigged craft, I should say, but her royals are only just rising out of the water," was the answer.

"What's that?" asked Don Pepe, coming out of his cabin, a round house placed on the after part of the deck, into which he had gone to indulge in a siesta after the chase. "Another sail, do you say? where abouts is she?"

The point was indicated by the man aloft. Don Pepe, after muttering a few carrambas and similar Spanish ejaculations, slung a spy-glass over his shoulder and went aloft to scrutinise the strange sail himself. He came down again without saying a word, and then sent Diogo up to form his opinion.

"Well, what do you make of her?" he asked, as soon as the mate rejoined him on deck.

"A large brig, senhor; and, by the squareness of her yards and the cut of her canvass, I should say one of those accursed English cruisers which are playing the devil with our trade."

"Not a doubt about it, Diogo, and we shall have some difficulty in eluding her," observed Pepe, as he paced the deck with hurried steps.

"He has us fairly jammed in with the shore, and with the other vessel to windward of us, if we go about on the other tack, we shall have to encounter her, to say nothing of fighting the boats, which would be sure to cut us off, though we might easily manage them. What is to be done, Diogo?"

"Stand on as we go," answered the mate. "The vessel from which we have escaped is an enemy, that's certain. This one may, after all, possibly prove a friend."

"She does not look like one," said Pepe.

"She is too big, I fear, to beat off with our guns," observed Diogo.

"What must we do, then?" asked the captain.

"Trust to the saints," replied Diogo, crossing himself. "They have hitherto proved our friends."

The schooner, with a spanking breeze, was now slipping through the water at the rate of nine knots an hour at the least, running all the time parallel with the coast.

That the stranger did not intend to allow them to pass without attempting to overhaul them, the slavers were soon convinced by the course she was steering. Their only hope, therefore, of escaping her unwelcome supervision was by their greater speed, or from some lucky shift of wind. Should a breeze blow off the shore, which was not very likely to happen, they would then be placed to windward, and the stranger would have considerable difficulty in working up to them. They even longed for one of those black squalls which sometimes come off the coast of Africa with terrific violence, rendering the air dark as midnight, but the sky over the land remained bright and clear as before. They were steering nearly due south, and as the stranger's courses appeared above the horizon, she was seen to be keeping about south-east, which would, before long, bring her close up to them. It was pleasant sailing, the sea sparkled, the fish leaped up from their ocean homes, the woods on the low shore looked verdant, the sun shone brightly forth from an unclouded sky, the breeze blew fresh and pure over the watery space towards the west, but from the smiling land on one side arose pestiferous exhalations, and from the other came on the avengers of wrong and tyranny. A cleverer man than Captain Pepe might have been puzzled how to escape from the two.

"Is she a friend or a foe, think you?" he asked of his mate, who was scrutinising her through his telescope.

"One of those cursed Englishmen, as I'm a Christian," answered Diogo.

"We shall know soon. Ah, he's signalising us. There, up goes his ensign. I thought so; the tyrant flag of England!"

"Then, by St. Jago, we must fight for it," exclaimed the captain.

Thereupon he made his crew a very neat speech, the purport of which was, that they would be made mincemeat of and lose the profit of their voyage into the bargain if they could not contrive to beat the Englishman or get away from him; that honour and glory were very fine things, but that discretion was a better, though for his part, rather than lose his ship and cargo, he would blow the slaves, himself, and them up into the air together. On this, instead of giving three cheers, they all piously crossed themselves, examined the primings of their pistols, felt the edge of their swords, and saw that all the guns were well loaded. Every stitch of canvass *El Carmen* could carry was packed on her, and away she flew as fast as the breeze could impell her. It was evident, however, that those who guided the movements of the English ship of war had determined that she should not escape them, and as they had the weather-gage the game was in their own hands. Nearer and nearer they drew to each other, till at last they came almost within range of each other's guns. The hearts of the Spaniards beat quick as with firm-set mouths and stern eyes they gazed at their opponent.

Chap. III.

PEPE'S ENGAGEMENT WITH THE BRIG.

The British ship was the first to fire, but her shot fell short. Several other guns were discharged in rapid succession without doing any damage, at last one struck the schooner, and piercing her side fell among

the unhappy beings confined below. The fearful yells and shrieks which succeeded almost unnerved the hard hearts of the slaver's crew, and when another ball sent one of their number to his last account, they could no longer restrain their rage, but let fly their whole broadside at their opponent. It however did her little damage, and she was about to return the compliment by raking them as she shot ahead of them, when they were just in time by keeping off the wind to avoid so dangerous a salute.

The wind by this time had shifted more to the southward, so the British ship still kept the weather-gage, and both vessels were now hotly engaged running almost free directly upon the coast. The wind was increasing rapidly, and the sea was getting up. Several times was the slaver hulled by the shot of the brig, and each time arose the same fearful yells as before. At last one of her shot struck the foretopmast of the brig, just above the cap, and the instant after both it and the bowsprit being carried away, the vessel, deprived of her head sail, flew up into the wind. A shriek of delight escaped the Spaniards as they beheld the condition of their enemy, but they were quickly silenced by finding that their own condition was little better, for their own mainmast, already wounded severely, pressed by the spread of canvass they carried notwithstanding the increasing gale, was seen to totter, some of the weather shrouds had been shot away, and a heavy send of the sea carried it fairly away close to the deck, when falling overboard it towed alongside by the lee-rigging.

Thus in a short time were the two vessels reduced to almost complete wrecks, while a lee-shore, towards which they were driving, appeared within four or five miles of them, threatening them with destruction. There was enough indeed to make a stout heart quake. A heavy sea came rolling in across the broad Atlantic, the dark green waves topped with white crests of foam, while a heavy surf dashed on the low sandy shore, each huge billow as it broke with a loud roar threatening to carry back in its reflux any thing which might get within its influence. The brig of war, notwithstanding her shattered condition, seemed determined not to be baulked of her prey, for while some of her crew were cutting away the wreck of her foremast, getting up a jurymast, and securing the mainmast, the rest were working the guns as they could be brought to bear, many of the shot from which struck the schooner, the wild tumult of the waves and the roar of the wind in the rigging being now added to the shrieks of the miserable blacks, who were thus unresistingly slaughtered. While thus desperately fighting, the two vessels drove together towards the shore. It must be confessed that Don Pepe did not like the state of affairs, and mild-tempered and amiable as he generally was, as he stood issuing the necessary orders he turned many a fierce look towards the vessel, which was driving him on to destruction, and vowed that if he escaped with his life he would be revenged on her and all which sailed under the same flag. Even after the mainmast had been cut adrift it was found impossible to bring the schooner again on a wind, and their only hope now of not going on shore consisted in riding out the gale at anchor. A very poor out it was, for of course the brig would anchor also, and do her best to sink them.

Just as they were preparing for this desperate alternative, Diogo reported that he perceived the mouth of a small river directly ahead of them, and pronounced it to be one with which he was well acquainted.

"There is not much water on the bar," he observed, "but if we keep in mid-channel we may drive over it, and once inside we are safe."

The two best hands were, therefore, sent to the helm, while Diogo went forward to con the vessel towards the narrow entrance. Every man on deck held his breath as they approached the wild, broken water, for they well knew the awful risk they were incurring, but few thought of the human beings crowded below, who had not a chance of escape should they strike. The shot from the enemy still pursued them, but did no further damage, and almost to their disappointment they saw the brig haul up to the wind, and then finding that she could not beat off, let go two anchors.

"She drifts, she drifts," exclaimed Pepe, with exultation. "She will be driven on shore, and then we shall have our revenge."

But Senhor Pepe was mistaken, for by the time the cables were veered out the brig brought up and rode buoyantly to the gale. The slavers had enough to do to take care of themselves. The prospect ahead, as has been observed, was not tempting. In the distance was a dark forest, low mangrove bushes lined either side of the stream, the shore exhibited a dreary expanse of sand, and they had good reason to know that amid those raging billows many a hungry shark was likely to be sporting, ready to make a feast of them should they be compelled to swim for it.

"Starboard the helm," sung out Diogo, from forward, "so, steady. We stand well for the deepest water."

"Every man hold on," cried Pepe, grasping the stump of the main-mast, but the warning was scarcely required, for all the crew had secured themselves in the best way they could.

The schooner approached the bar. She was amid the wild foaming waters. A mountain wave came rolling in with a loud roar; her stern lifted high in the air, and she seemed about to slide down into the deep gulf before her, but the wave advanced, and she rose again with her bow now aloft; before she was again on an even keel, another came on foaming and raging; it struck her, and flying over her resisting frame, deluged her decks. A cry of terror and despair arose from the crew, and two of their number were carried far away from all help, but the vessel still careered onward, floating amid the boiling waters. Another minute of dreadful suspense passed, and she had escaped the dangers of the outer bar; but a second one was before her, which she must pass before she could be in safety. A few fathoms of comparatively tranquil water intervened. She drove on towards it; the sea twice broke over her, a terrific squall struck her, and before she could let go her anchors she was cast upon the muddy shore, and the remaining mast went by the board, killing several of the crew by its fall. The remainder were too well pleased at finding themselves in comparative safety to think much about them, but they had yet no easy task to get themselves and their human cargo on shore. One boat alone remained, and lowering her on the lee-side, they opened the hatches to get up some of the blacks to carry on shore. Even Pepe shuddered as he looked below, for so many shot had hulled the schooner, that her crowded slave-deck was a complete shambles, the dying and the dead mingled amid the living. The survivors raised a loud cry as the first were taken up, fully believing that they were about to be murdered in detail, while even the Spaniards could scarcely bear the dreadful effluvia which arose from the revolting mass of humanity.

Chap. IV.

PEPE'S DEALINGS WITH KING BOBO AND THE BLACKS.

Some little way inland was a large hut, built expressly for the reception of slaves ready for embarkation, and here, after some time, the unfortunate survivors of the blacks, landed from the schooner, were collected together. Too stupified to consider or to care what was next to happen to them, they sat down on the ground, where most of them forgot their griefs in sleep, while the Spaniards kept watch outside. By the time all these arrangements had been made, night had come on; but the rest which visited the slaves was denied to their masters, for no sooner did they light a fire to cook their suppers, than several persons were seen approaching from among the trees. The chief of the new-comers announced himself as King Bobo, sovereign of the surrounding territory. He was habited in a cocked hat with a feather, and half of a petticoat thrown over his shoulder as a royal mantle; while his attendants, if not so strikingly, were more simply dressed in every variety of garment, few, however, boasting more than one article each. After a long harangue, which was highly applauded by his attendants, King Bobo demanded by what right Captain Pepe had landed on his territory, and taken possession of his store-house? Don Pepe, whose temper had been somewhat ruffled by the attack of the English, answered briefly by pointing to his gun, and intimated that if his sable majesty did not quickly take his departure he would hasten his movements. On this, King Bobo looked very indignant, but observing something dangerous in Pepe's countenance, soon brought his palaver to a conclusion, and, followed by his subjects, hurried off into the woods. Diogo, who knew the blacks well, warned his captain that it would be necessary for them to be on their guard, but the night passed away without their receiving any further visits. The Spaniards had cause to be uneasy, for they were aware of the treacherous character of the blacks of that neighbourhood, and, as they had been obliged to divide their forces, they felt that they should have some difficulty to defend themselves should they be attacked. Part of the crew, we ought to have remarked, had been left to watch the schooner, to protect her from being plundered, while the rest guarded her living cargo. The storm had subsided as rapidly as it had commenced, and when the morning broke, not a cloud obscured the pure blue sky; the wind had gone down, the sea had grown calm, and the surf no longer broke upon the strand with the loud continuous roar it had hitherto done. Suddenly the party, who were guarding the hut, were startled by the report of a musket fired in the direction of the schooner. Others followed in quick succession. They leaped on their feet, and grasped their arms, when Pepe, ordering four of his men to follow him, set off towards the spot.

We must now return to the British brig, which we left at anchor off the coast. She rode out the gale in beautiful style, and at daybreak was ready to make sail for the nearest port, where she could hope to find a new mast. Not a breath of air, however, was blowing, so it was impossible to weigh the anchors. As the officer of the watch walked the deck, thinking what had been the fate of the people on board the schooner they had driven on shore the previous day, he observed the mist gradually clearing away over the land. At last he stopped in his walk, and turning his spy-glass towards the coast, he surveyed it narrowly. As he did so, it struck him that there was an indenture, very like the mouth of a river,

almost abreast of them, and, looking still more attentively, he made out the hull of a vessel, which he could have no doubt was the schooner. Having satisfied himself of this, he sent down to inform the captain.

"Not a doubt about it!" exclaimed Captain Hownslaw, rubbing his hands. "We'll have the rascal before the day is many hours old, and punish him for the mischief he has done us. Call the boats away, Mr. Snubbem; or stay,—let the boats' crews have their breakfasts first."

The men were not long in laying in their provisions; and, under the command of the first lieutenant, an eager party in three boats was soon pulling towards the shore.

As they neared the land, they found a heavy surf breaking over the bar at the mouth of the river, and for some time even their brave leader hesitated about advancing, but the sight of the enemy's vessel increased their eagerness, and what daring deeds will not British seamen undertake when their spirits are aroused. After pulling some way along the wall of white breakers, a narrow clear line of water was perceived, and dashing through it amid the wild tumult of the waves, they were quickly again in safety. The second bar was likewise crossed without a casualty, and giving three cheers, they pulled towards the schooner.

Thus far not a sign of an enemy had appeared, but as the sea on the outside was still breaking over her, they pulled round her head and stern to board her on the inside. The bowman of the leading boat had just hooked on, when they were saluted by a hot fire from an enemy hid among the trees, but no one was wounded, and on leaping on board they found the deck of the schooner deserted. When it was also ascertained that not a black or a Spaniard remained below, and that there was nothing to be done, the commander of the expedition quickly ordered the crews into their boats again. In half a minute the English were scrambling up the mud banks to drive their concealed enemies from their ambush, with loud shouts vowing vengeance against them for their cowardice in not daring to show their faces.

In the meantime, Captain Pepe and his party were hastening to the assistance of their comrades. As he was hurrying on he caught a glimpse of the sea through an opening in the woods, and there, floating calmly at anchor, he beheld the brig which had chased his schooner on shore.

"It is those cursed Englishmen again," he exclaimed, "on, my friends, and let them feel the temper of Spanish steel."

The execrations of his followers against the British, satisfied Don Pepe that they were in a right humour for the work in hand, and before many minutes had passed they reached the scene of action. They found their friends posted behind a bank naturally formed by the force of the waters of the river, while the attacking party were endeavouring to cross the space of soft mud which intervened between them. Pepe at a glance took in the position of affairs, and saw that if his people behaved with coolness the day might yet be his. Ordering each of them to pick off his man, he gave the word to fire, but after the exertion of running, or from their too great eagerness, their aim was unsteady, and two only of the English fell. This also served to inflame the rage of the rest, and encouraged by their gallant leader, before the Spaniards had again time to load, they extricated themselves from the mud, and, with cutlass in hand, rushed up the bank.

"Fire, fire," cried Pepe, as the Spaniards were hurriedly loading.

An irregular volley was discharged, which did no further damage than

sending a ball through the lieutenant's cocked hat, and the slaver's crew were compelled to throw aside their muskets and defend themselves with their swords. They now showed themselves to be true men, and fought as bravely as lions. The two parties were well matched in point of numbers and courage, and the combat was long and furious. It seemed doubtful how it would end, for several on both sides had fallen, when one of the Spaniards, who had been left to guard the slaves, was seen running towards them shouting loudly to his friends.

"Carramba!" shouted Don Pepe, "they are of more consequence than fighting these bulldog Englishmen," and uttering a few words to his men which the British did not understand, the Spaniards simultaneously leaped down the bank, and, dispersing in all directions, fled through the woods.

The English, as soon as they had recovered from their astonishment at this proceeding, of course followed, but near the bottom of the bank they found themselves in front of a deep bog, through which it was impossible to wade, and while they were looking about for a passage to pass round it, the Spaniards had already got out of sight. Though burning with anger at the loss of so many of his men, the English commander saw that he should only expose his party to still greater loss, by following the enemy, for, as the latter were evidently well acquainted with the country, they had the advantage of him in that respect, and had also, in all probability, formed some plan to lead him into an ambush.

Most unwillingly, therefore, he ordered his men to return to the boats, which they did with some difficulty, carrying their wounded comrades in their arms. The two who had fallen in the mud were past all aid, and when the party returned they found them already almost covered up in the black compound. As soon as the boats were reached the lieutenant determined to endeavour to get the schooner afloat, but on examining her condition it was found impracticable to move her, so firmly imbedded was she in the mud. One course only remained, and Pepe's fine schooner was consigned to the flames. This work accomplished, the British recrossed the bar in safety, and returned to their ship, when, soon afterwards, a breeze springing up, they made sail for Sierra Leone to repair damages.

We must now return to Don Pepe. The information brought to him while he was engaged with the English, was, that the few Spaniards who had been left to guard the slaves, had been attacked and overpowered by King Bobo, who was then busily engaged in carrying off the slaves.

Now it must not be supposed that his sable majesty was influenced by any philanthropic motive in liberating his fellow-countrymen, but having undertaken to furnish a certain supply of blacks to a slave-dealer located some miles to the south, he was honestly anxious to fulfil his engagement. This information induced Pepe wisely to retire from a combat in which only honour and glory was to be gained, to protect property which he valued so much more.

As soon as he and his followers had assembled, they hurried towards the hut where they had left the slaves, and as they approached it their ears were saluted by the sound of drums mingled with the shouts and cries of great numbers of human voices.

Advancing a little further on, they perceived a concourse of people assembled, with arms of various descriptions in their hands, and in front of them stood King Bobo exciting their courage by an harangue which they, every now and then, interrupted to give expression to their senti-

ments, by the sounds the Spaniards had heard. Pepe on this halted his party to prepare to engage the blacks if necessary, and having examined their arms they again advanced boldly towards them. This at first somewhat staggered King Bobo and his subjects, but being a brave fellow, he did not shrink from the spot where he stood. This example encouraged the rest, and even Pepe judged it would be more prudent to hold a palaver before proceeding to hostilities. His sable majesty was the first to speak by demanding why the Spaniards had landed on his territory, and had, without asking leave, taken possession of his hut. The only answer Pepe could make to this was, that he had landed very much against his will, and that as he found the hut unoccupied, he had made use of it to shelter his slaves.

"And I," replied the king, "as you could not take care of the slaves have taken care of them for you. They are now free men, and have gone off to their homes. You shall, however, have the use of the hut, and I will supply you with provisions till you can return whence you came. Your ship is ours, so you must not go near her again. Now you may take possession of your house."

At this the Spaniards felt not a little foolish, for they had been completely outwitted by the blacks, but there was no use expostulating, for every one of the slaves had been carried off, and there was, therefore, nothing left to fight about. King Bobo now drew off his people with the intention of plundering the schooner, but no sooner had they gone than the Spaniards perceived a thick smoke rising in the direction where she was. This was followed by the report of several guns, succeeded by a terrific explosion, which shook even the ground on which they stood.

"The *El Carmen* has blown up," exclaimed Diogo. "That was her death wail, and those accursed Englishmen have done it. I hope King Bobo and his blacks had time to get on board first and bear her company to heaven."

This charitable wish had not been accomplished, for in a few minutes his majesty and his army came running back in great consternation at the catastrophe which had occurred. Had the Spaniards seized their opportunity they might have revenged themselves on the blacks, but they had enjoyed fighting enough for one day, and besides, as Pepe moralised, there was nothing to gain by it. Poor Don Pepe had certainly been the greatest loser by the events of the last two days. He had lost a number of his crew, he had been robbed of his slaves, he had now lost his ship, and found himself surrounded by enemies, without any immediate prospect of escape, while he was dependent, too, upon them for wherewith to support existence. Braver men might have succumbed beneath so many difficulties, for although twenty of them remained alive, their ammunition was almost exhausted, and they could scarcely hope to succeed in fighting their way to the nearest river, when they might expect to find some vessel to take them off. Diogo was the only man who knew any thing of the country, and he reported that about fifteen leagues to the southward there was another river resorted to by slavers and also by merchantmen, who went there to load with palm oil and ivory.

CHAP. V.

PEPE SEIZES AN ENGLISH SCHOONER, AND HOISTS THE BLACK FLAG.

AFTER some consultation it was determined forthwith to proceed thither, and, for the purpose of being allowed to travel in safety, to propitiate

King Bobo and the neighbouring potentates by as large promises as they could be induced to receive. The next morning, matters being amicably arranged with the king, they started on their journey, and whether twenty stout fellows with muskets on their shoulders, or the promises they made, had most effect on the minds of the blacks, it is difficult to say, but certain it is, that at last the whole party reached the neighbourhood of the Danda river in safety. Here the greater number remained concealed while Pepe and Diogo went down to the banks of the stream to reconnoitre. The first object which met their eyes was a fine schooner laying at anchor in the centre of the river.

"What can she be?" asked Captain Pepe.

"An American slaver or an English merchant-man," answered Diogo.

"Suppose we venture on board and learn," observed Pepe.

"Agreed," said Diogo; "but how are we to get on board?"

After looking along the shore for some time, they observed a canoe at a little distance off with two blacks in her fishing.

On this Pepe held up a dollar and intimated that he wished to be taken on board the schooner. The blacks soon understood him, and in a short time the two Spaniards stood on the deck of the *Fair Rosamond*, one of the finest traders out of Liverpool. They found that one half of the crew had died of fever, many were ill below with the same complaint, and that she had barely hands to navigate her home. On this Pepe framed his own story. They were Spanish seamen who had escaped from a vessel wrecked on the coast, their shipmates, with the exception of one, were all dead, and they were anxious to get off in any craft which would take them. The English master, an unsuspicious, honest seaman, at once gladly offered to ship them, and they at once promised to join him on condition that they might return to bring off their sick shipmate.

"Of course, of course," answered Captain John Brown; "I think all the better of you for it. You shall return when you like, and please God we'll get out of this cursed hole by to-morrow morning at daybreak if the weather holds fine."

"All goes well," whispered Don Pepe to his lieutenant, as they pulled on shore in the canoe. "By to-morrow morning we shall have again a craft of our own, and then we will have our vengeance on the English."

The captain did not look amiable as he uttered these words, but Diogo rubbed his hands and grinned with satisfaction at the thoughts of what they were to do.

Towards the evening the two new hands returned on board the *Fair Rosamond* with their sick companion. The latter was carefully placed in a hammock below while Pepe and Diogo set about the duties allotted to them with praiseworthy alacrity.

"I wish we had a few more hands like these fellows," observed Captain Brown to his mate. "It isn't often one finds Spaniards as smart as they are."

"They are smart enough, sir," answered the mate; "but the big one seems a mighty fine gentleman for a foremast-man, and I don't altogether like the looks of the little chap."

"Well I don't see any thing suspicious about them," observed the captain.

"I don't say there is, sir," said the mate; "only I don't quite like them. I wouldn't wish to wrong any man, but do you know, sir, that

when their sick shipmate came on board with them it struck me that he looked no more ill than you or I do. When I passed his hammock just now he was pretending to be asleep, and snoring as loud as a sou'wester, which if he was down with the fever he wouldn't do depend on it."

"Well I hope there's nothing wrong," replied Captain Brown; "but keep a good watch on them, and as there are only three of them they can't do us much harm, I should think."

"Ay ay, sir," answered the mate, "depend on me for that."

This conversation took place in the evening just as the watch was first set in which the two volunteers were placed. The watch below, wearied with the exertion of bending sails and getting the ship ready for sea with so few hands, were fast asleep in their hammocks. The captain had turned in, and the first mate kept the deck. The night was somewhat dark, for though the sky was clear, and the stars shone brightly forth overhead, there was no moon, and a thin mist rising from the river screened all objects at a little distance off. Pepe and Diogo were leaning over the bulwarks foreward, and conversing in a low tone which served, it seemed, to afford them infinite satisfaction. The mate walked uneasily up and down the deck, keeping his eyes wandering on either side, while his ears were also broad awake to detect the approach of an enemy. Suddenly he was startled by a slight splashing noise which sounded like the dip of numerous oars in the water. He listened attentively and endeavoured to pierce the obscurity, for his suspicions were aroused, and he had during that day been oppressed with a presentiment of coming ill, though from what quarter it might arrive he knew not. The noise continued till at length he was certain that he heard the regular fall of oars.

"There's mischief abroad," he muttered; "I'll rouse up the captain, and arm the people. These black rascals are traitorous, and I don't like the Spaniards."

At the same moment, he dived below to awaken Captain Brown, to whom, in a few words, he explained his fears, and again sprang upon deck. As his glance fell upon the water, he perceived three large canoes close aboard of the schooner, and, directly confronting him, stood the tallest of the Spanish strangers.

"What do these boats want here?" he asked.

A blow from a handspike, which laid him senseless on the deck, was the answer; and, before any of the English crew had time to defend themselves, the canoes ran along-side, and twenty Spaniards climbed up the sides of the schooner. The cry of some of the crew who were cut down, aroused the pretended invalid below, and, leaping upon deck, he joined his comrades. When, therefore, poor Captain Brown made his appearance, he found his vessel in possession of a set of villains, and himself a prisoner. At first, the Englishmen, prompted by their nature, attempted to resist, but they were soon overpowered, and now Don Pepe had an opportunity of exhibiting the magnanimity and generosity of his temper. Politely bowing to the unfortunate master, whom some of his followers had bound to the main-mast, he apologised to him for the necessity he had been under of depriving him of his command, and explained to him that if he and his people would quietly go on shore, their lives would be spared, but if not, he should be under the necessity of giving them as food to the alligators and sharks.

"But we shall all die of the fever on shore," urged Captain Brown.

"Patience, my friend; it would have been our fate had we remained," replied Captain Pepe, and his argument was irresistible.

Two or three of the Englishmen had been murdered by the blood-thirsty Spaniards before Pepe had time to put an end to the slaughter. The master and his mate, who soon recovered, were treated with every attention which circumstances would allow, and as the morning dawned he ordered them with the rest of the crew, who were bound hand and foot, to be put into the canoes which remained alongside, and to be taken on shore. This done, a favourable breeze having sprung up, the sails were loosened, the anchor was hove up, and Diogo, acting as pilot, the *Fair Rosamond*, under the command of her new masters, stood over the bar. Don Pepe's heart bounded with satisfaction, as he once more found himself the owner of a fine well-armed vessel, with abundance of provisions on board. That she was not very honestly come by was a matter of perfect indifference to him.

"Viva a liberdad!" he exclaimed, "our necks, through the tyranny of mankind, are in jeopardy of a halter. There's no use concealing the fact from ourselves, and so I propose that we take good care to merit it. Every man's hand will be against us, but if we are true to each other, they may try to catch us in vain, and while we lead a roving jovial life, the wealth of the world may be ours to pick and choose from as we list."

"Viva, viva, our brave Captain Don Pepe!" was the unanimous answer to this harangue.

A code of laws and regulations he drew up were signed without hesitation by all hands. A black flag was hoisted, and a salvo fired in honour of it, and thus Don Pepe became an open and avowed Pirate.

THE MANOR HOUSE.

TIME-WORN, time honour'd, still 'tis there,
The grey and stately pile,
That stood the beacon, far and near,
Of worth and hospitable cheer,
And plenty's gen'rous smile.
The Franklin's home, where loved and blest,
He pass'd his days in envied rest!

Old trees in patriarchal grace
Spread forth their sylvan charms,
And stretch around that dwelling place,
The cradle of a noble race,
Their stout and sinewy arms,
Protectors of that green retreat
From winter's wind, and summer's heat.

The goodly park with broad expanse,
The hall encircles wide,
And there the deer with timid glance,
The glories of the scene enhance,
And in their antler'd pride,
Bound fleetly on from glade to glade,
By sound of stranger feet dismay'd.

'Twere hard to find a lovelier spot
Than this serene abode,
Where calm content his envied lot,
The baubles of the world forgot,
Man communes with his God.
And where His hands sublimest move,
Erects the altar of his love.

The Manor House! How quaint it peers
Above the well-trimm'd lawn,
Like some old prude of silver'd years,
Who still a smile seductive wears,
Though youth's fair locks are shorn!
With gable ends, and ivied nooks,
And casements' half averted looks.

THE PENEREZ OF ROSMAD; OR, THE UNHALLOWED BETROTHAL.

A BRETON LEGEND.

By W. Hughes, Esq.

In the old time there dwelt at Ergue, in Cornouaille, a young girl, named Tinah, who was considered the beauty of the six bishoprics. Only to look at her and the young men pined away through love. From Ergue to Landevenec, they were heard to sing in all the mills, at all the ovens, by all the washing places,* nothing but sonnets composed to the wonderful beauty of Tinah. The *Bazvalenns* of the country were wearing out their wooden shoes upon the road leading to Rosmad (it was the place where Tinah dwelt with her father and grandfather), but the young *penèrèz* put them always off with pleasant speeches, and without a promise, for she carried her hopes higher.

At last there came from Kemper† a young Cloärec, of a noble family, who was dazzled at first sight by the beauty of Tinah—he wished, however, to resist, because he thought of God; but he that falls in love resembles him who begins to swim, he triumphs for a minute or two, and then is overhead.‡

Allan was then obliged to submit, and he resolved to quit his studies for no other reason than his passion for the lovely maid of Rosmad.

The latter received the young man as she entertained the rector; served him at each visit with *bara-gwen* and *gwin ardant*, until he asked her to become his wife.

She accepted him with joy, for she had a great wish to be a lady and to wear a silk petticoat, as she had seen the lady of the *Manoir* of Kimerc'h; Allan then gave her a ring, and she promised to love only him now and for ever.

But whilst they both only thought of their love, going on Sundays to *Pardons* and returning in the evenings from the night watches, and holding themselves together by the fingers of the heart,§ a man of the *Gwened* country arrived at Kemper, with a couple of horses richly equipped, to announce to Allan that his eldest brother wished to see him before his death.

The Cloärec, forced to part, promised Tinah to return in three months with the same heart, and the latter swore on her side that he should find her such as he had left her. Both went together to hear mass, and they had a wax candle blessed and divided between them, then the young man departed to rejoin his family, which lived between Loudéac and Montfort.

Tinah began to cry, but she soon ceased for fear of having sore eyes, and as she had to take good care of a sorrowful heart, she began to sing to amuse it in a manner that her dejection of mind became by degrees perfect cheerfulness.

* Places of general meetings, where news is spread, and new songs sung.

† The Breton name of the town of Quimper.

‡ The Breton expression to fall desperately in love is—*Kared dreist pen*—over head in love—these words are, saving the orthography, pure Welsh of the present day.

§ *Bis ar galon*—the name given by the Bretons to the third finger. In Welsh, it is *bys y galon*.

The young men whom the presence of Allan had driven away, began again after his departure to frequent Rosmad. The *penérèz* received them as she was accustomed to do, with appearances of favour. She made one hold her mare when she mounted to go to market; she received from the second a wand of hazel, carved and sculptured, and allowed the third to take from her left pocket the walnuts which she had accepted from the baker's son. In that way all were content, without any one being made happy, for the most favoured was always he whom Tinah had immediate want of, and once the service obtained, she left him there, calling him in a low tone, *John the calf.**

Nevertheless, the Cloärec had not yet sent any news, and the young girl began to find that the three months were very long; then came the festival of June.

It was still the period of ancient customs—all the young men and all the young unmarried women, from sixteen to thirty, met on the holiday upon a heath to dance freely, far from the eyes of their parents. The spot selected was near a town of the Korigans.† The young girls carried in their bodices flax in flower, and the youths in their hats green ears of corn. When they began to dance, each lover took his sweetheart by the hand, and conducted her to the great *dolmen*. Both deposited there the flax flowers and ears of corn, and they were certain to find them as fresh as ever at the hour of departure if they had been faithful to each other.‡

Tinah came with the others, wearing upon her finger the ring of promise, and at her heart the bouquet of flax flowers; but as all advanced two and two towards the *dolmen*, she perceived near her a young stranger dressed in velvet, and who took her by the hand.

"Pardon, noble sir," she said, astonished, "I have never seen you before, and I am ignorant of what you want."

"I ask permission," answered the stranger, "to deposit a green ear of corn near the flax flowers of the *penérèz*."

Tinah burst out laughing.

"Vertuz!"§ she exclaimed, "he is ignorant, no doubt, that I am betrothed to Allan, the gentleman must have heard the old proverb, that there are three things impossible—Level Braspars—remove the rocks of Berrien, and root up the fern of Pougé;‖ but there is still a fourth, which is exactly that which he asks."

The stranger added nothing at the moment, except to offer himself to Tinah as her partner; but after the first turn, as he perceived that she seemed to take pleasure in his flattering speeches, he said to her:

"If the *penérèz* will not have a green ear of corn near her nosegay, I can place upon the *dolmen* a silver ear of corn, for my father has left me a sufficient estate in land to give employment to three ploughs and three teams."

* *Jann ar lue*—the name given by the Bretons to a half idiotic, or stupid fellow.

† The name given by the Bretons to certain Druidic remains, because the Korigans or fairies are supposed to inhabit them.

‡ This custom of depositing flax flowers and ears of corn is still kept up in the mountainous parts of Cornouaille and in the Vannes Country.

§ A Breton exclamation.

‖ The Breton proverb is energetic and precise:

"Compeza Braspars, divegna Berrien ha diradenna Plougé
A zo tri imploçzubl da doué."

"Allan also is rich, and he will refuse me nothing," answered Tinah.

When they had again danced a short time, the stranger resumed:

"Besides the fields which my father left me, I have of the inheritance of my mother two forests, where I always employ twelve charcoal-burners, and as many makers of wooden shoes;* instead of a silver ear of corn, I can place upon the *dolmen* one of gold."

"I must not listen to you," answered Tinah, troubled; "it was thus the serpent spoke to our first mother."

Both made another round in the dance, and the gentleman resumed:

"I have only spoken to the *penérèz* of the ploughed land, and of the forests, but I have besides received from my uncle meadows where one sends to grass every year one hundred heifers and as many colts. I can likewise add to a silver and to a gold ear of corn, one of diamonds."

"Hold your peace, your words will destroy my soul."

But the stranger continued to speak in a very low tone of that which he wished to give to her he most loved. She was to have a robe made by a saint; a palace, such as no one living could inhabit, and where she should be equal with the greatest queen.

Tinah could not withstand such promises, gave to the gentleman her bouquet, her ring, and even the half of the consecrated candle, of which Allan had the other part. Then, as the night was come, she allowed herself to be led far into the heath towards the residence which he had promised.

But by degrees, as they advanced, the sky became clear; at each turn of the road they saw a star dying, so that all ended by becoming dark around them. They heard only in the darkness a dismal chant, and Tinah believed that she recognised the wailings of the bird of death.†

Then she began to fear, and said to her conductor:

"It is a long while that we have walked, and yet I see only before us a stone fence,‡ which resembles that of the cemetery."

"It is the entrance-court of my residence," answered the gentleman.

Tinah passed the fence, then stopped, and resumed:

"I see a cross like those which are erected upon the roads, to point out the spot where a murder was committed."

"It is the weather-cock of my roof," answered the stranger.

Tinah travelled further on, and stopped a third time:

"One would say that there was beneath our feet a deserted stone-quarry, similar to those where one throws dead dogs and horses."

"It is the gate of our dwelling," replied her companion.

And he dragged her with him down the rapid declivity of the ravine.

But scarcely had she reached the bottom than the moon shone, and instead of the gentleman dressed in velvet, she saw nothing but a skeleton enveloped in a ragged sheet.

She fell upon her knees, and cried "Mercy!" Then the dead said to her,

"Do not cry, for I am Allan your betrothed; the soldiers hanged me with the cord which you still see around my neck, then they threw me

* *Botawer prenn.*

† The belief in the existence of the bird of death exists also in Wales, it is called "*Aderyn Corff*" (the corpse bird).

‡ *Tremevaen;* other sort of fences are called "*pasén.*"

into this abyss. I rotted there upon the earth, when the saints took compassion upon me. They lent me the form of a man to try your faith, and you have forgotten the Cloärec for an unknown. Here are then what has been promised to you, a robe of earth and of green turf; a palace such as no one living mortal inhabits, and of the kind reserved for the greatest queens. Give me your hand, my betrothed, and lie down near me, for this is the hour at which I return unto the dead."

At these words the skeleton fastened the cord around the neck of the young girl with a knot which man could not undo; it stretched itself upon the damp earth, the head fell back, and it remained without motion.

Tinah passed the whole night upon her knees, nearly out of her senses from fear; she repeated continuously, "Virgin Mary! Virgin Mary! Virgin Mary!"

Without being able to make a longer prayer; but the Mother of God knew not her voice, and listened not to her in Paradise.

Nevertheless, towards the morning Tinah believed that she saw something stirring at her feet, and perceived a field-mouse* which had stopped to look at her, then at the same instant a black spot appeared above the edge of the ravine, a noise of wings resounded, and a great grey crow came and perched itself a few paces off upon a decayed holly tree.

The crow and the field-mouse were a male and female magician who came there to eat the dead. They saluted each other in the dialect of the country where wheat is grown.†

"By the Guillou Coz‡ I see you here at an early hour, my gossip," said the crow, "it seems to me that you are already occupied in choosing that which you mean to eat of that young girl."

"Knowest thou not," answered the field-mouse in a tone of bad humour, "that the *Aezer haourd*§ will not permit us to touch living flesh?"

"Very well! Let us wait until this little heart shall become dead flesh," answered the crow.

"Yes," replied the field-mouse, "and I will for my share take care of her cheeks."

"I," added the grey crow, "will have her rosy lips.

"I will nibble her great eyes."

"And I, I will pick her delicate ears."

Tinah felt whilst listening to them the blood of her veins freezing up, nevertheless, she had the strength to say,

"I am very young and very small to feed you. Alas! my dear masters, and you will have greater benefits by saving me."

"Save thee!" repeated the magicians together, "how can we?"

"You can do it," replied the young girl, "it only requires the field-mouse to gnaw the cord which holds me bound, and the crow to carry me upon his wings out of the ravine."

"And what wilt thou give us if we will do that?" demanded the two consumers of the dead.

"I will give," answered the young maiden, "two cows with their calves."

* *Logodenmors*, is the Breton name.
† Gwened.
‡ Old William, or old Nick.
§ Another Breton name for the devil.

The sorcerer and sorceress set up a loud laugh.

"I will add flax and corn."

They laughed still louder.

"At last, if it is necessary, I will give you a silver dish."

"No!" exclaimed the field-mouse, bluntly, "I neither have occasion for silver-plate provisions nor cattle, but I wish thee to give me two wings to fly with."

"And I," continued the crow, "I wish thee to furnish me with four feet to walk better with."

"And if thou canst not furnish them to-morrow," added they, together, "thou abandonest thy soul to us."

Tinah found the conditions very hard, but she accepted them sooner than remain at the bottom of the abyss attached to a skeleton. The two magicians made her take an oath upon the golden cross, which she carried at her neck, and when she had sworn, the field-mouse proceeded to gnaw the rope until she had severed it. The crow approached immediately afterwards, took the *penérèz* upon his wings, and carried her in a single flight to her father's farm. He there deposited her under an apple tree in blossom, and he announced that his gossip and himself would return the next morning to the same place in order that she might fulfil her promise.

Tinah ran as quick as her strength would permit her, and she began to knock at the great door, calling upon those in the house. The grandfather, whose age hindered him from sleeping, knew her voice, and went and opened it, but at the sight of the young girl, so pale, and so soiled with mud, he began to cry out, and all the people of the house ran, supposing that he had met with some misfortune. Tinah, who trembled like a leaf of black poplar,* began to relate what had happened to her, and all were terribly frightened. But the venerable father, who had seen seventy harvests since the day when the goad was intrusted to him,† told Tinah it was necessary to consult the rector.

He took her himself, after the morning mass, to the house of Monsieur Pouldu, to whom he carried three handfulls of flax and a hen which laid.

"You have sworn upon the cross, no human power can relieve you from your promise, and you ought to fulfil it."

"Must I then lose my soul?" exclaimed Tinah, crying.

"Listen to me," resumed the rector, "and do that which I am going to command you."

The *penérèz* promised to forget nothing.

"You will take first of all a knife, which has never touched that which is flesh, or any thing of that sort. You will go along the hedges, listening to the wind blowing among the herbs; when you hear one which sounds like a little bell, cut the head and the stalk off, for that will be the herb of sleep: arrange it then into a small litter under the apple tree in blossom, and you will return and let me know."

Tinah did as he had directed her; and as she went along the hedges, she

* *Elo-du*, it is thus that the Bretons describe a fit of trembling.

† The goad, which is used to drive oxen, is not entrusted to the young lads till after their twelfth year.

listened to the herb tinkling in the wind; she cut it with a new knife, and made a litter of it under the apple tree; then she went to announce it to Monsieur Pouldu, who sent her back to the place agreed upon after she had learned that which she was to do.

Tinah remained there until evening, supplicating the Virgin Mary and the principal saints. At last, when the night was dark, she heard the voice of the field-mouse calling to her.

"My wings, are they ready?" she demanded, in a mocking tone.

"Not yet," answered Tinah; "but they will arrive soon."

"Make haste! make haste!" replied the sorceress, "for I have business elsewhere: it is necessary that I should be at Guiclan to-morrow, to throw a malediction upon the cows of the lord of the parish."

"Rest yourself a moment, madam," answered the *penérèz*, "and you shall be satisfied."

The field-mouse, who was very well pleased that she was treated like the wife of an attorney or of a ship's captain, drew nearer to the apple tree, and laid herself down upon the litter which Tinah had prepared: but the soporific herb produced its effect, and in an instant she slept.

Scarcely had she began to snore, when the grey crow appeared in his turn.

"Well, my darling," said he to Tinah, "where are the four feet which I am come to fetch?"

"Alas! I cannot find them, neither for gold nor silver," replied the young girl.

"I was very certain," said the magician, laughing; "then, my pretty one, the half of your little soul belongs to me. I will have it presently."

"Yet a little respite, dear sorcerer," cried Tinah; "I hope you will have pity upon a poor innocent girl, who will bring you something to eat."

"How so?" demanded the grey crow.

"I have caught a rat in a trap, and I have brought it to offer you," continued the *penérèz*, showing him the field-mouse sleeping at his feet.

The crow looked at it through the corner of his eye.

"It is a nice delicate morsel, and I accept it," he said, "but on condition of not renouncing for it any of my rights."

"Let it be according to your pleasure," replied Tinah.

The crow waited no longer—he pounced upon the field-mouse, and swallowed it up in a single mouthful.

But the latter in awaking set up a cry, and exerted itself so effectually that its four paws pierced the stomach of the gluttonous bird, and they appeared outside.

The rector, who had seen all that was going on, immediately showed himself in the surplice, the stole, the pointed cap, and the aspergoire, to sprinkle holy water, and he exclaimed,

"Away! race born from a cock's-egg.* This young girl does not belong to you any further, for she has fulfilled her promise. Thou, field-

* It is a popular superstition in Brittany, that eggs covered only by a membrane, which the hens drop before the shell is formed, are laid by the cocks, and proceed from the evil spirit, like every thing which departs from the natural order of things. These eggs are supposed to be hatched by adders, and produce monsters. "Race born from a cock's-egg," is, then, a term which expresses a diabolical origin.

mouse, thou hast henceforth a pair of wings, because thou art a part of the grey crow, and thou, grey crow, thou hast four feet, because those of the field-mouse come out of the pit of thy heart.* Go, then, thus, and remain such as you have wished to be until the Day of Judgment."

And he raised his aspergoire three times, and he besprinkled the crow, which flew away with a double cry.

It is since that time, and in commemoration of the circumstance, that they have lengthened in the country the old-fashioned form of wishing a person a happy new year.

A good year to thee, my brother,
May thy house be mouseless,

by adding,

And thy white gable-end without a crow upon it.†

But the young people have forgotten the traditions, and the greater part cannot tell the origin of them. As to Tinah, if you wish to know what became of her, this is the rumour of the past. The day after Monsieur Pouldu had delivered her soul, she went to find the abbess of a neighbouring convent to ask if she might take the veil, and one year afterwards she pronounced her vows, to the great edification of the country.

The father and grandfather, who had no other heirs, gave to the convent as much flax as the nuns could spin on the spinning-wheels during two years, without buying any new, and sufficient grain to feed all during the same period, besides what they gaveto the poor.

THE DEFENCE OF THE NOVEL.

BY MRS. PONSONBY.

It is the habit with the pretenders to superior wisdom and virtue, in the present day, to shake their heads solemnly when works of fiction form the subject of conversation, and to aver that *they* "never read novels."

I asked a lady, within the atmosphere of whose learned apartment I was lately struggling through a deadly morning visit, whether she had read the novel just brought out by Miss ——; she replied, "she had glanced over it—she *never read novels*—she thought it a waste of time —she did not see that a novel-writer did any good either to himself or others—what good could be done by a novel?—what purpose was fulfilled?"

And this is the daily cant—this stupid reasoning (or want of reasoning) meets you at every turn; and those who cannot write the shortest

* *Boull e galon*, the stomach; it is also called *ar choff brhan*, the little belly. The same expression is to be found in Welsh, *Pwll ei galon*, the pit of the heart or stomach.

† Bloavez vad did-te vavant (pautr),
Ha tyeguez di logod,
Ha pignonn gwen di Brand-and.

note elegantly or grammatically—those who cannot sustain five minutes' conversation on the commonest subjects, join in the senseless condemnation of novels—in the idle cry against their authors.

Cry, rather, oh! ye Procrusteans, who would dock all fancies to the diminutive standard of your own matter-of-fact imaginations, and would chain all intellects to the earth on which ye are content to sit for evermore—cry, rather, against the giver of those minds and tastes so different from your own—those talents bestowed *equally* with those of a more solid order, for the GOOD of mankind—I repeat it—"for the GOOD of mankind;" and I boldly assert, that the world in general was more enlightened, more charitable, more amiable, more *largè* and noble in thought and action, and twenty thousand times more agreeable, when people were not ashamed to read novels, than in the present day, when every one aims at being a "great public instructor," when half the world devotes itself to teaching, and the remainder to being taught; while all pursue matters in most cases beyond their comprehensions, and, at any rate, never intended in the divine scheme for man's happiness, to form the sole and unceasing subjects for his contemplation, any more than salmon and new potatoes were intended for the only nutriment of his body.

Imagine, gentle reader, that you shall be condemned, at the dinner-party you will attend to-morrow, to eat only one dish—good, perhaps, in its way, but not adequate to supersede all others; how you would envy your fortunate neighbours on either side; how you would long to be permitted with them to taste and trifle with the varied delicacies of the succeeding courses; how you would loathe the monotonous morsel you were compelled to retain before you; how gladly, when the dessert appeared, would you exchange the solid advantages of your prescribed portion, for only *one* of those large, fragrant strawberries—for but *one* mouthful of those delicious, but frail and fleeting ices. So with literature, the present system of cramming every one with the same food, of excluding works of fiction and imagination from any place in most libraries, and of compelling the young to be always engaged in utilitarian studies, will assuredly be productive of much mischief; it already has had the effect of rendering people much more dull in society than they were wont to be, and will end in disgusting them entirely with all it aims to inculcate.

I would not by any means advise an indiscriminate and unlimited freedom in reading, especially with the young, but as in infancy the mind, forced to remain without amusement, would soon sink into idiotcy, so, in mature years, the imagination and the fancy should be supplied with toys, or they, too, will wither and perish, leaving the grosser parts of the mental frame to stagnate into utter dulness.

For the imagination is one of the largest portions of that faculty known by the name of INTELLECT—a faculty all possess more or less, though in some it is large and lofty, in others small and mean. Without imagination, learning and zeal, and even virtue, are of little value—it is as the polish imparted to the precious stone—adding nothing to its reality, but every thing to its beauty, usefulness, and worth.

In the last generation, perhaps, the prevailing taste lay too much in the other direction; the imagination was feasted continually; the deeper

qualities of the mental frame were too little attended to, but no one will pretend to say that the world is a bit better than it was in those despised days.

We have books of instruction *now* by dozens—we have books of discussion—we have books of controversy—we have books on political economy—we have "Hints to Housemaids," and we have the "Rights of Women;" our every thought, word, and action is tutored; we cannot move that we do not follow or offend against some rule—we cannot speak that we do not agree with or argue against some doctrine. And are we the better for all this?—Is knowledge more widely spread, or if more widely spread, has it produced any good result? is crime less frequent—is misery less frightful?—is our political position more glorious—is our faith stronger—is our religion more secure?

No good has been done by bringing subjects of the most awful or important nature into daily and hourly discussion, making them the theme of all pens, the food of all minds, and forcing them upon intellects not by nature fitted to the unrelieved contemplation of such erudite or serious matters.

And all the while half the world in their secret hearts would infinitely prefer lighter reading and more graceful studies; but the dread of contempt, the wish to be as learned as their neighbours, and the natural propensity of mankind for imitation, induce them to follow the prevailing fashion.

But *all* cannot stand the constant strain upon the intellect, kept up by a constant course of teaching and learning; thus the mind sinks into stupidity, and one meets people every day who are perfectly *au fait* at the geological formation of the world before the Creation—who can discourse most learnedly and in good set terms upon Sanscrit manuscripts or Oxford Tracts, but who are deaf and dumb in all matters of taste, or elegance, or fancy—who hear no music in the sweetest poem, and find no charm in the vivid and lifelike painting glowing upon the pages of our great writers of fiction.

And after all, there is more truth in "fiction" than in much that is given to the world under the guise of truth. History has been pronounced to be only falsehoods, and the speculations, theories, and doctrines of men are too often delusive and vain in proportion as they are boldly advanced and indiscriminately received. But a good novel owes much of its value to its delineation of character, as an historical romance does to its faithful agreement with history. If history is of any value, surely those works which place it before our eyes in the most agreeable and impressive form are, at least, equally to be estimated. If the heart—the motives—the nature of man are worthy of study, where shall we find such lessons on these subjects as in the writings of the clever and observant novelist. All good novels are from life, for no one can write a novel who has not studied character; and such a thing as a fictitious character in a novel never existed; no one writes without some type, some original, faint and shadowy and far removed as these may be.

I believe that the novels of Sir Walter Scott did more good in their generation than all the learned works poured upon our heads to-day. I am fond of reading history, but I can safely say, I derive more correct and lasting impressions of the incidents received as historical facts from meeting them on the pages of a romance than from all the volumes Hume and Gibbon and Goldsmith ever compiled.

How is it that every one remembers the fate of the Pretender and his gallant followers, while others, as devoted, but less fortunate in their chroniclers, are forgotten? It is because Scott has made him the hero of his most fascinating tales. Who does not sympathise with the persecuted Covenanters; but their names would now be in oblivion had history alone recorded all they suffered.

Defoe's description of the plague is in itself a romance, but our most vivid memories of that terrible period are drawn from "A Tale of the Plague and the Fire"—traced by a lighter and more brilliant hand—but thrilling the heart with a yet more painful interest.

So with the old city of Pompeii; who has enlightened most minds on that subject? Gell or Bulwer. And who teaches the multitude so pleasantly of the ancient land of Egypt as does the authoress of "Azeth?"

Miss Strickland's "Lives" are very interesting, but I prefer reading of "Mary," with Scott for her historian, and of Anne Boleyn, Mary of bloody memory, and the unfortunate Jane Grey in the wizard tale of "Windsor Castle" and the stern chronicle of the "Tower of London."

It requires infinitely more talent to write a romance or novel than it does to discuss doctrinal matters, abridge books of reference, compile books of instruction, repeat wearisome platitudes, and twist old ideas into new shapes; but every one thinks it a point of duty to load their tables and library shelves with the latter class of works, while the only remark the former obtains is, "We never read novels."

We have now no great poet, no great dramatist, we have some great novelists, but the best among them are folding their arms in disdainful silence, too proud to write for an age that does not appreciate their labours.

Oh, learned and wearisome writers and readers, hear our petition! Allow us to amuse ourselves, otherwise we shall at last fall into a dulness as unutterable as your own—we promise to be as learned as we possibly can; we will acquire a smattering of every sort of knowledge; we will study geology and osteology, and we will give you our opinion upon stone altars; we will buy every book that you write, from the most ponderous of treatises to the smallest of manuals, the most compendious of compendiums; we will endeavour to digest the heavy *pièces de resistance* of the feast you so laboriously spread; permit us only to quit them, when satiated, for the trifles and the dessert.

Allow us to be happy with a poem or a play—allow us to feed our taste with the rich painting of Bulwer or James, our wit with the light sallies of Mrs. Gore; our fancy with the wild imaginings and thrilling conjurations of Ainsworth; let us, while learning every thing else from yourselves, gather from the gifted few the power to discern character, the discrimination to read it, and the love of research *they* teach while clothing the dry bones of ancient histories or musty chronicles in the glowing flesh and brilliant hues which are given unto GENIUS only to create and to embody.

LAUNCELOT WIDGE.

BY CHARLES HOOTON, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "COLIN CLINK," "BILBERRY THURLAND," &c.

Chapter the Twenty-ninth

IS LIKE A SEA-BISCUIT, DRY AND SHORT, BUT BOTH VERY NECESSARY AND VERY GOOD UNTIL BETTER CAN BE HAD.

It is needful in this place to quit, during a brief period, the proceedings of Launcelot and his friends, and to return to the fortunes of some other personages whom we have too long neglected.

That young Mr. Hollis was no fool, I confess to be my candid opinion; though no reasonable doubt can be entertained but that he will so be considered by the vast majority of my sapient fellow-creatures, in whose intelligent opinions no better evidence of folly can be adduced, than the fact that a man should sacrifice his worldly interest for the empty purpose of following the bent of his own inclination in the vain pursuit of what he may ridiculously consider a high and noble branch of a very noble profession. What! actually refuse to make money-getting his day-thought, his night-dream, the sole main-end of his very valuable life, merely to paint pictures for people who come after him to profit by? He *must* be a fool,—the essence of half-a-dozen common ones extracted from the still of fatuity itself.

And a fool I suppose he must have been enrolled, had it not happened, good usurers, that since you last heard of him, the goddess of Perseverance, under whose tutelage he placed himself, had rewarded her student's application and genius by raising him considerably from his previous lowly condition, and also by further promising him an additional crown of grace in the person of the pretty Christabel Sylverthorne!

The truth of the matter was this. The picture he had painted for the lady of Woodhouselee "turned out," as those sad scoundrels the picture-dealers say, to be a very fine work indeed for so young an artist. It must have been a pathetic piece, for the fair owner thereof broke instantaneously into tears when her eyes fell upon it. Nay, she even covered her face with her hands, and turned away, and never looked again until another sun shone beautifully out upon it and her.

And Christabel also thought it very wonderful,—she liked the little angel above all things, and she told Mr. Hollis so; whereupon that young gentleman blushed, and did not speak his thoughts; a marvellous fact, which made Miss Christabel blush yet more deeply, and dread within herself that she had unconsciously committed herself, though in what manner it was beyond the power of her young heart to discover. However, as soon as she could speak, which was just after Mr. Hollis had said some bungling stuff about "feeling flattered," and all that, just as artists

invariably do when their works are praised,—when I repeat her fluttering but guiltless bosom would allow her again to speak, she suddenly forgot the angel, and very highly praised the draperies, and the "deep old gloom" of the apartment, as well as the painting of the faces of the Thorotons, though she did not like the expression of either of them, not in the least.

"They are very natural, sir," she remarked, "but very disagreeable: I ought not to say so, perhaps, only to you—I may, Mr. Hollis. I think them very much like the originals."

And the sly but most expressive turn which the fair speaker gave to the last sentiment told far more than the words themselves.

"They are a mysterious couple," she continued, "and I never like mystery of that kind, there is seldom any good in it. That is my feeling, though I may be wrong."

"I am entirely of your opinion, Miss Sylverthorne," answered Hollis, "and I can tell you something which would make them appear still more strange, because I know I can confide in you. I never found heart," pursued the painter, "to mention it to Lady Lavinia, though the circumstance struck me very forcibly when first I had the honour of waiting upon her ladyship, and beheld *that* picture."

His eyes were turned towards the portrait of Sir Stephen, and a slight inclination of the head pointed it out as the object of his remark.

"And what was it, Mr. Hollis?"

"That the miniature worn by Mrs. Thoroton is a portrait of the same gentleman, and was once in my possession."

"In your possession, Mr. Hollis? Indeed! It is singular enough. But do tell me how you obtained it; for I am sure nobody, except herself, ever knew that it was lost."

Hollis felt rather embarrassed, as he admitted having made the purchase thereof at a pawnbroker's shop in Long Acre; though, rather by way of qualifying such a vulgar act, he added that he did so because he saw it would afford him an excellent study.

"And how," demanded Christabel, "came the Thorotons to know you had it?"

"Quite accidentally. Several weeks after the purchase of it, a gentleman called upon me one day, and stated his desire that I should make a copy of a miniature, which he then produced and showed me. To my astonishment, it was precisely similar to the one I had so recently bought at the pawnbroker's. I informed him that I could supply him with its exact counterpart, without the trouble of making one; which I did; and never, Miss Sylverthorne, did I see any man's countenance change so suddenly as did his at that sight. He then fixed his eyes on me, then upon the picture again: and then he asked very earnestly where I had it from, or whether it had been mine *all my life*. I told him all about the matter, upon which he appeared relieved, and almost involuntarily said something like, *then he must be dead*, but I am not quite certain of the words. He repurchased it of me, told me it was lost by a lady years ago, and promised to patronise me for the future to the best of his ability. That man was Mr. Thoroton. He concluded by giving me an invitation to dine with him; and my earliest visit was on that occasion, when I had first the pleasure—of—the—"

"Come, come, sir!" exclaimed Christabel, in a sprightly manner, "now do not spoil a very wonderful story with a piece of nonsense at the end. You seem to be lost in your subject; let me recollect now—you left off somewhere about when you had taken dinner, I think."

"I have told you all, Miss Sylverthorne," replied Hollis, pensively.

"I regret the telling of it has made you so sad, but never heed it now. Do oblige me by looking at this flower instead. And as you are a judge of colours, and lights and shades, give me your opinion. It is mine, Lady Lavinia gave it me this morning because I took an odd fancy to it. Now Mr. Hollis, look at it this way,—what do you think of it?"

"Nothing, Christabel," he replied, "when you are here—every thing when you are gone!"

"Oh, fie, fie! But you painters are a bold race, and so must be forgiven, I suppose; or what *should* I not say to you? But never repeat your own poetry to me again, because I feel assured that painting is itself a quite sufficient vocation for one mind."

Hollis protested he had not repeated a single word of poetry of his own, because he had never written any.

"Oh, that is of no consequence!" exclaimed Christabel; "the books tell us that poetry is poetry still, whether written or spoken. And if you have never written any, pray never do, and especially upon any one with whom you may chance to be acquainted. It might be considered libellous, since dishonest praise is equally so with speaking all the truth. I have read greater libels upon ladies' faces, for which no action was brought, than ever I did amongst all those in which certain ugly men obtained very handsome damages. But did you ever ascertain, Mr. Hollis, where, or rather from whom, the pawnbroker had this little picture?"

"Never," he answered, "but I should presume, that as it evidently went out of this family, either it was lost, as Mr. Thoroton said, and was picked up by some poor starving creature and sold for a trifle; or that it was stolen, perhaps by a servant, and pledged without any intention of being redeemed again."

"It is very strange," said the lady, "and ought to be inquired into. Shall I consider myself at liberty to mention the subject elsewhere?"

"Pardon me," Miss Christabel, "it is impossible for me to deny you any request, however great; and yet I am afraid."

"Mr. Hollis!" exclaimed his companion; "I see what you would say; perhaps I can guess at your motives. From this moment the conversation that has passed is buried with me as securely as the dead in a grave."

Hollis was about to reply in most heroic fashion, when the Lady of Woodhouselee just then entered; and exactly at the point of time to see the hand of Miss Sylverthorne hastily withdrawn from that of the young and gifted artist.

Remarkably enough, after the lapse of a minute or two, not a single individual of the three appeared to have the most remote recollection of the occurrence of this very natural incident. The Lady Lavinia had not, of course, seen any thing; Miss Sylverthorne had merely extended her hand a little way—a privilege which she certainly enjoyed equally with all other young ladies upon the face of this loving and loveable earth; while Mr. Hollis felt fully confident that it is one of the most natural and

indisputable of the rights of man (especially of the young man) to press a softer hand than his own, whenever fortune may place one legitimately within his reach.

Such was the first brief avowal of certain very tender sentiments, mutually felt, I believe, by this young couple, which were not disapproved by officious friends, and that eventually resulted in a very confident attachment.

Subsequently, the Lady of Woodhouselee exerted much of her influence in recommending her protégée to highly serviceable, if not the most highly distinguished, patronage. To be sure, he was at times under the necessity of becoming what Hogarth ludicrously termed a "phizmonger," but for that he cared little. What was it but the same as far greater had done before him? What is it now but the last resort of many an able genius in a much higher branch of his profession, in order to keep the revenue of the quarter up to that mark, which will enable him to maintain at least appearances, if not actual comforts adequate to his station?

The bare stick of Mr. Thoroton's promised patronage, to which Mr. Hollis above alluded, had not yet—nor, in fact, did it ever afterwards—put forth a single bud. A fact not to be wondered at when we learn that from time to time his possessions were still farther lessened by the extortions of Saul, who had additionally strengthened his hold upon him by communicating to that desperate and unhappy man his knowledge of the finding of those infant remains—knowledge, indeed, public enough, but of which he alone knew how to make use of. True enough, Mr. Thoroton reflected very justly that a newly-born infant must long before that time have perished beyond all human recognition, when laid barely in the corroding earth; but yet fear made him distrustful even of the very truth upon which his mind sought to repose itself. There was still a doubt, a sort of *it might be* lingering upon his conscience, which made him eventually still more the dupe and the victim than he had been hitherto. And equally certain it is, that Mrs. Thoroton had over and over again exercised all her eloquence to persuade him to consent to remove to some continental retirement in order to avoid the demands of Saul, before all their fortunes were frittered away, and they were left at last with nothing else to give. But the stern temper and high spirit of her husband caused him to scorn this advice, until it became absolutely impracticable on any such scale as alone he could possibly have been at any time induced to attempt it. The natural consequence of this pride, stubbornness, or whatever other failing it might be, was—that by this time there was nothing left him but the external show, the mere painted shell of that wealth and dignity which, in former and more innocent times, he had so abundantly enjoyed. And, perhaps, to a man cast in such a mould, no reflection of the mind could produce such agony of heart as that which now day and night pervaded Mr. Thoroton's bosom:—that by the very same means adopted to obtain too much, he had been made the instrument, by his own hands, of losing that which he had really and legitimately possessed.

Chapter the Thirtieth.

MR. HOLLIS RELATES THE ADVENTURES OF HIS EARLY LIFE, AND GIVES SOME ACCOUNT THEREIN OF THE PROGRESSES AND DEATHS OF MR. SLAB, THE HOUSE-PAINTER, AND MISS REBECCA BLISS, HIS HOUSE-KEEPER.

Some long time after the scene described in the preceding chapter, the same three individuals there introduced were sitting together one evening near, or rather around, a fine old oriel window, in the same apartment of the same old manor-house of Woodhouselee.

As the sun departed, the chit-chat of the afternoon had died away. Twilight seemed to pour its natural silence, if not its gloom, upon each heart; nor was it until dark shadows began to hide the remoter end of the room, that Christabel suddenly exclaimed, as though just aroused from a reverie,

"How very silent and serious we all are!"

"Dear me," answered Lady Lavinia, "I really was not thinking about it."

"And I," added Hollis, "was thinking of something to come until I forgot the present."

"Without bestowing a single reflection upon the past, I dare say," added Christabel.

"There is little in the past—at least of my life," replied Hollis, "but struggle and endurance; and they, I think, are best forgotten."

"Now, that reminds me," observed the lady; "Mr. Hollis I am sure will not disoblige us, and I have long desired to know something more of him and his family. He is now sufficiently conscious of the interest we take in his success, not to be aware that no idle curiosity prompts the inquiry, while all are friends sufficient to take every thing in good part. Mr. Hollis, will you so far oblige us as to sketch us a few of your struggles? It will amuse us, and, doubtless, instruct us also. You see we ourselves have nothing to say—the field is all your own—and you have a most delightful twilight to tell your story in. We shall scarcely be able to see each other before you have finished."

"I know not, ladies," said Hollis, "why a man should be afraid or ashamed to say his parentage was obscure; that he entered life through the wide gates of poverty, and has had to struggle into something higher than a bare animal existence, as though he were climbing the heights of a mountain from the confused heap of undistinguished fragments below: —and yet such is the fact. It must arise from an acquired, not a natural feeling. But though I know this, it is with much diffidence that I tell all the truth—"

"Not knowing how it will be received?" laughingly demanded the lady. A pleasant reproach at which Hollis felt abashed.

"Depend upon it," added Miss Sylverthorne, "all that is unhappy in sorrow; the rest, I may venture to say, with gladness by both your auditors."

"Although, then," he continued, "my name appears to be, and, for any thing I know to the contrary, is Hollis, I am one of the numerous family of the Jones's—a descendant of that particular branch, the history

of the life of a member of which, Mr. Tom Jones, Fielding has already written. In other words, ladies, I am a foundling."

"Then you never knew the love of a mother for you, or the struggles of a father?" asked the lady of Woodhouselee.

"Never, madam," answered Hollis, "but I well recollect a foolish and childish thought I had when I observed so many children like myself living in a great house with a school and a chapel in it, what a very large family my father and mother had, and how very rich they must be to keep us all. I was then in the Foundling Hospital."

"What a pitiable and dreadful thing," exclaimed the lady, as she turned her eyes upon Miss Sylverthorne, "to fall upon the mercy of the world even for the first nourishment of life;—to depend upon its charity, as it were, before one can so much as speak—when to cry is our only asking, and to smile our only thanks. Indeed, indeed I *do* pity any one who has had such a beginning as this."

Her companion made a bold effort to express her assent to these sentiments in words, but something choked her, and she could not. The lady continued,—

"But what, at the same time, a beautiful illustration of human goodness and Christian feeling is that which practically declares, '*Take this child away and nurse it for me. Fear not, for God hath heard the voice of the lad where he is.*' And further, and best of all, '*Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of God.*' I need not tell either of you, I am sure, in what portions of Scripture these things are said. Some foolish, and, perhaps, hard-hearted people, have made certain objections to any institution like this under which Mr. Hollis was brought up;—and without which not only he, but thousands more must have gone lisping and babbling pretty nonsense to their little graves, or have lived perhaps to have only reached at last far worse, infinitely less innocent and holy. For myself, Christabel, I cannot believe it was ever meant in this sense, that the sins of the fathers should be visited upon the children. So far from it, the criminality of the father only renders his innocents the more pitiable. If man destroy himself, the assured duty of society is at least to prevent him from destroying his children also. But pray, sir, what happened next?"

"At six or seven years of age," replied Hollis, "I was considered as naturally too weakly to undergo the usual exercises of the boys of that age, and which are intended as preparatory to their subsequent fitness for the pursuits of agriculture or of the sea; and consequently some licence was in this respect extended to me as well as to others. On one occasion of leisure, I recollect so far outstepping regulations as to venture on mixing a quantity of the garden earth into a stiff paste, and trying to frame a model of the front of our house. It occupied a long time, and of course was rude enough; but when nearly finished, the boys discovered the secret, for a secret I had kept it, and after wondering awhile how I could have made it, were about to kick it down, when one of our superiors made his appearance, and prevented the threatened destruction. He commended the work highly, and expressed his regret that it was not executed in some material of a more endurable nature.

"After this I began to fancy myself capable of something more than my fellows, and having met with additional encouragement, should most

probably have grown as vain as many others who have been ruined by self-conceit and the absurd flattery of ill-judging friends, had not a circumstance happened several years afterwards which lowered my dignity at once.

"A respectable house-painter and decorator had applied at the institution for a suitable youth as an apprentice; and I was selected as the one most likely to meet his wishes. Arrangements were soon effected, and in the course of a short time I was removed to the house of Mr. Slab, in ——street, Red Lion-square. Never could change appear greater than did that to me. Places and people were alike different, and so different, that the space of two or three months scarcely sufficed to reconcile me to the alteration. All the little dreams of natural ambition that had previously haunted the mind, were temporarily put to flight on finding myself reduced as I thought to the drudgery of grinding colours, scraping palettes, rubbing about pumice-stones, and cleaning Mr. Slab's fancy painting tools. To add to my grievances—for to me these duties were really such—Mr. Slab's house-keeper, an old unmarried lady, named Bliss—Miss Bliss I was told to call her—not unfrequently used to send me to an inn hard by with a black bottle, on which was a large label marked 'Turpentine,' and which I naturally supposed to be for my master's use; but she invariably on those occasions forewarned me that as the name was far too long for such a little boy as myself to remember, I was to be sure to ask instead for 'Gin,' which, she informed me, was a spirit not unlike the other, and, in fact, meant about the same thing. Certainly, however, the people would know when asked for it, as they had seen the bottle several times before. This little matter made me more ashamed and uncomfortable than any thing else, as the company standing about the counter to which I was sent, not unfrequently laughed at and made sport of the labelled bottle, as well as of myself; and eventually, at an early period, I rebelled, and resolutely refused to go on any future occasion.

"These are not reminiscences likely, I am afraid, at all to entertain you, ladies," here observed Mr. Hollis, "but as affording true though slight illustrations of human character, in both old and young, perhaps they may be excused. Of this I am certain from my own experience, that children frequently notice much more than their elders give them credit for, and not uncommonly speak and act according to those dictates of undisguised nature which the latter have learned to disregard.

"Besides gaining, during the period of my servitude, considerable knowledge of both ornamental and decorative painting, I also employed all my leisure in drawing and painting from such prints and designs as came into my hands, and as Mr. Slab was a man not altogether devoid of taste, he devoted a moderate collection to my service, stipulating at the same time to receive a copy or two now and then by way of consideration. This kind of practice improved me so much, that eventually all the portraits of His Majesty the King, of the Prince of Wales, and all such dukes and illustrious men as had entitled themselves to the distinguished elevation of an innkeeper's sign, and for which Mr. Slab often obtained commissions, were committed entirely to my hands. The blue boars and red-lead lions Mr. Slab undertook himself, upon the plea that being fancy animals, 'poetical fabulosities' he termed them, the more matured cultivation of his own imagination and his superior classical knowledge (founded entirely

on the fact of his having half a volume of the Metamorphoses in his library) enabled him to give them that air and grace of life to which more illiterate and juvenile brushes could not aspire. But this I have reason to believe was only an ingenious subterfuge of his to hide his own lack of skill in the other department; since he always wished it to be distinctly understood, that there were few things indeed which he could not achieve, were he only to take it into his head to make the attempt. A test which, however easy it may appear, he always, save on one occasion magnanimously declined lest the result should prove the utter ruin of many other respected brethren of the craft, who at present did contrive to obtain a share of public patronage. The occasion which formed the exception to which I have alluded was this.—

"One morning Mr. Slab found himself suddenly possessed with the most supreme contempt for his own vulgar art, and an equally irresistible resolution to become an artist in the truest sense of the word, commencing from that very hour. He informed me that there was nothing preposterous in the idea as far as his years were concerned, because Pilkington's dictionary contained various accounts of elderly gentlemen who had, as it were, gone back to the days of their youth, put themselves to school under themselves, and eventually proved as great as, if not greater than, many of those who had studied the arts throughout their whole lives.

Accordingly he prepared a large sign-board for the maiden experiment, and upon it drew his first essay, in the shape of a portrait of Miss Bliss. I need not relate how highly flattered that lady felt herself on receiving this unexpected compliment from her employer.

After more than a month's hard sitting on her part, and deep application at all convenient times and seasons on the part of Mr. Slab, he one day hurled his pencils violently into the dust, skimmed his palette through the air and over the head of the affrighted Miss Bliss to the farther end of the room, and bouncing up in such a hurry as to upset both his stool and his easel, furiously declared, and called all the present generations of mankind to witness, that he never would be an artist as long as he lived, although he knew he had the talent in him for it; but from that hour he for ever renounced all connexion with any higher school of painting than that in which he had been brought up.

"When Miss Bliss now beheld the picture for the first time, she wept very bitterly to see such a deplorable representation of herself; and more especially so when in reply to her anxious and distressing inquiry—whether she was really like that? The cruel Slab assured her most positively that (excepting certain faults of execution) he would stake his life against a lump of yellow ochre that it was the very 'counterfeit presentment' of her—the two were as much alike as two broad beans.

"This disastrous attempt by the aspiring Slab, was subsequently turned over to me, out of which to manufacture a female sign; and, by the aid of such alterations as I made in it, the very same Miss Bliss now figures on the side of the north road out of London in the shape of 'Mother Redcap.'

"Before my time of service had expired, I had no difficulty in discovering that amongst the vast body of consumers of oils and pigments, the class to which Mr. Slab belonged was by no means the least successful in a worldly point of view. Since then I have seen many a worthy artist gaining scarcely more than the wages of an ordinary skilled labourer, when

otherwise, had fate or fortune so ordered it, that he had been blessed with the far more popular if not superior genius of a Slab, he might quietly, and without anxiety, have enjoyed about him every comfort that a reasonable man, born in circumstances demanding personal exertions, could desire.

"Probably I should have continued in this situation in the capacity of journeyman after I had attained my majority, had not a terrible disaster occurred within a few weeks subsequent to the important day of my personal deliverance from servitude, which at once barred that path before me, and directed all my energies and prospects into another channel.

"Previously, however, allow me to state, that towards the latter end of my service, Mr. Slab had become so perfectly satisfied with my exertions in the profitable if not glorious cause of sign-painting, that at various times he had promised to leave me a small legacy in his will, in case I should survive him, and also the good-will of his business, to which I might succeed with most advantageous prospects, considering the exalted station to which he, my predecessor, had assuredly raised it. Yet, although I was in the constant habit of thanking Mr. Slab for this remarkable liberality with as much feeling as though the benefits implied by it were already felt and enjoyed, providence eventually decreed that both his benevolence and my gratitude should alike be rendered of no effect.

"Under the influence of another fit of ambition which impelled my employer to decorate the outside of his own house, instead of painting a second portrait of his housekeeper, Mr. Slab one day mounted a "horse" affixed outside his second story window, and, sitting in imagined security across its back of plank, was revelling in the glories of white lead and lamp-black, when, by some dreadful mischance, the iron bolt which should have secured it on the inside of the wall suddenly gave way, and precipitated the unfortunate painter—not, correctly speaking, on to the pavement below, but upon the still more unfortunate Miss Bliss, his housekeeper, who, at the same point of time, chanced to be engaged in delivering a severe lecture to the servant-maid upon the art of properly cleaning the outsides of windows, immediately beneath the spot where Mr. Slab had been sitting. Miss Bliss was killed upon the spot, but in her death was the cause of the temporary preservation of her master's life. He was carried into his own house, and attended upon surgically immediately.

As soon as Mr. Slab was brought back to his senses and the use of speech, he requested a messenger to be despatched to his nephew, Mr. Antonio Sebastian Slab, residing at Barnet, for the purpose of summoning that (his nearest) relative to what he anticipated to be his dying pillow. I was selected for the purpose, and for the greater speed a horse was fetched from a neighbouring livery stables upon which to mount me. Never had I been in that elevated situation in my life before; and strongly protested that I would far prefer to walk; for although I knew there were such animals as horses in the natural world, yet not the most remote idea did I possess of the art of guiding one in a given track.

"'Speed, however,' said they, 'speed is every thing. These livery horses know the roads better than their riders, and want no guiding at all. Mount up and be off.'

"Saying which they helped me into the saddle, put the reins in one hand and a whip in the other, and having turned the horse's head in a direction as perfectly parallel with the first street down which I had to go,

as though it had been regulated by the aid of a mariner's compass, the stable boy gave his steed a smart slap, and off he went at a pace which made me feel as though sitting upon a living earthquake. After many disasters on the road, I arrived at Barnet about midnight. The grand object of 'speed' having suffered a most entire discomfiture. By the aid of a watchman and a gas-lamp I discovered, shining in golden letters on a blue ground, 'Slab, Painter and Glazier,' affixed over the door of a very low house, the chamber window of which was scarcely above my head as I sat on the back of my charger. Having knocked at both door and shutter, the occupier opened his casement slightly, and demanded who was there? adding that neither highwaymen nor housebreakers had much of a chance in those regions, as he could pop his blunderbuss through as soon as look at me. Having satisfied him as to the purport of my errand, he replied,—

"'Oh! that's quite another thing,—that's news, that is.'

"As I most heartily desired once more to be placed upon the solid ground, I volunteered to transfer my horse to the younger Slab, and to await myself the passing of some night-coach, of which he informed me there were several yet due; and in the end I was conveyed in this way to London.

"On my arrival at home I found that my employer was rapidly approaching the moment of that last sigh, which gives back to the earth the air life it has received from it.

"Day was nearly breaking before I was asked to enter the room. But during the interval, Mr. Slab, the younger, several times came out and in to the one adjoining, in which I was sitting, for the purpose, as he alleged, of taking a few pinches of snuff to sustain him through this bitter trial. Yet I observed that he did not wholly administer his dust to the usually accepted organ for its deposit, but contrived also, to insert a few grains into the corners of his eyes—a fact at which the censorious and evil-minded might sneer, though the more liberal and Christian will perhaps interpret it in another manner, when they reflect that grief is sometimes so excessive, that tears positively and flatly refuse to flow in spite of all the efforts of the mourner; and when, indeed, to shed them would be the greatest of all possible reliefs. In such cases it is assuredly the duty of man to assist the efforts and throes of nature as far as lies in his power; the more especially so when her demands, in a pecuniary point of view, amount to no more than the value of a pinch of snuff.

"When he made his will he was about to leave a legacy to Miss Bliss, but of course declined to proceed when informed that his housekeeper had gone to render in her account before him. At the same time, by an odd contrariety of memory, he totally forgot me, and left me neither the legacy he had so often promised, nor the good-will of that business which he was now declining for ever.

"At five in the morning Mr. Slab died, leaving all he possessed to his nephew Antonio. That young man at once proceeded to the landlord of his uncle's house—had it transferred to himself, and peremptorily informed me that as he wanted no journeymen about him at present, I might hold myself at liberty to leave as soon as I pleased, and the earlier the better. I made no reply, but immediately went out in search of lodgings; and within very few hours entered for the first time in my life upon a residence, such as it was, upon my own account.

Chapter the Thirty-first.

Mr. Hollis continues his story, and makes a partial discovery which materially affects a certain high lady.

"Mr. Slab's liberality had not left me much with which to commence the world. And under the circumstances in which I was then placed, ordinary prudence and foresight might have directed me at once to seek employment in the business to which I had been brought up. But unfortunately other thoughts and purposes entirely occupied my mind, and caused me to feel that neither present poverty, nor struggle, nor misery, should prevent me from achieving a name which should not readily die out.

"With something less than five pounds in cash, I took one room in the cottage of a gardener, one Mr. Qualmby, residing amidst the fields on the declivity of the hill behind Islington, fully determined to pursue my inclination for the arts in that place,—surrounded, as it appeared to me, by all the beauties of the natural world. From daylight until dark, I daily pursued my vocation; sparing but few minutes for meals, none for recreation, and living upon about three shillings per week.

"Yet, even with this economy, continual fears and apprehensions beset me as to the future. At night I laid down satisfied, and sometimes pleased with my day's labour; in the morning I awoke from wretched dreamings of my destitute condition, and filled with horrible forebodings of the fate that might await me when the last of my small fund was spent, and even the poor cottage I was then living in, refused longer to shelter me beneath its roof. Often were my studies pursued with a heavy heart, though hope never entirely deserted me, or refused to maintain me in my exertions. I knew that something must be done to find me a permanent subsistence, even after the present mode of life; but yet felt the utmost aversion to make any attempt towards the attainment of it, beyond what might so be considered in the studies of the profession which I had taken up. I had not courage to offer any of my pictures for sale,—thinking that people would only laugh at me, and make sport of what I had done. My own fears produced abundant reasons for procrastination, and procrastination eventually brought about the very difficulties I had so much dreaded to encounter. In other words, the time at length arrived when, out of the last five shillings I had left in the world, three-and-ninepence was paid for my past week's rent."

"Oh, Mr. Hollis!" exclaimed the lady of Woodhouselee; "if I had but known your situation then!"

"It was a bitter school, madam," he replied; "but I learned many valuable lessons in it; tasks difficult enough to acquire, but of lasting good when once attained. But over these details I shall beg to pass altogether; merely remarking, that when necessity forced me upon what had previously appeared as insurmountable difficulties, I found them comparatively insignificant, and of little or no account.

"We scarcely ever can foretel, however, what good may come out of apparent present evil. It was by the merest accident that, in consequence of my residence in this poor cottage, I chanced to hear a story which led me to believe I had ascertained something connected with my

own history during the earliest period of my childhood. The coincidence, if such it can be termed, may appear remarkable, but it is not more so than many others which are of almost daily occurrence.

"Mrs. Qualmby, the gardener's wife, was a sickly kind of woman, 'a very poor creetur,' as she designated herself at least half-a-dozen times every day of her life. Cramps, spasms, rheumatism, and toothache, appeared to have taken up their special head-quarters with her; and hence she was the standing object of a vast deal of sympathy on the part of her neighbours, who never failed to pay her almost daily visits, and condole with her on her manifold distresses. One old woman, Widow Smith, who occupied a very poor little cottage at the bottom of the garden, was a very constant visitor; as she appeared to have no other employment in the world but to wash up one cup and saucer twice a day, clean a plate as often, a dish about once a week, and wash her scanty wardrobe as occasion or necessity demanded. Mrs. Qualmby was very fond of old Mrs. Smith, because the latter was so very tender-hearted, and had more whites to her eyes than any other colour. Yet Mrs. Smith generally begged a little bit of parsley before she went away, or a sprig of mint, or a carrot, or a turnip, or, in short, any thing that might happen to be convenient or in season. Such trifles, however, were nothing between friends, although they sufficed to keep Mrs. Smith in a reasonable supply of vegetables during the greater part of the year round.

"One evening, in the winter time, I was sitting by the side of Qualmby's fire, my own room having no fire-place in it, when the Widow Smith called as usual, and having informed us how uncommonly cold it was, speculated upon the great probability of a frost (a thing not unlikely, considering the thermometer then stood six degrees below freezing point), and having taken her seat on the top of one of Qualmby's market-hampers, entered with her hostess upon the old subject of conversation, which eventually led to a kind of friendly contention, an amicable dispute, as to which of the pair had suffered the greatest amount of pain, or had the worst illnesses during the course of their lives. Each most sympathetically allowed that the other had endured amazing torments, but still insisted in a kind of self-consolatary manner that no poor soul in the world *could* have gone through what she had, except herself. In illustration of her own peculiar 'lion's share' of the sorrows of humanity, the Widow Smith related the following story, which, as I thought, let me into the early history of my own life:—

"'Me and Mr. S.,' she said, 'set off in life with the charmingest prospects before us as any young couple that ever was ringed. He had a good business and very bootiful whiskers, and I was then considered unwarrantably handsome, and as industr'us a housekeeper as any in the street,—ay, and a good deal more than that. We was groshers and general dealers—hams, pipes, treacle, and all them sort of things—and started in buzness at Whetstone, where my poor dear S. was naterally born. At first we went on very well, the counter was always alive, and my husband turned over a mortal sum of money every week. But unfortinately, Mrs. Qualmby, men generally likes speckylating. If they save a trifle, there it goes in trade again. They never know when to be satisfied. My S. was one of that sort, though I told him there was often more money picked out of the mud than atop of the highest ground. He despised my advice, and fell into difficulties. But his old father, who

had scraped a little during his time, tried to keep up his credit by lending him floating capital, until he could lend no more; and after that they was both what they call declared insolvent together. This was only the very day before my time was up. The next morning I went to bed, crying more like a watering-pan than any thin' else; and presented my happy husband with a very fine darter. To be sure, another time might have been better, but them things you know, Mrs Qualmby, can't be helped. We must take them when it pleases the Lord to be so good as send 'em. However, at the end of a fortnight, when we was completely broke up, and had no consolation left but that precious babby, it pleased the Lord to take her back agen; and there was I left, as fine a mother as ever nurse could wish to see, wi'out anythin' in my arms.

"'It took half of what poor S. had allowed him by the creditors to bury her respectfully; and when I got well enough to walk a few miles, which was not very long after, he determined, as he said, not to be grinded any more on that horrid Whetstone, but to go to London and try his luck as a shopman.

"'Well, we set out one day in the month of October to walk,—yes, that we did, in order to save a penny,—to walk to the great metropolis. It was a fine day, but as dark came on it began to rain. We did not want to spend at public-houses, nor, with what little we had, to pay for lodgings that night if we could help it.

"'So at last, as the rain got thicker and thicker, we resolved to get into the first comfortable shelter. It was not far off London, when we seed some workmen leaving a lot of carcasses built nigh a gentleman's house; though exactly where I could never after exactly find out. When we got to them, poor S. slipped down a airy to look about him. In a bit he called me to come down, which I did; and there we made a very comfortable bed of a lot of shavings and stuff; and most likely, being so tired, we should have slep' till morning, hadn't my husband waked me some time in the night and whispered to me to lie still, because he thought there was somebody a coming down th' airy. There was a trial, Mrs. Qualmby! My heart was in my mouth, and every limb of me trembled as if it would shake the whole carcass over our heads. In a bit we heard a rustling of feet on the floor, and after that fancied we could discern somebody scrambling back again up the slant. S. was a man of tremenjus currige, so he gets up, walks as quietly as he could after them as what had gone out, and see what and who they was. In two or three minutes I hears a struggle, which made me rare myself straight up the empty chimbley and skreek in the flue to hinder my voice from being heard. There was *another* trial, Mrs. Qualmby,—think of that!

"'He poked his way back again, and told me it was a woman—a lady, he thought, because when he tried to seize hold on her she felt to have a velvet pelisse on. However, he tore off her pinned neck front, but she got away.

"'Just as our eyelids was a dropping the second time, we heard a little babby cry in the place as plain as ears could tell us. S. jumps up, feels carefully about—you see what tremenjus currige he had—and soon claps his hands on a bundle. That bundle cries again—so he gives it to me, and says, says he, 'Missis,' says he, 'you've lost your own, but here's another for you, if you like it, though I advise you to leave it where it is, and let them as left it get it again if they think proper.' 'Nay, nay,'

says I, 'that they'll never do. I'll keep it instead of my own.' So I nursed it all night, and next morning found it was a lad dressed in rare fine clothes, and must be somebody, though he could not tell us, poor thing, who or what.

"'When daylight pep' down the airy, we looked about for any thing else, but had not half done before we fancied we heard men's tongues, and in a great fright scrambled out, and made the best of our way to London. S. got to be porter in a grosher's in Olborn, and we took a part of a small house—in fact, it was a nattic—not far off. I nursed the child till I thought he must be seven or eight months old, and then we took him to the Foundling Hospital. Both of us proved how we had come by him; told them who we was—two of the S's of Whetstone—and made it very plain that we could not afford to keep him. Howsomdever, I used to inquire after him, and larned that at last they had put him out to a painter, and called his name Ollis, the same as this young man's as lodges with you.'

"'Well, that is wonderful!" exclaimed Mrs. Qualmby; 'perhaps you are the same, sir. Do you remember ever being took to the Foundlin' Mr. Ollis?'

"'Not in the least, ma'am,' I answered, and truly too.

"'And have you never been there?'

"'A great many times,' I replied, 'within the last few years; most usually to the chapel on Sundays.'

"Hence, they both concluded that the coincidence was in name and trade only; and more than that I did not wish them to know. But from this slight and rude low-life sketch," added the young artist, "*you* will readily perceive, ladies, that in all probability the account *did* refer to myself."

Notwithstanding the, to some minds, coarse, though characteristic nature of some portions of this relation, one, the highest of his two auditors, seemed to have become almost spell-bound as soon as Widow Smith's story was commenced. When it was concluded, the Lady of Woodhouselee rather tremulously demanded,

"You have named the month, Mr. Hollis, in which this boy was stated to be found, did you also hear the particular year?"

"I regret, my lady," he replied, "that I should have made the omission, but the discovery was in October of the year 18—."

The lady uttered a faint cry, and sunk in her chair insensible. Assistance was called, and Mr. Hollis retired.

Chapter the Thirty-second.

In which things of so unaccountable a nature are related, that Mr. Hollis becomes completely bewildered.

"My dear Christabel," said the lady, as soon as sufficiently recovered, "in what a dreadful position am I placed! I feel as though the curtain of darkness, which I have long thought would hang before the scenes of my whole life, now began to exhibit light beyond its edges, and to cheer me with the hope that soon—oh, may it be *very* soon!—the whole shall be withdrawn, and let in the vision of happiness and glory upon me once more, before I am myself called to perform, I hope, a higher part

beyond that deep and awful darkness which never rises to the people of this world! You, equally with me, have heard this young man's story; but, to my mind, it tells far more than it can to yours. Events happened several years before you were born, and most deeply concerning myself, of which you know nothing."

And here the lady paused, as though a flood of past recollections had swept away all present thought, and engulfed her in its shadowed deeps. When she resumed it was to add what follows:

"You are a beautiful and noble creature, Christabel—one that man, with all his sins and crimes, ought scarcely to dare a dream of. But place your hand upon my forehead, and I will tell you all."

And so Christabel did that moment. Nay, she did more than she was asked, she let fall hot tears upon her friend's hands, and then tried to wipe them away again. But the lady forbade her. "Such drops," she said, "fall not often, and most seldom where most required. Nobody has wept so over me since the month and year mentioned by Mr. Hollis, and then I believe my sister did, at least, she seemed to do, and that, except my own grief, was all I knew. I had a boy then, but they said he died: and that little angel rising from the draperies drawn around a bed of sickness in Mr. Hollis's picture means my poor dead glory—my heart, my soul, my all but life, for I have lived until now since then. Oh, shame on my heart that it did not break—that it should have felt one momentary pleasure between that hour and this!"

Miss Sylverthorne begged her for the present to desist—to relate the remaining portion another time, when her mind and feelings were more at rest.

"Excuse me," answered the lady, "I have but few more words to say, and will speak them now. I am afraid a foolish thought has come into my head; I hope I am not going insane, let us pray not of all things; yet I will tell you that when the story was ended I thought I saw my own child. But I will find it all out. I will make quite sure. I begin to believe I shall have the terrible duty put upon me of discovering the utter disgrace of a sister and her husband—the Thorotons I mean. Should it be so, I pray that Heaven may grant me power to do at least justice to myself and my child, if I weakly do nothing more than shew mercy to them.

"And now Christabel, allow me to tell you (and be you certain to remember), that I must not see Mr. Hollis again until something more has been discovered. I could not endure another meeting under my present thoughts: I cannot even write to him to say that for the present he is banished from this house. That task I must depute to you."

At which Miss Sylverthorne blushed, and then begged to be excused.

"You will not refuse me, nevertheless," resumed the lady, "and all the rest of the business shall be left in the hands of my solicitor."

And so most surely it was; for on the following forenoon Mr. Sandhill the solicitor called upon the Lady of Woodhouselee, and after being closetted with her an hour and a half or more, took his departure again, conscious that another large item was about to be added to the amount of his yearly income.

Much about the same time our young artist received a note from Miss Sylverthorne, intimating the desire expressed by his patroness on the

preceding evening, that for the present at least his visits might with propriety be spared; but adding that the writer herself intended very soon to return home to Ashby de la Zouch where her mother resided.

"What an unfortunate fellow am I," thought Hollis, as with a trembling hand he repeatedly perused the writing before him. "What have I done? What unknown offence given? What mistake made? My visits may be spared for the present! That means wholly and for ever, of course. And so I have lost the only worthy patron I ever had; scarcely sooner found than lost again. And Christabel is returning home without even intimating the least regret at leaving town, or so much as hinting that it would give her the most remote sensation of pleasure to see me again! I suppose my story has given to both so contemptuous an idea of me from my miserable origin and most wretched after-struggles, that I am no longer considered worthy of regard. Well, be it so, and if so, I care not, not I. The world shall yet see that though a man who can call no one father, claim no noble beauty for my mother, nor even say that I have one sole relation under Heaven, that I stand alone, unhelped and uncounselled, yet I am not a man to be despised!"

Upon the mental utterance of which heroic sentiment Mr. Hollis folded his arms and marched about his room.

Before he could persuade himself to sit down again, another letter arrived. It bore a seal of important appearance, and was by no means contemptible in point of size of folding.

It was from Mr. Sandhill, requesting an interview with the individual to whom it was addressed, at his earliest convenience, any morning between ten and twelve. A draft for fifty pounds from the Lady Lavinia was also enclosed, together with an intimation from the solicitor that the same amount from the same source would be transmitted to him every month from that date.

Men of the temperament, mental and bodily, which Hollis possessed, are ever strange, wayward beings. Every thing out of their most ordinary every day track is controlled by impulses merely. Like springs that ebb and flow—now lying silent within themselves, then rushing out with a degree of impetuosity, which seems to say they can never be exhausted; such spirits appear to the ordinary world almost inexplicable; beings of two principles only—love and madness. Love and madness associated, though not combined by any of those intermediate strata of feeling which in others serve to assimilate extremes, and to fit man all the better for intercourse with his common brother. Pure darkness and pure light, pure good and pure evil, these are the only strong characteristics observable in them. They travel far on each side, but seem to know no middle course.

Hence our artist no sooner found that he had done a grievous wrong to the lady his patroness, than he actually fell on his knees, and asked pardon of Heaven for having so hastily thought evil of a fellow-creature. He blessed his benefactress a hundred times, and prayed that he might yet live to be personally restored to her favour, and prove himself at least one source of her future happiness.

As these feelings subsided, he began to reflect more calmly upon the question, what can all this mean? Discarded, and yet so profusely supported by the same hand?

No reasoning availed him; nor could he arrive at any other conclusion

than this, that having now so much within his power, he would avail himself of it to the very utmost in the pursuit of his glorious profession, and leave all the rest for time and future events to discover.

Next morning he waited upon Mr. Sandhill, and from that learned gentleman received instruction to find out the Widow Smith again at his earliest convenience, and obtain from her whatever further information, if any, she might be able to give him.

Hollis replied that a very considerable time had elapsed since he left Qualmby's cottage, and it was most uncertain whether the widow still remained in the neighbourhood, or, indeed, whether she was even alive; but added that he would do his best, and communicate the results as early as possible.

Fancying, from his conversation with the solicitor, that there was something more in the present proceedings than could then be fathomed, and feeling deeply anxious to know what would be their ultimate result, he expedited his part of the business as far as in him lay, by proceeding directly towards Islington.

Arriving there just before noon, the cottager's dinner-time, he had "the inexpressible happiness" of not only finding Widow Smith alive, but also of detecting her in the very act of begging a small cabbage—the smaller the better—from her old horticultural friend, Mrs. Qualmby. But in this pursuit of knowledge under difficulties, we must for the present leave him.

Chapter the Thirty-third.

Introduces Mr. Sandhill, the Lawyer, to the Reader—His Interview with Mr. Thoroton, and Subsequent Researches.

An able and faithful lawyer may honestly be ranked amongst the most valuable of human beings. Next to the physician, he is the refuge and comforter of the suffering—the active living agent of human justice in a world of cruelty, oppression, and wrong. Amongst the low or the high, the small or the great, he is still the same. He has an ear for the petition of the helpless poor, as well as a purse for the fee of the able and wealthy. Such a man—rare as the specimen is—was Mr. Sandhill. And about the business in hand he set himself as follows.

First, he took a favourable opportunity of waiting upon Dr. Carious, the gentleman who had attended upon Lady Lavinia during her accouchement; and by a series of indirect but artful questions gradually drew that learned gentleman into conversation respecting the object of his visit. During this interview Mr. Sandhill induced the doctor very unsuspectingly to produce his diary for the year 18—, in which was contained an entry of the important fact of his client's having become the mother of a boy in October of that year.

"You will much oblige me, doctor," said Mr. Sandhill, "by a duplicate of that entry, signed by yourself as principal attendant physician. The Lady of Woodhouselee has placed her affairs wholly in my hands; and I have her ladyship's commands to make whatever inquiries I, as her legal adviser, may deem proper, with a view to their final settlement, and the making of her last will and testament."

"But, my good sir," interrupted Carious, "the child—"

"I am quite aware of it, doctor, quite. The child died, or was born dead: that makes no difference whatever. The fact must be legally ascertained and assured, in order that Mrs. Thoroton, the next heiress, may obtain such an indisputable title as shall prevent future litigation on the part of any pretender who else might arise, in the name of that dead son, to dispute it."

The doctor was no lawyer; and, from these observations, fancying his wicked coadjutors in the business were sure of their prize without discovery, and himself of his long-delayed reward, readily gave the copy desired.

"And now, doctor, can you inform me where the remains were deposited?—That is another fact necessary to be ascertained; for assuredly they were not carried away by an undertaker, and put into the ground like those of a dog?"

"Of that, my dear sir," answered Carious, "I know nothing. We may reasonably presume the corpse was conveyed to the family vault; but, of course, the lady's relatives, the Thorotons, superintended all necessary arrangements of that kind, and, doubtless, most strictly and religiously observed every thing that was right to be done."

"Oh, doubtless, doubtless; not the least doubt about it!" echoed Mr. Sandhill, "but it will be needful for me to see the Thorotons upon the subject, in order to secure as far as possible that branch of the family in the legitimate possession of what otherwise might prove disputed estates. You will have no objection, doctor, to accompany me at your earliest convenience?"

Dr. Carious did not exactly relish the proposition, but he scarcely knew how to avoid it; and consequently it was eventually agreed that they should again meet that day week for the especial purpose of proceeding to the residence of Mr. Thoroton.

The time arrived, and the meeting took place.

Very much to Mr. Sandhill's surprise, considering Mr. Thoroton's family and presumed station in society, he found that gentleman living (so far as outward appearances were to be trusted) in a manner which betrayed either great deficiency of becoming pride, or great lack of means by which to display it. That the former was not the case, the reader can readily believe; that the latter *was* he will know to be equally certain.

When our solicitor introduced the business upon which he had undertaken the present visit, he did so with such an admirably assumed air of entire confidence,—free from all appearance of suspicion—in the integrity and uprightness of his auditor Mr. Thoroton, and evinced so much apparent solicitude to settle matters for his welfare in the best and most secure manner possible, that this gentleman was thrown completely off his guard. Yet while Mr. Sandhill did all this, he did not forget likewise to mark every expression of Mr. Thoroton's countenance, every change of feeling which their discourse elicited, every, the slightest, evidence—whenever it could be discovered—of misgiving when he fancied either a truth was disguised, or perhaps a direct untruth uttered.

On the part of Mr. Thoroton, many needful details were given with the utmost appearance of frankness and candour; through the keen perception of Mr. Sandhill enabled him to discover through all this disguise, the deep considerations of studied dissimulation, and the cautious endeavours to avoid involving himself in contradictions which the speaker strove vainly to hide.

While the conversation was yet proceeding, and at a point of time when the solicitor began to think he should fail in his endeavours to elicit all that he wished to know, a servant announced to Mr. Thoroton the arrival of a gentleman who wished to see him immediately upon business of the most urgent importance.

Mr. Thoroton directed that he should be shown into another room, and shortly afterwards left Mr. Sandhill and the doctor to commune together during a brief period, while he held an interview with the stranger. That stranger, good reader, was no other than Mr. Thoroton's old pest, his living plague, Saul, the astrologer.

"Your most humble servant," said Saul, "and likewise," he mentally added, "your complete master."

"I can do no more," ,was the reply, if it could be called one, made by Mr. Thoroton. "Beggared as I am by you, and should have been had my possessions been ten times greater, you must know that the longest thread has an end, and to that end I have now come. Your extortion can go no farther. Rest content, man, with what you have already obtained, let your avarice now sleep on the meal it has made, and your own rascality."

"Tush, tush!" ejaculated Saul, "hard words are mischievous; and it is by no means your interest, Mr. Thoroton, to make mischief between yourself and me. Besides, I am one of those men whose temper it is never to forgive or forget an injury. On my very death-bed I would avenge it with my right arm, if I could—if not I would curse the doer with the last breath that left my body. In my mind, what you have already offended in against me rises up like a mountain of which *I* shall never lose sight during the whole journey of my life. The heap is great already—be wise and cautious enough not to add to it."

"More is not in my power at present," rejoined Thoroton; "not an atom more. It *may be* at some future time, but when, I know not. If that will content you, very good; if not, I am totally reckless of consequences, and you must do as you like; take what course you will, and I shall be prepared to abide the event."

"Enough!" exclaimed Saul; "our books are now closed upon the past, and from this hour I open a new account."

So saying, Saul quitted the house, with a firm resolve to bring, ere a very long time was over, the wretched course of his dupe to a conclusion.

Mr. Thoroton followed him into the garden, and angry recrimination still continued between the two. As they passed the window of the apartment in which Mr. Sandhill and the doctor were awaiting the return of their host, that remarkable looking stranger, Saul, was distinctly heard to exclaim to Mr. Thoroton:—

"Remember the Adelphi vaults! Thou would'st have committed murder then, but for the power of my art. Remember, that the boy was stolen again that night by thee. What is it to be believed then followed, but murder inevitable? And now, having ceased to *do*, thy time has come to begin to suffer."

Mr. Sandhill most emphatically noted these truly, to him, remarkable words; though without expressing the least outward sign that they had attracted his attention in the most remote degree. He could scarcely fail, however, to observe, that no sooner were they uttered, than Dr. Carious evinced considerable discomposure of mind, and became unusually pale.

Some time elapsed before Mr. Thoroton again returned to his visitors; the perturbation of his mind having been so great from this unpleasant incident, happening, too, at such a particular juncture, that for the time being, he felt totally unfitted to resume a conversation too closely touching the very subject which had caused his disquietude.

Anxiously and hurriedly he traversed the most remote walks of the garden, striving to sum up what courage was yet left him: to reassure himself, and to gather sufficient bold determination to enable him to carry out this last final stroke of a long and painful course of policy, with effect and triumph.

When Mr. Thoroton reappeared before his visitors, Mr. Sandhill resumed the conversation, much as follows:—

"Her ladyship, Mr. Thoroton, has always understood that the remains of her son were deposited in the family-vault at Woodhouselee?"

"Oh, certainly,—beyond all doubt!" exclaimed Thoroton; "the velvet of Sir Stephen's coffin was scarcely tarnished by the damp, when the body of his son was laid beside him."

"You attended the ceremony yourself, of course?"

"I did; and saw that all arrangements were properly disposed."

"*Properly* disposed?"

"Yes, sir,—yes. Why lay emphasis on the word, sir?" asked Mr. Thoroton; "is it at all doubtful ——?"

"Not in the least, my good friend," interrupted the wily Mr. Sandhill; "pray understand me properly. I marked the word, perhaps unconsciously, because I felt so strongly, sir, that, as the husband of that lady's sister, as the uncle of that baby, and as a strictly upright, undesigning, and honourable man, it is morally impossible, Mr. Thoroton, that you could have acted otherwise."

And as the solicitor uttered the latter half of this sentence, his eyes were steadily fixed upon the countenance of the individual he addressed; his voice was so singularly modulated that its sounds carried more meaning than his words; and no man, save one who was perfectly innocent, could have failed to feel that he spoke with the intensest bitterness of irony.

"No sir," continued Mr. Sandhill; "the most common feelings of humanity demanded, at that sorrowful hour, from both yourself and your excellent lady, attentions too kind and delicate to be expressed in language; tendernesses such as angels might shed invisibly and silently upon the heart of racked and suffering woman,—of woman untimely widowed, and in weeds and sorrow brought newly down to the pillow of the mother. These, sir, the rudest heart must have made some attempts to pay; but how well they were carried out by you and your wife, your own heart alone, Mr. Thoroton, can be the true judge."

The self-convicted individual thus addressed literally trembled beyond the possibility of entire concealment; his countenance wore an indescribable expression of mingled fear and amazement, and his eyes seemed vainly to seek the spot upon which they might rest for more than a few moments' space together. Dr. Carious appeared as though very strongly under the influence of one of his own opiates, while the powerful contrast produced by these two guilty faces, only made that of the honest lawyer more radiant and beautiful in its expression of high integrity and warm benevolence. But he now ceased to speak further—his point was gained.

By a well-applied rule of rhetoric, he had convinced himself, to a moral certainty, of the existence of that secret guilt which else no mere examination could have elicited at all. It only remained now to render the legal certainty equally demonstrable and clear.

He took his leave with so much apparent sincerity of feeling and unaffected politeness, that Mr. Thoroton was again completely deceived, and, as it were, persuaded that the interpretation which he had put upon Mr. Sandhill's discourse, was entirely the result of his own fears, and by no means prompted by any real knowledge which that gentleman possessed of the literal facts of the case.

With that readiness and promptitude of action which distinguished Mr. Sandhill's character, he suffered no long period to elapse before he went privately down to Woodhouselee, for the purpose of having the great vault of the family opened, and thus satisfying himself of the truth or falsity of Mr. Thoroton's statement, respecting the burial of the Lady Lavinia's first-born.

To his surprise, it must be confessed, he found the coffin exactly as had been described by Mr. Thoroton; for, in reality, Mr. Sandhill's firm conviction had been that the whole story was a fabrication, and would have been triumphantly proved so by the result of the present examination. There were a silver plate upon the lid, with a suitable inscription, and sufficient remains yet undestroyed inside, to satisfy the examiner that a newly-born infant had in reality been entombed. A distinct record was also found of the funeral, and the old sexton himself still retained a perfect recollection of that circumstance.

These indisputable facts somewhat staggered the lawyer's faith in the singular stories he had heard, and detracted from the probability of the conjectures and suppositions which had been founded upon them. "And yet," he thought, "it is not impossible that a supposititious body may have been substituted the better to complete the deception, if it really be one; and who so likely to procure it for the occasion as Doctor Carious himself? It must be so, and this is the simple solution of the seeming mystery. But what evidence have we? how can we prove it? True, true; it is easy to presume as much as this, but the proof of it is quite another matter. And yet," pursued Mr. Sandhill, mentally, as he leaned back upon his chair in an attitude of deep meditation, "the other matters concerning Hollis may be mere coincidences. What, though he was born about the same time, there is nothing surprising in that, for many others besides must also have been similarly born. Neither is it remarkable that he should have been exposed in the same month of October in the same year. Foundlings and outcasts are too numerous to render such a circumstance at all remarkable. The only wonder in the affair is, that a child so abandoned, and at such an age, should ever have survived its sufferings. But again, it must be asked, what meant that eccentric-looking stranger the other day, with his 'Remember the Adelphi vaults!' his allusions to an attempted murder, and his avowed belief that murder was by Mr. Thoroton subsequently committed? That man must be sought out and sifted; he might allude in those words to this identical business. If I can lure him to my house, and by promises or threats obtain any information privately, so much the better; it will prevent public exposure, and best please the Lady of Woodhouselee. If not, he shall be arrested and examined by the magistracy. At all events and hazards, the inquiry must and shall be pursued to its legitimate conclusion!"

THE GASCONS OF 1585;

OR,

THE "FORTY-FIVE."

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

VI.—THE MYSTERIOUS LADY.

WHILST the execution of M. de Salcède was going on in the Grève, the two Joyeuses were wending their way, arm-in-arm, towards the Pont de la Tournelle. Both had preserved an unbroken silence, for it was evident that one of them at least had matters of weight upon his mind. At length, the eldest ventured to question his more serious brother.

"Have you any thing of importance to communicate to me, my dear Henry?" inquired Anne.

"Nothing, but that I am desperately in love, brother," replied Henry.

"Well, there is nothing serious in that," exclaimed Anne, much relieved. "By the pope, I also am in love, and with M. de Mayennes' sweetheart, too; she would quit him in a moment for me, but she is frightened of being killed by him—the duke, you know, is in the habit of killing women. I hate the Guises, and it delights me to cross them, even in matters of love. I have my cares and anxieties as well as you, but I do not in consequence get as melancholy as a monk."

"Ah, brother! the woman I love is serious as the angel Gabriel, and perfectly unapproachable. But I must tell you how I first saw her, for her acquaintance I have not as yet. I wandered one day into the little garden of the church la Gypecienne. There is a stone seat beneath the trees. I saw a lady kneeling on it dressed in white. I do not know if it was the sanctity of the spot or the character of the person that influenced me, but this kneeling woman appeared in the dim twilight to me as a beautiful marble statue. It was evident that she was weeping, and several times she embraced the stone bench. The intensity of her grief chilled me to the heart. I was about to approach her, when the voice of a man, whom I had not observed, said to me,

"'Excuse me, sir,' and he interposed himself to my further progress. I questioned him, but all I could obtain was that the lady had lost her husband. This man was a kind of servant, about thirty years of age, who lived with her, but he would not tell me her name, nor where she dwelt. In the meantime, the lady had risen up, and as she turned towards me her face appeared illuminated. Never did I see such exquisite beauty, such superhuman excellence! But her attendant spoke to her, and drawing down her veil she hastened away. I followed her. I traced her to the Rue de Lesdiguieres, near the Bastile. As the attendant went in he turned round and saw me. I made every endeavour to get into the house, but without success. I inquired of the neighbours, but no one knew her. I tried messages, letters, flowers, presents, but all

in vain. At length the lady, no doubt wearied by my pursuit, left the house, and no one could tell me where she was gone."

"And did you ever find her again?" inquired Anne, who had become interested in his brother's story.

"Yes, Providence so willed it that I should see her again. About a fortnight ago I was passing through the Rue de Bussy about midnight, when I saw a house, the second story of which was on fire. I knocked at the door, which was opened to me, and I ran up-stairs crying out, fire! fire!

"'Silence! silence!' exclaimed a man's voice, from above, 'or you will bring the guard here.' On entering, I found myself in a chemist's laboratory. It was while making some experiment or other that an inflammable liquor had caught fire, and communicated itself to the furniture. The fire was, however, easily mastered. The man then turned round to me. He had a fearful cicatrix upon his cheek, another upon his forehead, and a thick beard disguised the remainder of his face.

"'Thank you, sir,' he said, 'but you see all is over now. May I have the pleasure of re-conducting you?'

"The sound of his voice struck me at once. It was the attendant upon the mysterious lady, and I was about to say so, when the door opened and the lady herself appeared, beautiful, majestic as ever. To her questions as to what was the matter, the bearded chemist stated that a slight explosion had taken place, that a trifling fire had ensued, and that I had hurried up-stairs to help to extinguish it.

"'It is the same young gentleman,' added the chemist, 'who persecuted us in the Rue de Lesdiguieres.'

"The lady then turned her eyes upon me, and I saw by her look that she had not seen me before.

"'Sir,' she said, 'I pray you go away, or you will oblige me to change my residence again.'

"'Heaven forbid it!' I exclaimed, and hastened towards her, but as cold as if she had not seen me she turned away and disappeared like a shadow. I also followed in a kind of stupor of despair, almost fearful that I should lose my senses. Since that time I go every night to the same place. I hide myself under a balcony opposite to her house; once out of ten nights I see a light in her room, and that gives me life and happiness till I see it again."

"What happiness?" exclaimed Joyeuse, "why, allow me to say you are a perfect green horn."

"True, I have made no calculations, but I have abandoned myself to something stronger than myself. What would you have done in my situation, Anne?"

"I should have ascertained her name and her age, at all events. An ordinary servant is purchased for ten crowns, an excellent one for twenty, a marvellous servant for a thousand. Now, let us suppose this to be the phœnix of servants, suppose even an expense of twenty thousand crowns, you would still have had thirty thousand crowns out of the moiety I gave you of fifty thousand, his majesty's gratuity upon his birth-day, to have paid the phœnix of women delivered up by the phœnix of servants."

"Anne," said Henry, sighing, "there are people who are not to be purchased, there are hearts which the king himself is not rich enough to buy."

"Well, admitted, but there are none that are not to be won. Now what have you done to win that heart? You see a woman sorrowful, imprisoned, moaning, you make yourself more sorrowful, and moan in a more distressing manner than herself. If she is alone, bear her company; if she is sorrowful, be gay; if she regrets some one, comfort her and take his place. Henry, in a fortnight you shall have your mistress."

"Brother! What do you mean?"

"Where is the house?"

"Corner of the Quay des Augustins, about twenty paces from the hostelry having for a sign the Sword of the proud Chevalier."

"Well, be at your usual station to-night at eight o'clock."

"But what will you do?"

"No matter; be there, and you shall see; so now, good bye, my mistress—no, I mean M. Mayennes' mistress—is waiting for me, so farewell."

And the brothers shook hands and parted in opposite directions.

VII.—THE HOSTELRY OF "THE SWORD OF THE PROUD CHEVALIER."

NIGHT had come on, enveloping in its humid mantle of mist the city which had been so noisy a few hours previously. Salcède dead, the spectators had hastened to gain their homes, only a few groups were still to be observed here and there talking over the events of the day, and there were still some evidences of the excitement that had prevailed, in the few houses from which the murmur of voices was still heard to issue like the buzz of bees in the distance. And in such a category was a certain house painted of a rose colour, relieved by blue and white and decorated with the sign of "The Sword of the Proud Chevalier."

This magnificent sign was intended to gratify all tastes, and to appeal to the sympathies of all. The painter animated at once by an heroic and pious feeling, had represented the combat of an archangel with a dragon, but he had placed in the hand of the proud chevalier, not a sword but an immense cross with which he had cleaved in twain the unfortunate dragon. Below were an infinite multitude of spectators raising up their arms; above, angels were holding out branches of laurel over the head of the proud chevalier.

Yet, notwithstanding the artistic excellence and splendour of conception displayed in this sign, it must be acknowledged that there were almost every day a notable account of empty benches at the hostelry of the "Proud Chevalier." The house was large and comfortable; four towers, each containing its octagonal room, rose superbly above its sign. Dame Fournichon, hostess of the "Proud Chevalier," had long ambitioned to attract all the lovers of the Square of Bussy to her octagonal apartments, but unfortunately the vicinity of the house to the Pré aux Clercs had brought them so many of known fighting propensities, that others of more peaceable and loving dispositions were obliged to keep aloof. Dame Fournichon, instead of accounting, however, for the misfortune in this simple and rational manner, attributed it entirely to the repulsive character of the sign, which she ever contested ought to have been a *Rosier d'Amour*, the tree bearing inflamed hearts instead of roses. Master Fournichon unluckily only shrugged his shoulders when this unfortunate subject of discussion was broached, and contented himself by observing that a fighting man always drank six times as much as a lover, and that the gentlemen who

frequented the octagonal towers had done quite right in giving charcoal moustaches to all the little cupids that madame had had painted on the panels thereof.

Things were in this state of schism at the "Proud Chevalier," when an unforeseen circumstance came to decide matters, at least for the time being, triumphantly in favour of the host, who considered wine to be more moral than love. One evening, a month before the execution of De Salcède, the host and hostess had been watching, with sorrowful eye, a party of soldiers, whose captain, after drilling them on the Pré aux Clercs, had been attending their embarkation at the Tour de Nèsle, for the Louvre, and regretting that military discipline should send home such a thirsty party without allowing them any refreshment, when they saw the captain turn his steed in the direction of the gate of Bussy.

In ten minutes this officer, proud of his white horse and his gold scabbard, which tilted up a cloak of superfine Flemish cloth, was opposite the hostelry door.

"What a beautiful horse!" exclaimed the host.

"What a beautiful horseman!" re-echoed Madame Fournichon, with a sneer at her husband's want of sagacity.

The captain was not so insensible to praise as not to lift up his head, and observing the host, hostess, and hostelry, reined in his steed.

"Is there no one here?" he inquired, as he carefully scanned the house and neighbourhood.

"No one, for the moment," answered M. Fournichon, deeply humiliated; and he was about to explain that such was not always the case, when the captain interrupted him by calling his attendant to hold his horse, while he dismounted. The captain was a man of from thirty to thirty-five years of age, but appeared to be only twenty-eight, he took such care of his person. He was tall, well-made, with an expressive countenance, and a somewhat affected, but still impressive manner.

"How many people can you lodge here?" asked the captain, as he walked into the saloon.

"Thirty persons, including ten masters."

"That is not enough," replied the captain, pensively; then he added, "How many could you accommodate for one day?"

"Oh! for one day, forty or forty-five. Sometimes, of a Sunday, we have eighty soldiers here."

"Forty-five! parfandious! that is exactly my number. And no crowd before the house—no spies among your neighbours?"

"Oh, dear me, no! We have only for neighbours a worthy citizen, who never troubles his head with other people's business, and a lady, who is so mysterious, that we have not seen her for three weeks that she has been a neighbour."

"Well, this suits me perfectly," continued the captain. "This day month, my good people—remember well! on the 26th of October, I engage the whole of your hostelry. It is for some countrymen of mine; soldiers, who are coming to Paris to seek their fortunes, and they shall be directed to meet here."

"My lord," for, by such an extensive order, the captain had instantly gained in rank in the host's and hostess's eyes, "how shall we know these gentlemen?" ventured the host.

"True, parfandious! Bring me a taper and wax. You see this seal;

each of my countrymen will be the bearer of one like it. I will let you know at a future day how long a time they may have to stay with you."

So saying, the handsome captain mounted his horse, and disappeared at a quick pace.

VIII.—SILHOUETTE OF GASCONS.

Master Fournichon set about polishing his pans, satisfied that it was by the sword, and not by roses, that he was destined to make his fortune.

His better-half, less satisfied, repaired to the door, determined to ask the first soldier that should go by who the handsome captain was.

"The captain who commanded this morning at the Pré aux Clercs?" inquired a soldier, in return to the question hastily put to him.

"Precisely so; and a Gascon, apparently, for his favourite ejaculation was 'Parfandious!'"

"Right," replied the soldier, "the very man. The captain you inquire after, my good woman, was neither more nor less than the Duke Nogaret de Lavalette d'Epernon, peer of France, general of the king's infantry, and somewhat more of a king than his majesty himself."

It may be imagined if, after this communication, the 26th was waited for with anxiety and impatience. On the evening of the 25th, a man came to the hostelry, bearing a weighty sack.

"It is the price of the repast commanded for to-morrow," said the bearer, as he put it down, "at six livres a head."

"Are the captain's countrymen only to have one repast?" exclaimed the host and hostess at the same time. "Has the captain found a lodging for them?"

"It appears so," was the only answer they could get, for the messenger had taken his departure.

At length the day so long expected arose upon the kitchens of the "Proud Chevalier." But it had struck half-past twelve ere two horsemen rode up to the door of the hostelry, got off their horses and walked in. They had entered the city by the gate of Bussy, and were therefore there the first. One of them was followed by two valets. They exhibited their seals, and were received with all kind of attentions, especially the one with the two valets. Nevertheless, they appeared to take their places with a certain degree of timidity, and their anxieties appeared to increase whenever they put their hands into their pockets, one asked to repose himself, the other proposed to take a walk before refreshing himself.

About two o'clock about fifteen travellers had arrived by groups of four or five. Some, however, arrived alone. There was even one among them who walked in as a neighbour, without hat, and with a cane in his hand, swearing at the audacity of the Parisian thieves who had robbed him of his hat and its magnificent button on the Grève. By five o'clock the whole of the Forty-five guests had arrived.

Never were faces of Gascons expanded with such astonishment as were those of the Forty-five at this meeting in the same hostelry. Some were old acquaintances, and Eustache de Miradoux hastened to salute the cavalier with the valet, and introduced him to Lardille, Militor, and Scipio.

"And what brings you to Paris?" asked the young cavalier.

"Business, a matter of succession, and you Sainte-Maline, what brings you here?"

"I have got a commission in the army," answered the latter. "Is it not curious that so many Gascons should be assembled in this hostelry?"

he continued, looking around him. "Ah, there is my old acquaintance, Perdicas de Pincorney. Perdicas! why I met you on the road between Angoulême and Poitiers, as I see you to day without hat and with a cane in your hand."

"Ah! ah!" answered Perdicas, "it is curious. I must tell you how it happened, I was riding near the Dordogne, when the discharge of a gun frightened my horse, and I had barely time to throw myself off, before he rushed into the river and was drowned. My hat had fallen off in the hurry of the moment, and I was about to take it up, when a crow attracted by the diamond button that held the plume—a magnificent diamond given by Charles V. to my grandfather—seized upon it, and flew away with it."

"Good," interrupted a third, "the wind is changed into a crow. It seems to me that I have heard you relate that your hat was carried away by the wind when you was busy reading a letter from your mistress."

A half-stifled laughter was heard around.

"What gentleman," exclaimed the Gascon; "is there any one here who dares to laugh at me?"

Every one turned away his countenance. Perdicas cast one angry glance around. A young man caught his eye seated near the chimney, who appeared as if burying his face in his hands to conceal his smiles. Perdicas went up to him.

"Sir, if you are laughing, at least laugh in my face."

And he struck the young man on the shoulder. The latter raised up a grave and serious countenance. It was our friend Ernauton de Carmaignes, who was still stupified with his adventure on the Grève.

"I beg of you, sir, to leave me alone," he said, "you see that I am not troubling myself about you."

"Oh!" grumbled forth De Pincorney, "if you are not laughing at me it is all right, and I have nothing to say."

"Ah! sir, you are not very gracious to our countryman," observed Eustache de Miradoux to Carmaignes.

"And what are you mixing yourself up with?" demanded Ernauton in an angry tone.

"You are right," replied Miradoux, "it does not concern me."

And he turned round to join Lardille, when some one stopped him on his way. It was Militor, with his sardonic grin on his face.

"Well, step-father, what do you think of it? See every one is laughing at you."

Eustache got as red as a coal, but still tried to get away. Militor, however, continued to obstruct him.

"Come, step-father," he said, "you must not let this affair cool; the honour of the family is concerned."

Eustache rose upon his heel, and returned to M. de Carmaignes.

"They say, sir, that you wished to make yourself particularly disagreeable to me."

"Who said so?"

"That gentleman, sir," said Eustache, pointing to Militor.

"Then *that gentleman*," replied Ernanton, dwelling upon the qualification, "is a starling."

"A starling!" exclaimed Militor, as he advanced with his fist doubled

towards de Carmaignes, "do you know, sir, that I am seventeen years of age?"

"I know that I am twenty-five," replied Ernauton, "and that is why I shall correct you according to your merits."

And seizing him by the collar and the waist, he threw him, as if he had been a parcel, out of the window into the street, and that while Lardille was uttering shrieks fit to split the walls.

"Now," added tranquilly Ernauton, "I will make hashed meat of step-father and step-mother, if I am not left alone and in peace."

"What is the matter? Do they throw men out of the window here?" exclaimed an officer, who at that moment advanced into the apartment; "people might, at least, cry out, 'Beware!' when about to commit such practical jokes!"

"M. de Loignac!" exclaimed forty-five voices at the same moment; and at that name, familiar throughout all Gascony, every one arose up and was silent.

IX.—M. DE LOIGNAC.

"Gentlemen," said M. de Loignac, "you must endeavour to be good friends. Master Fournichon, serve up the supper. Henceforth you must be brethren."

"No easy matter," observed Pincorney, "they laugh at me because I have no hat, and no one laughs at M. de Monterabeau, who is going to sup in a cuirass of the time of the Emperor Pertinax, of whom, no doubt, he is a descendant."

M. de Monterabeau, at this remark, called his fat valet, and bade him, in majestic terms, relieve him of his cuirass. "Pertinax," said the latter to his master, as he unbuckled the straps; "see that I get my supper also, I am dying of hunger."

"You must look to it yourself," answered M. de Monterabeau to this familiar insinuation, "we eat up our last livre at Sens."

At this moment some one was heard crying, "Old iron!—Who sells his old iron?" And Madame Fournichon hastened to the door, while her helpmate was placing the dishes on the table. To judge by the reception which the latter met with, M. Fournichon's artistic capabilities were first-rate. Shortly afterwards, madame returned, her face beaming with triumphant gladness.

"Ten crowns," she said, "ten crowns for an old breast-plate. It is astonishing how the price of old armour has raised since the sale has been prohibited by the king's orders."

"Ten crowns!" re-echoed Pertinax, "do you hear that, Samuel?" and he gave an eloquent look in the direction of his valet, but Samuel had disappeared.

"Ah, ça!" exclaimed M. de Loignac, "but do you know that you run the chance of being hung?"

"Bah!" said Chalabre, "who cares for the king's ordinances! If I had that dealer in old cuirasses at my castle, I would sell him a tun of relics."

The repast in the meantime was going on apace, and the riding, or the fasting, or Master Fournichon's spices, caused a wondrous consumption of wine. At length, M. de Loignac, deeming the time come, wiped his moustaches and rose up.

"Gentlemen," he said, "each of you is aware as to who sent for him to Paris?"

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed the forty-five, looking somewhat surprised at one another.

"Well then, M. Ernauton de Carmaignes, will you be kind enough to read aloud the commission?"

Ernauton took the parchment and read,

"Order for M. de Loignac to take charge of, and to command the forty-five gentlemen, whom I have sent for to Paris, with the consent of his majesty.

"NOGARET DE LA VALETTE, DUKE OF EPERNON."

All present inclined themselves, only there was a slight inequality of equilibrium, when in the erect position.

"And now, gentlemen," continued M. de Loignac, "you must prepare to follow me at once. Your attendants and baggage can remain here. We must be off to the Louvre."

"To the Louvre!" murmured the Gascons, "Cap de Bious, we are going to the Louvre."

And they hastened to follow their chief, who conducted them to the Tour de Nèsle, where they found three large boats which each took fifteen of them. But as they traversed the river the cool air began to sober them, and they became somewhat anxious as to what they were going to do at the Louvre.

"If I had only my cuirass," muttered Pertinax de Monterabeau to himself.

IRISH DUELLISTS.

IT would be necessary to enter into a rather tedious disquisition upon the secret springs of national action, in order to develop fully the origin of the universal practice of duelling, and the ideas which were entertained of such practices in Ireland some sixty years ago. The same quick, thoughtless, rash, and fiery spirit—passionate, yet generous—vindictive, yet true to its cause even in error and guile, which leads the peasant to the faction-fight or the political murder, evidently also embued the character of the gentry in former times, and that more than in the present day, although the leaven still remains. The same principles, or rather want of principles, as far as reflection, judgment, and morality are concerned, were, however, coloured in classes supposed to be of "gentle" blood, by education and social position. The warm-heartedness of the Irish gentleman, the freshness and vigour of his intellect, his high sense of certain points of honour, his inexhaustible animal spirits, vivid imagination, and almost Oriental eloquence, constituted the bright sides of the picture. The high excitement, political and social; the reckless gaiety and expenditure; the indulgence in luxurious habits sustained upon credit and false expectations; extravagance united to indifference to debt; riotous, guilty living, to repair which gambling, seduction, abduction, and every so-called "gentlemanly" vice was had recourse to; and that not only by individuals, but by clubs or associations formed for the

express purpose, constituted the other side of the picture, and one, it is to be regretted, more nationally characteristic than the first. Hence it was that the same country and the same times that produced its Bully Egans, its Bryan Maguires, and its Tiger Roches, also sent forth its Currans, its Grattans, and its Burkes; but the latter were rather the exceptions than the rule, and for one minor Curran or Grattan there were hundreds of petty "bullies" and pettish "tigers." No "gentleman" was considered to have taken his proper station in life till he had "smelt powder;" it was still "a duellist, a gentleman of the very first house," and many men of the bar, practising half a century ago, owed their eminence not so much to powers of eloquence or to legal ability, as to a daring spirit and the number of duels they had fought.

These observations have been suggested to us by the perusal of a little book entitled, "Ireland Sixty Years Ago,"* in which a great number of curious facts, illustrative of the worst features in the Irish character, duelling, abduction, drunkenness, and gambling, have been somewhat loosely put together—at least, without any evident purpose of history or generalisation, and, as may be easily imagined, when a number of such anecdotes are thus hastily collected, some historical, many derived from tradition, and others from hearsay, it is obvious that many must bear a very apocryphal character. Thus the author relates that,

> Some years since, a young friend going to the bar consulted the late Dr. Hodgkinson, Vice-Provost of Trinity College, then a very old man, as to the best course of study to pursue, and whether he should begin with Fearne or Chitty. The doctor, who had been long secluded from the world, and whose observation was beginning to fail, immediately reverted to the time when he had been himself a young barrister, and his advice was,
>
> "My young friend, practise four hours a-day at Rigby's pistol gallery, and it will advance you to the woolsack faster than all the Fearnes and Chittys in the library."

Now it is to be observed, in regard to this paragraph, which is introductory to a chapter on "fighting lawyers," that the late Dr. Hodgkinson was an eminently peaceful man, and a perfect gentleman, that he was never secluded from the world, that he did not die a "very old man," and that at least so long as his health was spared, his powers of observation never failed him. It will, indeed, be quite obvious to any one personally acquainted with the late Dr. Hodgkinson, that the anecdote is of very doubtful foundation, and that if the vice-provost ever did give such advice it was only as a joke.

Among the barristers who are related to have thus fought their way to preference, was Bully Egan, chairman of the quarter sessions for the county of Dublin.

> He was a large, black, burly man, but of so soft and good-natured a disposition, that he was never known to pass a severe sentence on a criminal without blubbering in tears. Yet he, perhaps, fought more duels than any man on or off the bench. Though so tender-hearted in passing sentence on a criminal, he was remarkably firm in shooting a friend. He fought at Donnybrook with the Master of the Rolls, before a crowd of spectators, who were quite amused at the drollery of the scene. When his antagonist fired he was walking coolly away, saying his honour was satisfied; but Egan called out he must have a shot at "his *honour*." On his returning to his place, Egan said he would not humour

* Sketches of Ireland Sixty Years ago. W. S. Orr and Co., London.

him, or be bothered with killing him, but he might either come and shake hands, or go to the devil.

It was no unusual thing for two opposite counsel to fall out in court in discussing a legal point, retire to a neighbouring field to settle it with pistols, and then return to court to resume business. The cause of their absence was generally understood, and they found on their return, the bench, the jury, and spectators, anxiously awaiting their decision. It is not, however, stated, if such decisions were entered among the records for precedents.

Toler, Lord Norburry, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, fought "fighting Fitzgerald," and several others. So distinguished was Mr. Toler for his deeds in this way, that he was always the man depended on by the administration to frighten a member of the opposition—and so rapid was his promotion in consequence, that it was said he *shot up* into preferment.

Even Curran was as much distinguished for his duels as his eloquence, and is said to have called out, among others, Lord Buckingham, Chief Secretary for Ireland, because he would not dismiss, at his dictation, a public officer. Grattan was also ever ready to sustain with his pistols the force of his arguments. He began by fighting Lord Earlsfort, and ended by shooting Corry, Chancellor of the Exchequer.

The public mind in Ireland was in such a state of irritation from the period of 1780, to the time of the union, that it is supposed three hundred remarkable duels were fought in that country during that interval. So universal and irrepressible was this propensity, that "duelling clubs" were established in imitation of the "abduction clubs." Encounters took place even in the streets.

A spectator described to us such an encounter which he witnessed on Stephen's-green. One of the combatants was, we believe, G. R. Fitzgerald. The parties were walking round the enclosure in different directions, and as soon as they met they sprang at each other like two gamecocks; a crowd collected, and a ring was formed, when some humane person cried out, "For God's sake part them." "No," said a grave gentleman in the crowd, "let them fight it out; one will probably be killed, and the other hanged for the murder, and society will get rid of two pests." One of them did thrust the other through the tail of his coat, and he long exhibited in public, by his uneasy gait, the painful and disgraceful seat of the wound.

Pat Power, of Daragle, a renowned duellist, described as a fat, robust man, much distinguished for his intemperance, and generally seen with a glowing red face, used to put his prowess to a kind of practical utility. Thus it is related of him, that when travelling in England he had many encounters with persons who were attracted by his brogue and clumsy appearance.

On one occasion a group of gentlemen were sitting in a box at one end of the room, when Power entered at the other. The representative of Irish manners, at this time on the English stage, was a tissue of ignorance, blunders, and absurdities, and when a real Irishman appeared off the stage, he was always supposed to have the characteristics of his class, and so to be a fair butt for ridicule. When Power took his seat in the box, the waiter came to him with a gold watch, with a gentleman's compliments, and a request to know what o'clock it was by it. Power took the watch, and then directed the waiter to let him know the person who had sent it; he pointed out one of the group. Power rang the bell for his servant, and directed him to bring his pistols, and follow him. He put them under his arm, and with the watch in his hand, walked up to the box, and presenting the watch, begged to know to whom it

belonged. When no one was willing to own it, he drew his old silver one from his fob, and presented it to his servant desiring him to keep it, and putting up the gold one, he gave his name and address, and assured the company he would keep it safe till called for. It never was claimed.

The feats of the celebrated "fighting" Fitzgerald, are familiar as household stories in Dublin. This amiable member of society, used to make a practice of standing in the middle of a narrow crossing in a dirty street, so that every passenger would be forced either to step into the mud, or jostle him in passing. If any had the boldness to choose the latter, he was immediately challenged. The deeds of Bryan Maguire, which were marked by somewhat similar characteristics, continued to a still more recent period "to fright the islanders from their propriety." This Maguire was a large, burly man with enormous whiskers, a bull neck, and clumsy shoulders, and a truculent and menacing aspect. Accoutred in a gaudy uniform, and armed with his sword, he would stalk along the streets with his arms folded across his ample chest in solitary and disdainful magnificence. Any unfortunate wayfarer who met him on the path was hurled into a heap of mud at one side of it. His domestic habits are described as being in keeping with this outrageous behaviour when without. The most surprising thing in such a narrative, is the state of society which could tolerate, or put up for a moment with such a nuisance. Among the characters, which, more than any other, was most distinguished by a career of unbridled indulgence and fierce passions, was one whose sobriquet became a by-word—"Tiger Roche." The history of this man is a whole romance in itself. A volunteer in North America, he became the victim of a false charge, joined the Indians, and suffered all kinds of privations and dangers; returned to England, fought his calumniators, was ultimately vindicated, became a kind of knight-errant, married an heiress, became a spendthrift, was cast into prison, turned gambler, stood as a "popular" candidate at elections, deceived and ruined an innocent young person, sailed for India, quarrelled with every one, killed the captain, and was at last tried for murder, but acquitted. Such is the extraordinary progress of a man, the vicissitudes of whose fortune were as variable as his character; at times exposed to the foulest charges, and narrowly escaping ignominious punishment; at others the object of unbounded popularity and admiration. It must, however, be allowed that the moral perceptions of those who *fêtéd* such a person, could not have been of a very refined or delicate description. It is to be hoped that years of peace are now teaching the Irish to prefer quiet and industry, to excitement, violence, and scheming.

"The contrast," says the author of "The Sketches of Ireland Sixty Years Ago," "between what we *are* and what we *were*—between our present state of social peace, advancing enterprise, and regular habits, and the brutal violence, barbarism and recklessness, from which we have emerged ought to encourage a hope of corresponding improvement for the future. And improve we will, notwithstanding the gloom which at present over-spreads us, the foreboding of alarmists, or the abuse with which, in some quarters, Ireland and the Irish of all classes are so abundantly assailed, notwithstanding even what is more serious, the scattered instances of systematic lawlessness and crime, which, though now limited to a few districts, sometimes even yet bring us back to the last century."

THE GREEKS AND THE TURKS.*

"THE antiquities of Egypt," it is asserted by certain flippant writers, "have been described until we are better acquainted with them than with the wonders of Stonehenge, or even Westminster Abbey: Mohammed Ali is a more intimate acquaintance of ours than Sir Robert Peel or Lord John Russell; we know more of Cairo than of Limehouse; and we could draw a better map of the Lower Nile than of the Upper Thames. The road from Cairo to Suez, thanks to the Overland Mail, has little more of novelty than that between Paddington and the Bank; while the Desert, between the Red Sea and the Syrian frontier, has become, in the repetitions of the literary traveller, almost as wearisome to us as it was to the children of Israel."

This, for a leading article in a would-be learned critical paper, is almost astounding in its vain-glorious assumption. To the man of sound learning, the antiquities of Egypt present an inexhaustible field of inquiry and discovery. The very Pyramids themselves remain a mystery. The Delta of the Nile presents, in its comparative geography, an unravelled problem of the deepest interest. The road from Cairo to the Red Sea has, strange to say, never yet been traversed in the line of most geographical interest, that which would conduct the traveller from the land of Goshen to the head of the olden extension of the Bay of Heroopolis; and as to the Desert extending thence to Syria, after the good taste exhibited in the reference to the weariness of the Israelites as compared with that of the critic, it is only to be hoped the said critic will one day be delivered over therein to the tender mercies of a Sheikh Husain, or his successors.

The fact is that the historical associations, the relics of ancient times, the modern aspect and position of things, the very scenery, characters, costumes, habits, and manners, the various phases of society, the towns, villages, and hamlets, so far from being exhausted or "hackneyed" themes, as the critic tastefully expresses it, present in the East ever available resources, and an ever-varying physiognomy without parallel elsewhere.

The Danube stands on these points without a rival and without a prototype. Hungarians, joyous as men who are in the morning of their life; Turks, morose and melancholy as people sinking into night; would-be fashionable Wallachians, Russo-Moldavians, boorish Bulgarians, warlike Servians, with a sprinkling of Gipsies, Tatars, and other strange races, are here met with in the company of more civilised Austrians and Germans, of superficial Frenchmen, of sneering Americans, and of perfidious Albionais. The result is inevitably curious and entertaining, and it will be a long time yet before the Danube ceases to present to an observing mind the most picturesque groupings, the most amusing social contrasts, and the most boldly marked individual peculiarities, that are to be met with by tourist or traveller.

Yet here, too, each new wayfarer contents himself or herself with repeating what they have learnt from their predecessors, without adding their mite to the existing mass of real information. The legend of Baba Kai is related in a hundred different ways, but who has put foot upon that

* Wayfaring Sketches among the Greeks and Turks, and on the Shores of the Danube. By a Seven Years' Resident in Greece. Chapman and Hall.

monument of nature in the midst of its waste of waters? The annual issue of stinging flies from the cave of Gul Bashi is ever adverted to, but who has sought for the head-spring of the lake, and the dark recesses of the cave from whence it flows? The scene of the exploits of the gallant Hartman and of Steen, in 1788, is pointed out from the deck of the steamer, but few venture to explore those cavernous strongholds. Count Zichyni's new road is daily traversed, but who has attempted to put foot on the ledges of rock on the opposite cliffs, all that remain of Trajan's-road? The ramparts and towers of Semendria never fail to attract attention by their imposing extent and picturesque beauty, but who has ever told us what lies concealed within those once proud walls—a crumbling mosque, a miserable agha, with a few pistol-bearing attendants, and a group of the humblest peasants' huts! The author of the "Wayfaring Sketches" will bear testimony that there are sites on the banks even of the European Danube, which, instead of being familiar as villages on the Thames, are actually dangerous to visit, and "Eothen" can attest that the ever-glorious, undying Orient can never be a hackneyed theme, so long as feeling to appreciate and genius to describe, shall remain to the gifted and "unhackneyed" few.

"Seven years," says one who resided for that time in classical lands, "in the life of one human being is a period from which volumes might be drawn, were it but the record of their own brief joys and sorrows, or even the history of one individual mind; and how much more when it has been passed in a land whose glowing loveliness alone has stamped each day with images of beauty, whose past, teeming with grand and solemn recollections, has given a deep interest to the events of its fleeting present, and the prospects of its uncertain future."

It is not, indeed, only in the past that the Greek shines forth in that lustre which would appear to be borrowed from the sunshine and brightness which is for ever around him in his glowing land. There is a poetry and a romance connected with the occurrences of every-day life in Greece, more especially in the apparently trivial details of their religious and superstitious ceremonies, which we might vainly seek in the wildest efforts of imagination.

The "Wayfaring Sketches" of the entertaining lady traveller which have suggested these remarks, are eminently enlivened by life-like sketches, full of truth and character. The frantic grief of the Greek lady because her daughter wanted the steamer to turn back—the complaint of the Englishman that he could not procure a neat pair of boots in Jerusalem, the laying the ghosts of old historic associations, and even of religious faith, by the familiarity of modern flippancy, are true pictures of oriental travel in the present day, and of the frame of mind in which such is entered upon. "Kef," however, a word which is rapidly becoming adopted amongst Europeans in the East, means pleasure generally, as well as that "luxurious quiet," to which it is also applied by Easterns, and in which acceptation, as the expression of an oriental trait of character, deserving of imitation, it is generally applied by Franks.

The mad doctor, and his remedy for sickness, the learned Monsieur S——, and his merry companions, the pretty Sciotes, and the ugly Nubians, are rather accidents of travel than essential to such. The mongrel civilisation of Smyrna is well told, the visit of our lady authoress to a sage dervish is not so much to our taste. Ladies should, even more than men, respect the prejudices of remote countries through which their curiosity or necessity may lead them to travel. It was equally out of place for an European

lady to intrude, where even Muhammadan ladies are not allowed ingress, but still even a visit to a mosque could not be accomplished without an incident by way of relief.

One of the passengers on board of our steamer, passing the open door of the mosque, saw me within, and supposing it to be one of the public sights, very coolly ascended the steps, and was about to walk in, never dreaming that any objection would be made either to himself or his dusty boots; scarce did he appear composedly at the door, when a man who was sweeping the carpets, perceiving an unprotected individual, uttered a yell of rage, which elicited a simultaneous response from all present; then suddenly seizing hold of an immense long pole which stood near, I do believe for the very purpose, he ran frantically at the intruder with it, in the most ferocious manner, and so terrified and astonished the unfortunate man, that he started back and tumbled down the stairs, having just time to give vent to one wild "misericorde" as he disappeared in a whirlwind of dust.

Monsieur S. and his party appear, indeed, throughout to have afforded great amusement to our observing traveller, who evidently possessed a strong sense of the ridiculous. The account of Monsieur C.'s attempt to ride a dromedary is especially amusing, and Monsieur de B—— and Monsieur Ernest, the only two of the party who took the route by the Danube, are graphically portrayed. Monsieur B. it must be known, was always making his appearance in the saloon headforemost, owing to what he termed an "inconcevable guignon," a propensity for stumbling, which also demonstrated itself upon a more trying occasion, when the party was stoned out of a Turkish town on the Danube.

"Courrez, mon oncle," shouted Monsieur Ernest, who was dreadfully frightened, as Monsieur de B—— gave some symptoms of lagging behind. "Je cours," responded he, panting, and just then, by an "inconcevable guignon" he hit his head against a tree, and fell, rolling harmlessly to some distance down the grassy bank. "Nous faisons toujours du chemin!" exclaimed Monsieur Ernest as he picked him up, and the couple tore on with an energy which, terrified as I was, struck me most ludicrously. The captain, who had been on the watch, suspected that something of this kind had occurred, and sent a boat to our rescue; which, making the best of our way through the thick brushwood and tangled grass (no easy matter), we reached at last in safety, although just as I leapt into it, a well-aimed stone hit me on the shoulder, which, had it struck my head, would have left me a lasting proof of the pious zeal of these sons of the prophet.

Monsieur Ernest had gained a prize at college for his proficiency in the German language. Monsieur B—— in consequence constantly appealed to him as interpreter with the Kelners, who never could understand a word he said, upon which Monsier B. would shrug his shoulders, and remark *et pourtant, Ernest, tu as gagné le prix, &c.*

"We had agreed to play at chess, and he volunteered to ask for the chess-board, refusing all offers of assistance. Presently he came back, most triumphantly, to say that the man had perfectly understood him, and was to bring it immediately. He prepared the little table between us with great animation, and called for all our companions, who were in the habit of watching our play. We waited some time, but the chess-board did not appear, and at last the waiter happening to pass through the room, Monsieur Ernest asked if he were not going to bring it? His answer was prompt but mysterious; he said that it was not yet heated. We had heard of heated chess-players, but never of a heated chess-board; and Monsieur Ernest began to look very uneasy, when suddenly the door opened, and the man appeared with a large leg of ham, smoking hot, which he placed on the table between us, with plates and every thing requisite, for a comfortable *dejeuner à deux*, which he supposed we

meant to enjoy together. There is, in fact, a considerable similarity between the words which express in German a ham and a chess-board; and amidst the rage of Monsieur Ernest, and the infinite amusement of every one else, the voice of Monsieur de B—— was still heard wondering, "et pourtant, Ernest, tu as gagnè," &c.

There was also, as is infallibly the case on board the Danube steamers, an American in the company, who lived in his water-proof cloak, the same in which he embarked from New York. This American's general practice was, to draw the only two faintly shining candles, which were allowed for the saloon, on each side of him, while he studied a truly American road-book, or else to lay asleep upon the table during dinner-time, practices which it appears to have been in vain to stipulate against, for we find that when, some distance up the river, the party went to visit the pasha of Widdin, it is related that,—

Kentucky had been left placidly asleep on the table in the saloon when we left the steamer, and very great, therefore, was our amazement, when, unasked and unannounced, he made his appearance at the door, pushing his way through the guard, and marching up to the pasha, his hat on his head and his cane in his hand, just as he would have walked along the streets of Boston. The intruder stared at his highness for a few minutes with imperturbable coolness, and then turning to me (for he could speak nothing but English), he ejaculated, "I calculate he never saw an American afore." The horror of my two companions (whose French politeness was most thoroughly shocked), the consternation of the doctor, and the indignation of the pasha, at this want of respect, were most amusing; the latter fixed his flashing eyes on the unfortunate Kentucky with a look which evidently made him uneasy, and I hastened to excuse his sudden appearance the best way I could.

Kentucky afterwards coolly walked off, without even bowing to the pasha. The unfortunate American was, however, lost for a time at the "Iron Gates," where it is usual for the travellers to take a stroll along the beautifully wooded and rocky banks of the river.

Just as we were all ready to start, and the guardiano was settling his yellow band with a self-satisfied air at having brought back his flock in safety, a sudden exclamation from the captain startled us all—"Dove l'Americano?"—we looked round, and became instantly aware that Kentucky was indeed nowhere to be seen. The whole party rose in great excitement.

We looked in the boat, and out of the boat, on the shore; and on the hill, but not a trace of our lost American was visible. Where had he last been seen? was now the question. He had last been seen on the edge of the water, calculating that the Danube was nothing in comparison of the Ohio; but this gave us no clue to the mystery of his disappearance.

Kentucky was sought for and shouted for again and again without success. At length the boat was obliged to go away without him. Luckily he was recovered at the little Turkish fortress of New Orsova.

We had passed this pretty little fort, and were toiling on to Orsova, though it was not yet in sight, when a low howl was heard in the hill above us. We all began to conjecture what it was, and had finally determined that it was the cry of a buffalo, when the captain, starting up, exclaimed, "Sara l'Americano!" The guardiano clasped his hands theatrically, the boat was stopped, and a few minutes after, tearing down through the bushes—his head bare, his dress torn, and his hands and face frightfully scratched—poor Kentucky was seen to approach; and, bounding in amongst us, he threw himself into the captain's arms, half sobbing with delight.

But we must leave this delightful little work, whose sole pretensions being to amuse and to interest, is well deserving of kindly reception.

JAMES THE SECOND;

OR,

THE REVOLUTION OF 1688.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

EDITED BY

W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. W. BUSS.

BOOK THE FIFTH.

THE ROYAL FUGITIVES.

I.

THE CAMP OF THE INVADER.

FLANKED on one side by a sweep of the river Ax, the camp of the Prince of Orange extended, on the other, over an area of about four miles, to the small town of Axminster, in Devonshire.

In the centre of the town, near the ancient minster, was a massive stone building, usually appropriated to the clergy, but now surrounded by sentries, and occupied by the Prince of Orange, who was seated with Sidney, Schomberg, and Bentinck in one of the upper rooms.

They had been conferring together some time, when an aide-de-camp appeared, ushering in Lord Cornbury.

"Lord Cornbury!" echoed William, staring at the new comer in surprise.

"Yes, your highness," replied Cornbury, much abashed. "I have come to offer you my services. You are, no doubt, surprised that I do so, but the private considerations that bind me to King James cannot divert me from my public duty. I owe this sacrifice to my country and my religion."

"You say well, my lord," returned William, coldly. "You will remain in the camp till further orders. When I have any commands for you, I will send for you."

Upon this, the nobleman withdrew, much mortified at his cold reception; and William and his counsellors resumed their conversation. Bentinck said little, but Sidney and Schomberg seemed shocked at the perfidy of Cornbury, and though their discourse referred to other subjects, William alluded to it repeatedly, exclaiming, at last, after a long pause,—

"Perfidious traitor! I should as soon have expected to see his father."

Scarcely had he uttered the words, when the aide-de-camp ushered in the Earl of Clarendon. Sidney and Schomberg exchanged glances: a cloud passed over William's face, but instantly disappeared, and Clarendon hurried forward, and threw himself at the prince's feet.

"Welcome to England, mighty sir!" he cried. "Our laws, our liberty, and our religion are now preserved."

"Their preservation is not yet secured, my lord," answered William, with freezing stiffness. "It will depend on a total change of persons. You apprehend me? Ha!"

"Assuredly, *your majesty*," replied Clarendon.

As he spoke, he gazed in the prince's face, but there was nothing to indicate that William heeded the title by which he had been addressed.

"We will talk of this another time," said the prince. "Meanwhile you will be assigned a lodging in the camp."

Scarcely believing that he could be dismissed so abruptly, Clarendon was about to speak again, but William waved his hand, and turned with a smile to Schomberg. Burning with shame and mortification, the nobleman retired, and as he quitted the room, heard William say, in an indignant tone,

"What monstrous ingratitude! But we can despise the traitor, while we profit by his treason."

"It were well your highness disguised your sentiments a while," urged Bentinck, "or you may drive them back to the enemy."

"Not in this instance," answered William; "this worthy pair have crossed the rubicon, and cannot return. But what news from Speke?"

"This despatch is from London," replied Sidney, "and represents the city to be in a state of ferment, owing to the discovery of a popish manifesto, in which the king engages, in the event of being the victor, to have a general massacre of the Protestants."

"The manifesto is Speke's own handiwork," cried Schomberg, angrily.

"Speke is over-zealous, no doubt!" said William; "but I can hardly believe he would go the length of forging a manifesto. You must be mistaken, Schomberg. But let me hear the despatch."

Before the letter could be read, the aide-de-camp again made his appearance, ushering in Lord Churchill and Colonel Trelawney.

The surprise of William and his counsellors was so great, that at first they seemed undecided what to say; but the easy manners and perfect self-possession of Churchill soon dispelled their embarrassment.

"I have come to offer your highness my sword," said Churchill, laying the weapon at William's feet. "I cannot raise it against the defender of the religion and liberties of my country."

"Yet he is willing to draw it against his benefactor," whispered Schomberg to Sidney.

"I will find a place in my camp for you, my lord," said William, with strained courtesy. "Take up your sword, I pray of you. I am so unprepared for your offer, that you must forgive me if I take time to consider it."

"I shall await your highness's pleasure," answered Churchill, indifferently. "I have little fear that my sword will rust in the scabbard."

"This is the first lieutenant-general I ever knew who deserted his colours," said Schomberg, loud enough to be heard by Churchill.

Despite these mortifying rebuffs, Churchill's countenance retained its look of composure, and without noticing Schomberg's remark he withdrew, followed by Trelawney, whom the prince did not even notice.

When they had retired, Sidney expressed his regret that they had been received so coldly.

"If this course is persisted in, your highness will be deprived of your ablest supporters," he said.

"I do not call every one who comes over to my standard, a traitor," replied William, "but I *do* call those traitors who, owing every thing to their king, are the first to desert him."

"Your highness is in the right," cried Schomberg; "and so much do I distrust these men that I would place a guard over them."

"A despatch, your highness," said an orderly, advancing.

"What is this?" cried William, breaking open the letter, and glancing hurriedly over its contents. "It is from Lord Mauvesin," he added, after he had perused it, "and he asserts that the enemy is on the point of retreating."

"Let us advance, then, and decide his fate by a battle," cried Bentinck.

"We are not in a position to come to an engagement," said William; "but we will press close on his rear. Give the order to advance at once."

His commands were obeyed, and in a short time large bodies of infantry were seen mustering in the camp, while squadrons of cavalry poured in from the various cantonments, and quickly assembled on parade. After a hasty inspection, they were told off in marching order, and amidst martial music, and the cheering vociferations of the soldiers, moved off in the direction of Salisbury Plain.

At this moment a dragoon spurred up to William, who was riding at the head of the army in company with Schomberg and Sidney, and presented him with a sealed packet.

"This brings information," cried William, after glancing at the contents of the packet, "that the king is about to send away the queen and the prince." This must be prevented. He himself may go, but they must be secured, or all our labour will be thrown away. Find a trusty fellow, Sidney, and let him ride forward with the utmost speed. If he wastes no time on the road, he will be in London as soon as the king." And turning to Schomberg, he added, "Marshal, send off a despatch to Admiral Herbert, and bid him scour the channel with the whole fleet, in case the fugitives should get out to sea."

Replying with a military salute, the two officers turned their horses, and gallopped off towards the rear.

II.

SIEGE OF NEWGATE.

THE return of the king to Whitehall, and the more significant fact that his army was in full retreat, soon became known throughout the metropolis, and, at an early hour in the morning, immense multitudes gathered in the streets, and blocked up every avenue to the palace. The almost total absence of women and children gave this concourse a very formidable appearance. It seemed that some great collision was anticipated, and the comparatively small number of respectable persons who were mingled with the mob, more as observers than abettors, looked grave and anxious.

The great mass, however, were clamorous and violent, and their disposition could easily be inferred from various flaring banners, bearing such

inflammatory inscriptions as "No Popery!" "Remember Bartholomew's Eve!" "Who assassinated Sir Edmondbury Godfrey?" "Who murdered the Earl of Essex?" "Down with the Priests, and the Pope!" which were displayed on every side.

Party watch-cries were banded about incessantly, amidst terrific yells and hootings; the sentinels round the palace were urged to come forth and join the mob, and, on their making no answer, were saluted with jeers and groans, while a large section of the multitude chorused forth the ballad of Lillibullero, amidst the acclamations of the remainder.

In this manner the greater part of the day passed by, but as the afternoon wore on, the mob, whether from indifference, or fatigue, became more temperate, and though yells and outcries continued to be raised occasionally, they gradually became less frequent.

At this juncture a horseman, followed by a mounted attendant, approached from Parliament-street, and endeavoured to make his way towards Charing Cross. Scarcely had he penetrated the mob, however, when he was recognised, and loud cries of "A Nottingham! a Nottingham! God save your lordship!"

At first Lord Nottingham took no notice of these acclamations, but rode along in silence, wearing a stern, though melancholy look, and casting down his eyes, but after a time, as the cheers grew louder and louder, and the people pressed closer round him, waving their banners, flinging up their caps, and invoking blessings on his head, he turned his face to them, and it was instantly seen that he was in tears. Suddenly the vast assemblage became hushed; there was a profound silence for a moment, when a deafening shout arose of "God save you! Nottingham."

Nottingham waved his hand.

"Home! home! my good people!" he cried.

There was a confused murmur, but it soon subsided, and as Nottingham rode forward the mob followed him, to the great chagrin of the principal ringleaders. As they approached Charing Cross, two persons broke away from the mass, and gliding into Scotland-yard and round the Adelphi, passed up the Strand to Fleet-street, where they halted, and, after conferring together for a few moments, they separated, one of them proceeding towards Ludgate-hill, and the other diving into Whitefriars.

This locality was then inhabited by a dense and heterogeneous population, comprehending thieves of every degree, with a strong mixture of gamesters, smugglers, runaway debtors, and sharpers of all shades and grades, who here formed a community of themselves, following their various pursuits in security, and whenever invaded by the authorities, banding together in self-defence. They were governed by laws of their own, to which the strictest obedience was enforced by an officer chosen by themselves, bearing the title of Duke of Alsatia, but who had formerly borne the less sounding appellation of Kit Clench.

Hurrying down a long, narrow street, the person before-noticed made his way to a low public-house, bearing the significant sign of "The Jolly Cutpurses," and without heeding certain suspicious-looking characters who were loitering about the door, entered, and stepping up to the bar, exchanged a few words in a low tone with a very showily-dressed damsel, who was in attendance within. This done, the girl admitted him to the interior, and pointing to a door behind her, through which voices were heard laughing and singing, the stranger opened it, and passing in, found himself in a

small room, redolent with tobacco-smoke, and the fumes of spirituous compounds, in which were seated four persons; one of whom was asleep, while two others were playing at dice, and the fourth was engaged in discussing a can of ale and a pipe.

It was to this last—who, indeed, was no other than the redoubtable Kit Clench, the Duke of Alsatia, that the stranger addressed himself.

"You have offered me your aid," he said. "The sum you demand shall be yours, but you must set to work at once, or there will be a general massacre of the Protestants."

"That cock won't fight with me, Muster Speke," answered Clench, with a wink. "But that's neither here nor there. Tip us the cash, and I'll be as good as my word."

"It is here," replied Speke, producing a heavy purse filled with gold. "Do your work effectually, and I will double it."

"Humph!" returned Kit. "What's to be done?"

"Why, we must raise a little excitement, or the people will lose their courage," answered Speke. "First it will be better to break into Newgate, and then burn down the Popish mass-houses."

"All shall be done and no questions axed," rejoined Kit. "You wait here a bit."

With this he turned to the two gamesters, who, from the moment that Speke produced the purse, had watched their conference with intense interest, but had been unable to overhear what passed, and motioned them from the room. The two ruffians muttered something to each other, and then dealing a suspicious glance at Speke, arose and went forth with their leader.

Left alone with the sleeping man, whom he hardly deigned to look at, Speke became thoughtful and gloomy, though from time to time he darted an uneasy look at the door. At length a loud clamour was heard without. This was followed by the blowing of a horn, when the clamour was renewed, and Speke became sensible that a large mob had assembled in the neighbourhood, and were being harangued by some one, who was listened to with great attention. Before he could make out more clearly what was passing, loud outcries arose, and at the same moment Kit burst into the room.

"Now, then, all Alsatia is out," he cried. "Where's it to be first, Newgate or the Popish chapels?"

"Newgate, Newgate," answered Speke. "You'll get fresh forces there."

"Come along, then," returned Kit, "we'll lead the way."

With this he rushed out followed by Speke, and hurrying through the bar gained the street.

It was now quite dark, but pushing up the street they came in sight of a mob consisting of between two and three hundred persons, some of whom bore torches, which, as Speke drew near, enabled him to distinguish many a stalwart ruffian, with sturdy-looking lads and even women, —if such viragos deserved the name. Most of them were armed with bludgeons, but some carried hangers and pistols, and they were all waiting with impatience the signal to set forward. Being joined by Clench and Speke, a cry was instantly raised of "Newgate, Newgate," which was caught up on every side, and with a terrific yell the whole party rushed up the street in the direction of the prison.

At this juncture corresponding outcries were heard in Fleet-street, and presently afterwards Speke came up with another mob, composed, apparently, of more respectable persons, but no less excited than the others; and perceiving Ephraim Ruddle at their head he called to him, on which Ephraim united his forces with those of Clench, and the allied mobs pushed forward to the Old Bailey amidst the most appalling yells.

Arrived before the prison, they summoned the governor to surrender by thundering at the door, and, receiving no answer, endeavoured to break in; but being of great strength and very skilfully secured, the door resisted their efforts. At last a sledge-hammer was procured, and a furious attack made on the door, which seemed to be gradually yielding, when it was suddenly opened, and a strong force of turnkeys armed with cutlasses and muskets rushed out, and pouring a volley into the mob, drove them back some distance, and then retreating, closed the door again. A deafening yell arose from the mob as they disappeared in the prison, and they required but little encouragement from the ringleaders to renew the attack. As they were pushing forward, they received an accession of force in the shape of a large body of apprentices, headed by our old acquaintance Mark Stovin, and with renewed vociferations they made a tremendous rush on the door, which gave way, disclosing the garrison of turnkeys, who, dashing forth again, drove them back. But after retreating a few paces the mob rallied.

"Down with them, mates," cried Kit, urging on his men.

"Ay! down with the Romanists! down with the mass-mongers!" shouted Mark Stovin.

The apprentices answered with a shout, and a furious attack was then made on the turnkeys, who, after a desperate struggle, were driven into the prison, pressed closely by the besiegers, among whom Ephraim Ruddle and Mark Stovin were particularly prominent. The turnkeys made another stand in the hall, but, at length, seeing that further resistance would be useless, they poured a parting volley upon their assailants, and fled, making their escape over the roofs of the houses at the back of the prison.

As the smoke cleared away, and the mob discovered their success, they became almost frantic with joy; some rushed on, with savage yells, in pursuit of the turnkeys; others hastened to break open the dungeons, and free the prisoners; many danced wildly round the hall, laughing, singing, and shouting—trampling on the bodies of their dead comrades, and jeering at the wounded. Then the liberated prisoners began to flock in, some in rags, many in the last stage of want or disease, others inflamed by spirituous liquors, and eager to join in any outrage.

At length, it was proposed to set fire to the prison, and torches and links were brandished about amidst the most terrible outcries, but the masonry of the building was of the most solid description, and nothing inflammable presented itself, added to which torrents of rain now poured down, extinguishing many of their torches, and the attempt to raise a fire proved unsuccessful. While it was still in progress, a tall, burly man, having a broad-brimmed hat pulled over his brow, from which rain poured off in streams, made his way through the crowd to Speke, who was watching the proceedings from the upper end of the hall.

"I have been seeking you everywhere," he said. "The king is about to smuggle off the queen and the child, and the scheme will probably be

tried to-night. Go at once to Whitehall, and block up the approaches. If they are taken coming forth they are to be carried to the prince."

"This is easily said, Johnstone," replied Speke, "but suppose they should cross the river? What is to be done then?"

"Oh, I will look to that," replied Johnstone. "I am going to Lambeth myself, and have already made arrangements to intercept them, if they go that way. Do you look to the Horseferry and Whitehall. I will send a couple of trusty fellows to London Bridge."

So saying, he hurried away, leaving Speke to seek the ringleaders of the mob, which he did forthwith, and ordering them to abandon the prison, led them forth in the direction of Whitehall.

III.

HOW THE QUEEN LEFT WHITEHALL.

It was drawing towards midnight, but late as it was a young lady of rarest beauty sat in a chamber of Whitehall attired for a journey. She was weeping; but alarmed by a knock at the door, she hastily dried her eyes, and rising, found two persons in the passage without, one of whom stepped up to her.

"I have brought a friend to see you, Sabine," said Saint Leu (for it was he) handing forward his companion. "But remember, you have not many moments to spare."

With this he retired, and his companion, who was no other than Charles Moor, took Sabine by the hand, and led her into the room. They had much to say to each other, but it seemed, at first, that their hearts were too full to give utterance to their thoughts, or that they shrank from approaching the sad cause of their meeting.

"I have just learned that you are to accompany the queen to France," said Moor, at length, "in short, that you are now to be surrendered to the French king. As the hopes I entertained of recovering my birthright, owing to the misfortunes which have fallen on my royal master are now at an end, I would not ask you to remain here, and share my humble fortunes, if I did not see that your return to France will bring you misery. Oh! pause, Sabine, before it is too late, and do not condemn us both to endless unhappiness."

"Would that the decision rested with me," answered Sabine, unable to restrain her tears. "But alas! were I to follow the dictates of my heart, and give you my hand, the Count de Lauzun, on his return to France, would expiate my offence by perpetual imprisonment."

"It is true," said a voice behind them, and Lauzun stepped forward. "You must give up all thought of ever meeting Sabine again. With the all-powerful Louvois for our enemy, we shall have enough to contend against; and even as it is, I shall probably pass from the Tuileries to the Bastille. Farewell, Sabine must accompany me to the apartments of the queen."

Sabine lingered for a moment to bid adieu to Moor, and then followed Lauzun to another chamber, where they found Saint Leu, and then all three proceeded in silence to the private apartments of the queen.

Arrived there, they were admitted by the page of the back stairs, to a cabinet where they found James seated at a table writing despatches.

"All has been prepared as you advised, count," said the king. "A boat waits at the horse-ferry to carry you over to Lambeth, where a coach is ready to take you to Gravesend. There you will find the yacht, which will be distinguished till daylight by a lantern aloft, and afterwards by a red and blue streamer in the stern. Lord and Lady Powis are already on board."

"Enough, my liege," replied Lauzun. "My own preparations are completed; and the sooner her majesty and the prince are ready the better."

"The queen only awaits my summons," said James.

Upon which, he touched a small silver bell, and Mary almost immediately afterwards made her appearance, followed by Lady Strickland, bearing the infant Prince of Wales.

Mary was disguised in a long Italian pelisse, with a capacious hood, drawn over her head; and her features could be further concealed by a thickly-folded veil.

"Count de Lauzun," said James, in a tremulous voice, "I confide my queen and my son to your care. You will convey them to France."

Lauzun placed his hand on his heart.

"Heaven so deal with me, as I endeavour to fulfil your majesty's wishes," he cried.

Then bending the knee he pressed the king's hand devotedly to his lips.

Mary seemed to be quite unconscious of what was passing. Intense emotion kept her silent.

Turning to Lady Strickland, who, at his request, placed the royal babe in his arms, James bent a long fond look on his face. The child was asleep, and his afflicted parent refrained from kissing him; but a hot tear fell on the infant's face. James then committed the child to Sabine.

At this juncture, Lauzun stepped on one side, and pushed back a panel in the wainscot disclosing a secret passage into which Saint Leu stepped with a lantern.

There was a solemn pause. Arousing herself at length, Mary gave James her hand, and clasping it in both his own, the king pressed it passionately to his lips. Mary then hurried towards the passage, and on reaching it turned round, and glancing at the king with a gesture of wildest grief disappeared.

James stood perfectly still for a moment, gazing vacantly on the opening, but, by a great effort, he succeeded in mastering his emotion.

"Remember!" he then cried, waving his hand to Lauzun, who, having seen Sabine enter the passage with the infant prince, stood awaiting his last injunctions. "Remember!"

"Have no fear, my liege," replied Lauzun, closing the panel.

The passage was so narrow that they were obliged to proceed separately, Saint Leu leading the way. After awhile they came to a flight of steps, and descending them reached a short passage terminated by a secret door which admitted them to the chapel. Passing through the sacred structure, the fugitives made their way to the stone gallery.

Rain was falling in torrents; the roar of the wind was nearly as loud



F.W. Burn.

The Queen's flight with the Infant Prince.

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as thunder; and the darkness was so profound, that not an object below could be distinguished.

In another moment, they arrived at the flight of steps leading to the privy-garden. At the bottom of the steps was a coach, which, as it was thought hazardous to employ one of the royal carriages, had been hired for the occasion. The coachman was sheltering himself from the rain under a neighbouring tree, but hearing footsteps, he hastened forward, and opening the carriage-door, Mary and Sabine, with their precious charge were placed inside it, while Lauzun sprang upon the box beside the driver, and Saint Leu, pursuant to a previous arrangement, got up behind. Both were well armed.

Moving quickly down a long drive, the vehicle approached a gate, opening into Parliament-street, and was instantly challenged by the sentinel.

"Who goes there?"

"The Count de Lauzun."

"Advance, Count de Lauzun, and give the countersign."

The coachman drew up, and alighting from behind, Saint Leu hurried up to the sentinel, and gave the required password, at the same time drawing forth a key, with which he unlocked the gate, and then threw it open. The carriage then passed through the gates, and the queen quitted Whitehall—for ever!

IV.

THE QUEEN'S FLIGHT TO FRANCE.

Driving rapidly on, the coach soon reached the stairs situated near the end of the Horseferry-road, and just below the House of Lords. There it drew up, and alighting, Lauzun went in search of the boat which he expected would be in waiting. The darkness prevented him from seeing far, but going up to the water's edge, and finding no boat within view, he shouted several times, without receiving any answer. This circumstance placed them in a serious dilemma. Was it owing to accident or treachery that the boat was gone? A number of wherries were lying around, but there were no oars in them, and even if there had been, Lauzun would have hesitated to embark the Queen and Prince of Wales in such a storm, without an experienced waterman to aid them. His resolution was quickly taken. Returning to the steps, he knocked at the door of a small habitation, which he perceived from the sign belonged to a waterman, and was quickly answered by the owner from a window. The man, in a surly tone demanded his business, and on learning it declared that it would be madness to venture out in such a gale, and refused to comply.

But the offer of gold induced him to alter his resolution, and he retired from the window, and after a brief interval presented himself at the door, accompanied by a sturdy lad.

While this was passing, Saint Leu, who had remained with the carriage, observed the coachman peering about in a manner that excited his suspicions, and coming behind him, he suddenly threw the light of the lantern on his face, when, to his surprise, he discovered that the seeming coachman was no other than Johnstone. Uttering a hasty exclamation,

he seized the emissary by the throat, and presented a pistol at his breast; while Lauzun coming up, helped him to secure him.

Glad to escape with life, Johnstone offered no resistance, and they forced him to mount the box, and then tied his arms together, and fastened him to the seat with the reins, binding a handkerchief tightly over his mouth, so as effectually to prevent him from raising an outcry.

Meanwhile, Mary and Sabine had remained in the carriage, unable to account for the delay. A thousand apprehensions seized the queen, but though naturally timid, she did not heed her own peril, provided she could secure the safety of her son. She heard the struggle on the box, and voices in dispute, but could not distinguish what was said, and her alarm became almost insupportable. Taking the infant prince from Sabine she pressed him tenderly to her bosom, resolved not to part from him with life. At this moment the carriage-door was opened, and Lauzun presented himself.

"All is well, gracious madam," he whispered; "you must not be dismayed at the storm. We will all die to preserve you."

"I do not doubt it," answered Mary, though her eyes were raised to Heaven, as if her trust lay *there!*

The queen and Sabine now alighted, and in a few minutes they all reached the boat, which instantly put off.

Hardly had this occurred, when Johnstone contrived to free his mouth from the bandage and raise an outcry, which was quickly answered from an adjacent house, and after a brief interval he was joined by a waterman, who mounted the box, and released him from his bonds.

"Now, give me a pull over the river," said Johnstone, "and I will reward you handsomely. I have a party on the other side who will help me to capture these fugitives."

"I wouldn't venter over for my weight i' goold," replied the waterman. "Not by no manner of means."

"What is to be done?" muttered Johnstone, in perplexity; "but they will find I have set a trap for them; and we will get at them over London Bridge."

So saying, he turned the carriage, and drove with all possible speed towards the city.

Meanwhile the fugitives pursued their way. After a perilous passage, during which the boat was more than once well nigh lost, they reached Lambeth Stairs. Quick as thought the elder boatman grappled the stanchion of the stairs with a boat-hook, and at the same moment his son jumped ashore, and fastened the boat to a ring in the steps. This done, Lauzun landed and received Mary from Saint Leu, who lifted her from the boat, and the count then assisted her to the summit of the stairs. Having bestowed her in safety, he returned for Sabine, whom he instantly conducted to the queen, while Saint Leu discharged the boatmen.

Advancing a few paces, Lauzun looked around for the coach which the king had promised should be in waiting, but it was nowhere to be seen. Thinking it possible that the persons in charge had sought shelter from the storm at a neighbouring inn, from the open door of which, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, light still streamed, he determined to proceed thither in search of it. Previously to doing so, however, he escorted Mary and Sabine to the porch of the adjacent church, where they were partially sheltered from the rain, and waited there till they were

joined by Saint Leu, when he bent his steps towards the inn, which fronted the western side of the churchyard. Avoiding the open door, he turned under a dark archway then leading to the inn-yard, but now the entrance to a dirty retreat, called Chapel-court, and shaped his course for the further end, where a flickering light seemed to mark out the stables. As he hurried forward he heard a footstep, and turning, saw a man advancing with a lantern. But though he suspected something wrong, the count thought it better to pursue his way, and arriving at the stable-door he lifted the latch and looked in.

In front of him were six stalls, each of which was occupied by a horse, fully harnessed; ostlers were engaged in the duties of the stable, while three postillions, enveloped in capacious overcoats, were smoking short pipes near the window. As the count entered, they all turned to regard him.

"Is the carriage of the Sieur de Caumont here?" cried Lauzun.

"Yes, my lord," answered one of the postillions, stepping forward, and touching his hat. "We were obliged to take shelter from the storm."

At this juncture the person whom Lauzun had seen in the yard, and who was no other than Snewin, came up, and the count was satisfied, from the manner in which the constable regarded him, that he was a spy. But though he was greatly disturbed by the circumstance, he affected unconcern, and giving directions to the postillions to bring out the carriage instantly, he hastened out of the inn yard.

Finding Saint Leu, he communicated his suspicions to him, and gave him some instructions, and then flew to the porch where Mary had returned with Sabine. In a few minutes the coach appeared, drawn by six horses, and drove up to the porch, while Snewin came running on with his lantern, bent on examining the count's companions. But as he turned the angle of the churchyard, Saint Leu, who was lying in wait, ran against him, and tripping him up, sent him floundering into the muddy kennel, and smashed his lantern. This done, Saint Leu sprang upon the footman's board behind the carriage, into which the queen, Sabine and her precious charge, with Lauzun, had already got, and word being given by the latter, the postillions dashed off at a gallop.

The party proceeded in silence. Mary was engrossed by her own bitter reflections. Lauzun was calculating in his mind the chances of pursuit, and bending a vigilant ear to the road. Sabine was thinking of her private griefs, as well as those of her mistress.

They had passed the road leading to London Bridge, when suddenly the count started forward, and let down the carriage-window. The rain had ceased, and the tramp of a horse was indistinctly heard in the distance, approaching at a furious pace. Lauzun shouted to Saint Leu to urge on the postillions, but though they made every exertion, the sound of the pursuing horse came nearer and nearer, and at last a voice was heard shouting, which was instantly recognised by Saint Leu, and he ordered the postillions to halt. Surprised and alarmed, the count was about to spring out of the coach, in order to ascertain the occasion of the stoppage when Charles Moor dashed up.

"His majesty has sent me on, count, with a message to the queen," Moor said. "We found that the boat which was to have met you at the ferry, owing to some mistake, did not set out till after the appointed time, and as we learned at the ferry that a party had gone across, his majesty became very anxious, and desired me to make certain of your safety. I

crossed London Bridge—felled a coachman, and beat down a couple of ruffians who would have intercepted me—and have overtaken you."

"You have done bravely," cried the queen.

"His majesty has sent you this casket, gracious madam," continued the young man. "It contains the most valuable of your jewels, and a letter for the King of France, which your royal husband requests you will deliver into his own hands."

"I will," cried Mary. "But is his majesty safe? Is he well?"

"He is both safe and well, madam," answered Moor. "Now postillions, on for your lives!"

And waving his hand to Sabine, he rode back, while the coach resumed its progress, proceeding at the same rate as before.

It was daylight before they reached Gravesend. Though occupied chiefly by fishermen and smugglers, that place was already of some extent, and the appearance of a coach and six at so early an hour excited a general sensation. Among others, a party of soldiers, who had deserted from Tilbury Fort, on the other side of the river, and were on their way to join the Prince of Orange, rushed forth from a low public-house as the coach drew near the water, and threw themselves right in the way, commanding the postillions to halt, in order, as they said, that they might see if there were any Papists in the vehicle. At this moment, however, Saint Leu seized the most violent of the ruffians by the collar, thrust him backwards, while his companions, seeing that both he and Lauzun were well armed, thought it advisable to make off. The carriage then moved on without interruption, and soon reached the river, when Lauzun alighting, perceived in the mid-stream the yacht, distinguished, as the king had intimated, by a red and blue streamer in the stern. He found, also, a boat lying below, manned by two persons in the dress of seamen, but whom he recognised as two Irish officers sent by the king to attend them.

One of the officers came forward, and Lauzun hastened to assist the queen to the boat. Mary alighted joyfully, though with a trembling step. Holding her child, who was carefully concealed by her cloak, fondly to her bosom, she proceeded to the boat, followed by Sabine. A crowd of persons of both sexes had collected at the water's-edge, who pressed forward to gaze at her, but she kept her eyes on the ground, and her look was composed though she was very pale. Lauzun lifted her into the boat and placed Sabine by her side, and then seated himself behind them, while Saint Leu and the two rowers took their places, and pulled off.

The wind had lulled, and was now only a refreshing breeze. The sun was up, and for the hour and season, shone with unusual brightness. The water was calm and clear. On one side the eye commanded an extensive view of Kent, with the picturesque town of Gravesend, sloping up to the verdant base of Windmill Hill, which towered high above, and on the other the vast marshes of Essex, with the fort of Tilbury peeping over the water, the batteries bristling with cannon. Mary could not restrain her tears as she turned a wistful gaze on the two shores.

In a few moments the boat reached the yacht, and mounting to the deck the queen was received by Lord and Lady Powis, who instantly conducted her and Sabine to the state cabin. Lauzun and Saint Leu remained on deck, where the greatest bustle now prevailed, and in a few moments all the canvas was spread, and the yacht sailed, with a fair wind, for the coast of France.

LAO, THE PIPER.

BY W. HUGHES, ESQ.

THE sea-wind came from the Dour-du side, and the stars appeared in the sky. The young maidens were making their way towards their farms, wearing on the finger the leaden rings which their lovers had bought for them at the *pardon*. The young men came across the heath, singing the *Les Breiz!* . . . Time passed by. One heard no more the sonorous voices of the young men. One saw no longer the white dresses of the young girls. It had become night.

And yet Lao appears with a joyous band at the entrance of the deserted heath—Lao, the celebrated *sonneur*,* who came from the mountains to manage the dance at the *pardon* of Armor. His visage was as red as a March moon, his black hair floating at the will of the wind; and he carried under his arms his bagpipes, the sounds of which would urge even the old women in their sabots to dance.

They had arrived at a cross-road, known by the name of the "WARNING," where there was erected a cross of granite, covered all over with moss. The women stopped, and said,

"Let us take the footpath which descends towards the sea."

But Lao pointed out, at the top of the hill, the steeple of Ploujean, and exclaimed,

"If it is there that we are going, why can we not cross the heath?"

The women answered,

"Because, on the middle of the heath, Lao, there is a town of the Korigans; and to pass near it without danger, one should be free from all sin."

But Lao burst out laughing.

"By Heavens! I have already received absolution thirty times on taking the sacrament at Easter. I have travelled at night over all the roads of the *pardons*, and I have never seen your little black men counting their money by the light of the moon, as they tell you in the chimney-corner. Show me the way which leads to the town of the Korigans, and I shall go and sing to them the days of the week."†

But the women all exclaimed, "We must not tempt God, Lao! God has placed some things in the world which we ought to be ignorant of, and others which we ought to fear. Leave the Korigans to dance around their houses of granite."

"Dance!" repeated Lao, "then the Korigans have also their pipers."

"They have the whistling of the wind on the heath, and the cries of the night bird."

"Very well," said the mountaineer, "I wish them to have to-day better music. I shall cross the heath playing the most beautiful *Jabadaos* of Cornouaille."

Thus speaking, he took his pipes and began to make his merry cadences

* Player upon the bagpipes.

† Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, &c. *See* page 122.

heard, and followed boldly, the path which showed itself like a white line across the dismal heath. The affrighted women made the sign of the cross upon their persons, and then descended the hill.

Nevertheless Lao walked on without fear, all the while playing his pipes. As he advanced, his heart became more courageous, his blowing much stronger, and the sound ascended more piercingly. He had already passed over half the heath, when he observed before him the *Menhir*, which reared itself in the night like a tall phantom, and further on the house of the Korigans.

Then he fancied he heard a strange sound which became gradually louder. It resembled at first the rippling of a small stream, then the noise of a rapid river, then the growling of the sea, and there was in that growling a thousand different uproars. It was at one moment smothered laughter, at another furious whistlings, now whisperings in a low voice, now trampling of paces upon the dried grass.

Lao began to blow less strongly ; his eye wandered uneasily from the right to the left of the heath, one would have said that the clumps of heath were alive, every thing seemed to be in motion, and moved on in the darkness in the form and shape of hideous dwarfs ; voices became more distinct. All of a sudden the moon arose, and Lao uttered a fearful cry. On his left, on his right hand, behind, before, everywhere as far as his eye could see, the heath was covered with Korigans, running about. Lao dismayed, retreated even to the Menhir, and supported himself against it, but the Korigans, having perceived his flight, surrounded him, and cried with their shrill voices, "It is the splendid piper of Cornouaille who has come to make the Korigans dance. Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

Lao resisted in vain ; ruled by a magic power, he felt the pipes approaching his lips, he played the dances in spite of himself; the Korigans surrounded him in their rounds, and at the end of each tune, when he wished to stay and take rest, all joined again in chorus,

"Pipe, splendid piper, pipe! and lead the dance of the Korigans. Hurrah! hurrah! hurrah!"

Lao continued thus the whole night, but as the stars became paler in the sky, the sound of the pipes became more feeble, his feet were lifted up with more difficulty from the ground ; at last the dawn of day lightened the eastern horizon ; the crowing of the cocks was heard in the neighbouring farms, and the Korigans disappeared.

Then the piper of the mountains fell down without breath at the foot of the *Menhir ;* the pipes detached themselves from his parched lips; his arms fell upon his knees ; his head dropt upon his breast, never more to rise again, and voices repeated in the air,

"Sleep, splendid piper, sleep ! thou hast led the dance of the Korigans; thou shalt never lead again the dance of Christians ! Hurrah! hurrah!"

FRAGMENTS FROM THE LIFE AND POETRY OF SAPPHO; IMITATED AND TRANSLATED.*

BY THOMAS ROSCOE, ESQ.

ELEGIAC ODE.

(HER CHILDHOOD AND EARLY LOVE OF FAME.)

Thou bliss-born Peace—crown of sweet Innocence—
Delight no longer mine! nor I thy praise
As erst dare hymn: charm'd, captive-held each sense,
Youth's heart beat fast to feel to love like youth,
'Mid all illusions fair surpassing Truth.
Ye treasured memories of life's dawn—calm days,
Dearer than palm or laurel's leaves to me.
Nights' passion's dream stirr'd not! too conscious breast,
Not now within your region bland I rest,
Childhood's blithe guest, glad as the bright blue sea.

Life, heaven-stol'n fire, so precious, early woke
The soul of gratitude to hymns of praise;
The gods first bade me raise
Their lofty verse—then the divine Muse spoke,
Till 'rapt, inspired with hero-sacred theme,
My lyre gave birth to more ecstatic dream—
To bright-wing'd fame, and visions seen from far—
Soon o'er its chords that stream of music broke,
Which left me trembling 'neath the evening star
To grace her triumph's car,
Who rules even gods, bow'd low to Love's soft yoke.

Cruel preceptor of my first strange sighs,
Thy votary's willing sacrifice—
Youth, fame, my lyre—all made thy laughing prize,
Love's chains of flowers I wove, nor mourn'd my captive lot.
The beam, the beauty of Life's morn—
Young Spring's gay joys I long had worn,
Heart-full in Fancy's realm, for thee forgot,
To Pleasure's golden hours I dedicate,
Steep'd in ecstatic dreams—or bold—elate,
To glory give the meed Love's goddess sought.

While basely crouching at the secret shrine
Of Avarice foul, o'er many a toil-wrung heap,
The slave-god's worshippers vile vigils keep,
Grant Muses still your sacred fires be mine!
Borne on your thoughts divine,
Give me to mount far o'er this low earth's sphere,
Above each rival's hate or fear;
Scorn fickle Fortune's fiercest storm, or shine,
Victress o'er Fate while love and song be dear.

* If we except her Hymn to Venus, and the Ode so exquisitely rendered by Addison, the poetry of Sappho may be said to consist of a mere series of fragments. These, however, have a certain relative character, so that several, collected in one, form a kind of subject. That has been our object in the above specimen. Endued at once with a soul tender and elevated, with a muse of fire, glory, and pleasure, unhappily for her boasted equal attractions. But the consciousness, perhaps, of a soul of song carried its own consolations.

PEPE, THE PIRATE.

BY WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON, ESQ.

PART II.

THE PIRATE MARRIED

CHAP. VI.

THE JOHN AND MARY, HER CAPTAIN, HER PASSENGERS, AND HER FREIGHT.

A FINE ship was proudly sailing over the waters of the Caribbean sea, with a favourable breeze, towards the Mona passage between the islands of St. Domingo and Porto Rico. Her last port was Cartagina, and she was about four days out. Although the *John and Mary* carried eight guns on her upper deck, half of them were non-combatants, for the simple reason that they were made of wood, commonly called "quakers," while her crew consisted of some twenty hands or so, including officers and boys. In fact, she aspired to no higher rank than that of an honest trader belonging to the port of Liverpool, whither she was now about to return, touching at one or two places on her way, after a successful voyage to the Spanish Main, having hitherto escaped all the dangers of tempests and robbers. She might have measured about four hundred tons or more, and as she now carried studden sails on either side, alow and aloft, with her guns run out, she cut a very formidable appearance, so thought honest John Brown, her master. She had several passengers on board, both Spanish and English, and among the former was a young and pretty widow with her still more youthful and lovely sister, a rich merchant, and a soldier, while most of the latter were mercantile men of different grades. Captain Brown was proud of his passengers, proud of his ship, and proud of the rich freight she bore.

It was a lovely day, the sea was smooth and sparkling, and the sun shone brightly forth from a blue unclouded sky. An awning, however, spread over the deck sheltered the passengers collected there from his too scorching rays. How completely, on such occasions, people enjoy the *dolce far niente* of life. The crew were busily employed in the various sedentary occupations of seamen, while the gentlemen were lolling about reading or talking, and the ladies were writing or singing to the music of a guitar. Captain Brown was earnestly recounting to an interested audience some of the adventures of his life.

"It's now about two years ago when what I am going to tell you happened," he continued. "I then commanded a fine schooner trading to the coast of Africa, with the same man I have now as mate, honest Bill Simpson there. Well, we had been for some weeks in the Danda river shipping our cargo, and had lost nearly half our people by fever, when just as we were ready for sea, we were boarded by a set of rascally pirates, who turned us on shore, and ran off with our vessel. To be sure, they might have murdered us outright, and so they would but for their captain, who was such a polite villain that he made us a low bow instead, and wished us a pleasant trip on shore. I cannot tell you how I felt as I saw my vessel going over the bar, and I am very certain that I should have died had not another trader come in a few days afterwards and taken us on board. Well, from that day to this I have never heard any thing more of the *Fair Rosamond*, though I have good reason to

suppose that the pirate who got hold of her was no other than the famous Captain Pepe, whom every body in the West Indies is talking about."

"What a dreadful man Captain Pepe must be," observed Donna Marina, who understood a little English.

"Dreadful! a regular devil incarnate, marm," answered Captain Brown.

"What is he like, Senhor Captain?" inquired Donna Isabelita, the widow's pretty sister.

"Like marm! why he isn't a bad-looking fellow, as far as I remember, about the same height and figure as the major there, I should say," answered the captain.

"Dear me," observed the young lady, "he does not look like a pirate."

"Perhaps not, marm," replied Captain Brown. "Beauty is only skin deep, remember."

"I should so like to see this far-famed Captain Pepe," said the widow.

"That's more than I should, marm, except at the end of a thick rope," answered the captain.

"Why what should make us afraid of Captain Pepe, or a hundred pirates like him?" observed Mister Theophilus Fiz, a little Jamaica Creole, who, with a straw-hat on his head and in a suit of nankeen, was pacing the deck with his hands in his trousers pockets. "Haven't we got powder and shot and eight guns, with plenty of men to fight them? I should just like to see Captain Pepe trying to play off his tricks on us."

He elevated his voice as he passed in his walk near the Spanish major, who now looked up from a book of music he had been intently studying, and smiled. He now rose from his seat, and approached the ladies.

"Oh, major," said Donna Marina, laughing, "do you know that Captain Brown says that the famous pirate Pepe is very like you."

"A high compliment, truly, the captain pays me if he refers to my personal appearance," replied the major, bowing. "For I have heard some ladies who once were Pepe's guests aver that he is a remarkably handsome man, although his morality, it appears, does not stand very high in the estimation of the world."

"As to his good looks I can't say," struck in Mr. Theophilus Fiz, "but that he's a precious scoundrel I've no doubt, and I should just like to fall in with him and his craft to show him how I would treat him, the piccarooning rascal!"

"Senhor Fiz is a bold man," said the major, bowing.

"A sail broad on the starboard-bow," cried the look-out from the mast-head.

"Which way is she standing?" inquired the master.

"Across our bows," was the reply.

"We shall see more of her by and by, then," observed Captain Brown, as he continued his quarter-deck walk.

In the monotony of a prosperous voyage every incident is of interest, and the prospect of meeting a strange sail upon the world of waters is sufficient to arouse the most lethargic from their slumbers. The passengers, therefore, few of whom probably were in general much given either to physical or mental exertion, were eagerly looking out from the deck for the appearance of the stranger's sails above the line of the horizon. At last one by one her top-gallant-sails, topsails, and courses rose as if

from out of the water, shining like pure snow in the rays of the bright sun, and Captain Brown was soon able to pronounce her a large, square topsail schooner, but whither bound, or under what flag she sailed, it was impossible to say. There was something, however, in the cut of her sails which seemed to attract Captain Brown's attention, as he continually kept his telescope turned towards her, while his countenance wore a doubtful if not an alarmed expression.

"That seems a valuable glass you have, Senhor Captain," observed the major, walking up to him, "will you permit me to test its powers?"

"Certainly, sir, certainly," answered the honest skipper; "you will find it not a bad glass, I flatter myself;—bought it myself—cost five guineas—one of Dolland's best—day and night—see a man's nose five miles off."

While the master was thus running on in praise of his glass, the major, who evidently was not attending to a word he said, had his eye for a few seconds intently fixed upon the stranger, and as he returned the instrument into the hands of its owner, a strange gleam might have been observed to pass over his countenance.

"Well, major, what do you think of her?" asked the master.

"I am too little of a seaman to form an opinion," was the answer. "I merely wished to try the power of your glass," and returning it with a bow to the master, he walked aft.

For some time longer the two vessels drew nearer each other without the stranger making any alteration in her course, and as she became more distinct, so the anxious expression of the skipper's countenance increased in intensity. First he rubbed the object-glass of his telescope, then he adjusted the instrument, then he rubbed his own eyes, but still he was not satisfied.

"Well, captain," asked Mr. Theophilus Fiz, "what is that vessel we see out there?"

"Why, sir," answered Captain Brown, "that's more than I can say. I don't like her looks, that I own; she's too rakish a craft to be honest, I fear. Like your high-flying beauties on shore, I've learnt to mistrust such-like ladies. Some of them are all fair and above board, and are as near real angels as I could wish any woman to be both outside and inside. Perhaps, too, that schooner there may be a government vessel, or a fair trader, but she don't look like one, that's all."

"What does Mr. Simpson say about her?" asked Mr. Theophilus Fiz, with a slight degree of trepidation in the tone of his voice. The mate was at that instant approaching.

"Here, Simpson," said the master, "take the glass, and say what do you make out of that vessel?"

The mate looked long and steadily.

"Why, sir," he answered, "that she's as wicked, a rakish-looking craft as I ever saw afloat, and I shouldn't be surprised if she's one of the piccarooning villains that swarm about these seas, ready to pounce upon any vessel unable to defend herself."

"But do you mean to say that any pirates would venture to attack us when they see that we have eight guns on our decks?" asked Mr. Fiz.

"Perhaps no and perhaps yes," was the unsatisfactory answer. "But wooden dogs can't bite, you know."

"What is that you are saying about pirates?" asked the rich merchant, who had just then come on deck. "I hope we've no chance of falling in ith them. Mother of Heaven protect us from such an event!"

"What have we to fear with so brave a man as Don Fiz to fight for us?" said the major, smiling. "Besides, my dear sir, no pirate, if pirate yonder craft should prove, would dream of interfering with a ship like ours, armed with eight guns, nor can they be aware that we have so large a treasure on board as I understand there is."

Don Fernandes started.

"Who says that we have treasure on board?" he asked, with an alarmed countenance.

"Oh! it is the most advantageous way of remitting money to England just now, so I take it for granted that Don Fernandes would carry some of his gold with him, and every one knows that he is the possessor of unbounded wealth."

On this the major, who spoke, made the rich man a profound bow, though an acute observer might have seen a smile lurking about the corners of his lips and gleaming in his eyes.

"We'll show our colours, at all events, to prove that we are not ashamed of them, and try if the stranger will answer them," said the master, and in a minute the broad red flag of England was blowing from the peak.

Scarcely had it fluttered an instant in the breeze, before a similar ensign was shown by the stranger.

"All right!" exclaimed Mr. Fiz, rubbing his hands with satisfaction; "a friend, at all events. If she had been a pirate, we would soon have sent her to the bottom of the sea, however."

"If!" exclaimed the master; "a friend, indeed! You don't pretend to say what a man is made of by the colour of his coat; and how do you know that the fellow does not lie with his buntin' on purpose to deceive us? What do you say, Simpson?"

"Not a doubt about it, sir; and now I think of it, as well as I can judge at this distance, she's very like a Spanish schooner which was lying not far from us in Cartagina, little more than a week ago."

Chap. VII.

THE PIRATE SCHOONER.

The master now took his mate aside, and consulted with him earnestly for some time. The result of their conversation did not transpire, but it very soon got noised about the ship that the schooner in sight was a pirate. That the captain thought she was so, was soon evident by his giving orders to prepare for action. The crew set about their duties with alacrity, as true British seamen always will when danger is at hand. Ammunition was handed up, the guns were loaded and run out, at least the four real ones were loaded, while the others looked equally formidable at a little distance; at the same time, the studden-sails, royals, and top-gallant sails were allowed to stand, and every stitch of canvas the ship could carry was packed on her to increase her distance from the suspicious stranger. This done, the crew went to their quarters. While these operations were going forward, the passengers exhibited the troubled state of their feelings in a variety of ways. Donna Isabelita wept and clung to her sister, who sat still with her eyes fixed on the strange sail; the rich merchant turned pale, and, with an expression of doubt and alarm on his countenance, dived into the cabin, where he remained some time among certain cases and packages; while Mr. Theophilus Fiz strutted about the deck under the persuasion that he was the

most important person on board, and consequently vapoured more furiously than ever, in a vain endeavour to hide his fears. The only person to whom the approach of the hostile bark appeared a matter of perfect indifference, was the major, though he every now and then cast a glance towards her to ascertain her position, but immediately again returned to his music-book and guitar.

"Why, senhor major, you seem to take things very coolly," observed Mr. Fiz, as he passed him in his walk. "We shall want you to fight presently. I suppose you'll not object to do that?"

"Bah! Not at all. I will take the wooden guns under my charge," was the major's answer, with a slight sneer in the tone of his voice.

"Let me tell you, it won't be joking matter," said Mr. Fiz. "If we don't fight, we shall be captured by the pirates to a certainty, and have all our throats cut."

"Not if we consent to join the pirates. It is what I intend to do, if we are overpowered. Bah! those fellows lead a jovial life, depend upon it. Ah, Senhor Fiz, you will make a dashing pirate."

"I a pirate!" exclaimed Mr. Fiz, in a tone of horror. "What would my friends and acquaintances say, should they hear of it? No, senhor major, I have lived an honest man, and I hope to die one."

"Ah! you are no philosopher, I see, Senhor Fiz," observed the major, with a shrug of his shoulders and a twirl of his moustache. "You will have to try your courage soon, depend on it."

While this conversation was going forward, notwithstanding all the efforts made to increase the speed of the ship, the schooner, with the British ensign flying, was gradually approaching her from the eastward. The ship's best point of sailing was nearly before the wind, or rather with it, on the quarter, and to keep it there her course had been altered a couple of points, Captain Brown hoping thus to get well ahead of the schooner, and, perhaps, to knock some of her spars away before she could come to close quarters. She was now within the distance of a couple of miles, and neither in her hull nor rigging did she appear like an English vessel.

"We will soon see what she really is," observed Captain Brown. "Haul down our flag and hoist the Spanish ensign, Simpson, and depend upon it the fellow will soon show other colours."

The captain was right, for no sooner were the colours changed than up went the flag of Spain from the peak of the schooner also.

"I thought so!" exclaimed the captain, as he again hoisted the British flag. "It shall never be said, however, that John Brown fought under any flag but his own. Whatever happens, don't give in till the last, for, depend upon it, we have little mercy to expect from the crew of yonder craft."

The seamen, with a cheerful shout, promised to do their best. The stranger did not again change his colours, and just then a shot from one of his guns came flying across their bows. A second followed, but went wide of its mark, and as the missile left the gun a black flag was seen flying from the peak of the stranger. There was now, therefore, no doubt of her character. The mate was as brave a fellow as ever stepped, but discretion, he thought, on an occasion like the present, was the best part of valour.

"Hadn't we better haul our wind, and, if we must fight, keep the

weather gage, though, for my part, the less we have to say to yonder piccarooning craft the better?" he observed to Captain Brown.

"It's no use, Simpson," answered the master, "we've no chance of getting away without fighting, though we'll do our best for the sake of our owners and passengers, and I only hope if those piratical rascals come within range of the *John and Mary's* guns they'll have cause to remember her as long as they remain unhanged."

The schooner came dashing on, looking so light and delicately formed that it seemed impossible she could have power to injure the stately ship. She still continued firing, but as her shot flew high no one on deck was injured, though the sails of the ship were more than once pierced, and now and then a brace or a topmast shroud was shot away, but were quickly again repaired. As she approached nearer her shot told with more effect, while, as far as Captain Brown could judge, as yet not one from the *John and Mary* had hit her.

At last the master lost all patience, and pointing one of his four guns himself, he fired. His eye followed the course of the ball, but he had apparently no better success than the rest, for not a rope was shot away, not a splinter was seen to start from the deck sides of the schooner.

"Well, I can't tell what's in the guns that none of them do their duty," he exclaimed, turning away with vexation. "Simpson, do you try your hand as a marksman, and see if you can't clip that fellow's wings a bit."

"Ay, ay, sir," answered the mate, casting his eye along one of the guns, "I'll try and knock a feather out of him at all events."

He was as good as his word, for the ball struck the bulwarks of the schooner, and evidently committed some mischief. Her revenge, however, was complete, for in return the shot from her whole broadside came rattling among the masts and rigging of the ship. Down came her foretopmast on the deck, and the slings of her main-topsail were shot away, while numberless other damages occurred.

Before the crew could clear away the wreck of the spars to work their guns, the schooner had fired two more broadsides with still more disastrous results. Shot after shot followed, till so complete a wreck did the ship become, that she could only be kept directly before the wind. Poor Brown was in despair, but still he encouraged his crew to fight on bravely. The passengers trembled with alarm except the major, who looked calmly on as if the work going forward was an every day occurrence, and now and then he descended below to comfort the ladies who had been conveyed there to be out of danger. Just as he got on deck he saw the schooner passing under the stern of the ship, while a man standing on her taffrail, hailed in English to ask if she surrendered.

"Not while I've a gun to fight," returned Captain Brown.

"We shall see," answered the voice, as the schooner, putting up her helm, ranged up on the larboard side.

In a few seconds the bower-anchor of the schooner was hooked in the mainchain plates of the ship, and a savage band of pirates were climbing up her lofty side. One gun had been got over to that side and was pointed down to the deck of the schooner. The major had been most assiduous in dragging it over and loading it. Captain Brown waited till the bulwarks of the vessels ground together, "Fire," he exclaimed.

The priming blazed up from the touch-hole, but the gun did not go off. The mate primed it afresh, but it again flashed in the pan.

"Curses on the lubber who loaded that gun," he exclaimed, and his

brave fellows, without time to fresh load the gun, had to defend themselves from the impetuous attacks of the pirates.

Though the English fought bravely, they were soon overpowered by numbers, entangled as they were also by the spars and rigging which had fallen from aloft.

The major was the only person who took it coolly, for instead of attempting to defend the ship he retreated aft, and was detected by Simpson in heaving a rope on board the schooner to assist the pirates on board. Before the mate had time to punish him for his perfidy the deck was won by the Spaniards, and the survivors of the English driven below.

Chap. VIII.

CAPTAIN PEPE AND THE MAJOR SHOW DELICATE ATTENTION TO DONNA MARINA AND DONNA ISABELITA.

The leader of the pirates was a tall, good-looking man. He had been the first on board, and had crossed blades with Captain Brown, whom he quickly disarmed and threw on the deck. There lay the poor master looking up at his captor, and expecting every instant to receive his death blow, surrounded by the dead and dying of his crew, while the savage shouts of the victorious pirates sounded in his ears.

His captor, whose sword was uplifted ready to run him through the heart, seemed to be examining his countenance attentively. In another moment the poor master would have ceased to live, but at that instant some of the buccaneers dragged forward the rich merchant, Don Fernandes, and the other prisoners, and the major appeared on deck escorting the two fair donnas.

"Here's a fat fellow, who seems lined with gold," cried the pirates, producing numerous gold pieces from various parts of the merchant's dress.

"Oh, Senhor Brown, Senhor Brown, save me, save me," exclaimed Don Fernandes, wringing his hands; "why did you not run away faster? they have robbed me of the little savings of my life, and I am a beggar."

"Ha, ha, ha," laughed the major, but said nothing.

"Senhor Brown!" exclaimed the leader of the buccaneers, "I thought so. You are a brave man, Senhor Brown, and have fought your ship well, rise, your life is safe. It is no disgrace to be conquered by me, for learn that I am Pepe the Pirate."

"Pepe the Pirate!" cried all the passengers in concert.

"The handsome man who is so polite to the ladies," said Donna Marina, glancing her bright eyes at him.

"The dreadful scoundrel who cuts all the men's throats," ejaculated Mr. Fiz, ready to sink through the deck with fright.

"The man who knows to a fraction the value of every cargo afloat," muttered Don Fernandes; "I am a ruined man."

"He does not look as if he could do us any harm," murmured Donna Isabelita, clinging closer to the major's arm.

"Not while I am with you, my charmer," answered her gallant protector.

"Are you not the man, then, who ran away with the *Fair Rosamond*? asked Captain Brown as he rose to his feet.

"The very same, at your service, my friend. Necessity compelled me to deprive you of her," said the pirate.

"And now you have deprived me of another vessel," cried the poor master; "I am an unfortunate wretch."

"The fortune of war," answered Don Pepe.

Among the survivors was Simpson the mate, though his head was tied up with a handkerchief, beneath which the blood was trickling down.

During this conversation the major, who, although held by each arm by the pirates, retained his admirable self-possession, was approaching the chief.

"What!" he exclaimed, "my old friend, Don Jose Montes Pepe," and rushing forwards, he threw himself into his arms.

"Ah, do I see the gallant Major Mendes, who so nobly saved my life at the risk of his own?" cried Don Pepe.

"The same, and for his sake he now entreats you to spare the lives of the prisoners in your power."

"Say no more about it, your wish is granted," returned the pirate; "set their minds at rest on that score, provided no attempt is made to hide the treasure on board. Make them look sharp about it," he added, in a whisper, "for we sighted a strange sail this morning, and she may be, perhaps, an English man-of-war."

The honest mate had been excessively puzzled at this scene, till he remembered having seen the major heave a rope on board the schooner during the action.

"Oh, you scoundrel," he muttered, "if you didn't come on board on purpose to betray us into the hands of the robbers, I'm a Dutchman."

"But," exclaimed the major, tearing himself away from his friend's embrace, "in my joy at seeing you I for a moment forgot to introduce the fair donnas under my protection. They both have considerable property in the Havanah," he whispered; "one is a widow the other a spinster. The widow has her deceased lord's property besides. You take the widow, I will be content with her sister."

Having given his friend this information, he introduced him with all form to the senhoras, who returned his courtesy most graciously, and made up their minds that pirates were much abused and maligned individuals.

When Don Fernandes observed the high favour in which the major stood with the pirate, a gleam of hope crossed his mind, for that gentleman had been especially attentive to him from the commencement of the voyage.

"Oh, senhor major, in mercy's name intercede for me with these gentlemen, for they look as if they were about to hang me at once," he cried.

"Sorry for it, senhor, but I have no interest," answered the major; "your gold will avail more than my interference. The ladies are my only charge."

"Gold, gold, I have no gold," exclaimed the terrified merchant.

"Ho! ho! ho!" was the only answer the major deigned to make. The work of pillage now began, while the master and his crew were lashed back to back round the masts, where they might see their property carried off by the freebooters. Directed by the active major, they were not long in discovering the money-chests of the merchant, which were forthwith transferred to the schooner, no one heeding the protestations and entreaties of Don Fernandes. While these operations were going forward, Don Pepe was paying the most devoted attention to the pretty

widow, which she received with evident pleasure; and every now and then as the major passed Donna Isabelita, in the performance of his duties, he took the opportunity of pouring some soft words into her ear, which seemed far from disagreeable. A great change had taken place in the manners of that worthy; for instead of the indolent, phlegmatic soldier he had hitherto appeared, he now seemed an active, energetic sea man, whom the pirates implicitly obeyed—an alteration which did not fail to attract the notice of both Captain Brown and his mate. With grief almost amounting to madness, Don Fernandes had seen chest after chest of his gold go over the side, and now the pirates commenced loading the schooner with the lighter and more valuable part of the cargo. The luggage of the passengers of course was not spared, and even the persons of them were searched, to the great dismay of poor Mr. Fiz, who fully expected that it was preparatory to his being thrown overboard. At last some trunks and boxes containing female gear were handed on deck.

"Oh, those are our trunks," cried Donna Marina, as she saw them. "Where are they going?"

"On board my schooner," answered Don Pepe, with a profound bow. "They will be safer there than in this ship."

"Madre de dios!—how dreadful," exclaimed the widow; "but what are we to do then?"

"Follow your trunks, lovely senhora," replied the pirate, with a tender pressure of her hand. "The *Juanetta* will afford you tolerable accommodation, and the attentions of a devoted slave must make up for all other deficiencies."

A smile was the only answer the fair widow made.

The major, as we will still call the pirate's lieutenant, now reported the schooner fully laden, and hinted that he heard strong indications among the crew of a wish to hang up some of the captives, and as he was speaking some of them dragged aft poor Simpson, who had made a stout resistance to the last, while others seized poor Theophilus Fiz to execute as their first victim.

"The bloody-minded villains," exclaimed Don Pepe, with an angry brow, as he rose from the side of Donna Marina. "They are never content except they are allowed to commit murder; but they shall not be indulged. What are you about to do with those men, villains?" he exclaimed in a loud tone, which sounded through every part of the ship. "The first man who attempts to injure them shall die. How often, as to-day, have I not brought a prize into your hands? how often have I not led you to victory? Without me you well know you could do nothing, and therefore I will be obeyed. Hear me then;—let those men go free, and get every one of you on board the schooner."

The pirates, with sullen looks, but without answering a word, obeyed. When the crew of the boat alone remained, he, with his own hands, released Captain Brown;—

"You are a brave man," he said, "and deserve to live. For your sake I spare the lives of all on board, on condition that every one promises never to appear as witnesses against me or any of my followers. Go and learn the determination of the rest."

"I am very certain all will agree," eagerly cried Mr. Fiz, who had overheard the speech; "don't we, Captain Brown? Thank you, Senhor Pirate. There's no use even asking the rest. I, for my part, will vow I never cast my eyes on you before."

While Captain Brown went round to notify the pirate's offer to his passengers and crew, Don Pepe took the hand of Donna Marina,

"Fair lady," he said, "I am bound for the Havanah, and can offer you a quick passage; your property is already on board."

"I must not be separated from my baggage," she answered, looking towards the schooner.

"And you, sweet Isabelita, will you proceed in the ship?" said the gallant major, imitating his chief.

"I must not be separated from my sister," was the young lady's discreet answer.

As may be supposed, there were no dissentient voices to Don Pepe's proposal, and in another minute he and the major, with their fair charges and a black maid, were on the deck of the schooner, which stood away to the westward, the crew of the *John and Mary* busily employed in repairing damages, while the ship continued on her course.

By daybreak next morning a sail was discovered, four or five miles off, on the starboard bow, standing towards them. When poor Fiz, who had just come on deck, heard of it, he was terribly alarmed.

"Oh dear, oh dear! this is the last time I am ever caught at sea," he exclaimed. "If it is another pirate, we shall this time be all murdered outright, and the ship sent to the bottom."

"I almost wish she may be," said poor Brown. "After all my losses I can never lift up my head at home."

"Oh, don't be down-hearted now," answered the little Creole; "I believe if it were not for you not one of us would have been alive at this moment, so depend on it, if we ever get home safe we will make your losses up to you."

As the stranger drew near she proved to be a sloop of war with the flag of England flying from her peak, while the condition of the *John and Mary* explained what had occurred. When the sloop got within hail she was ordered to heave-to, while a boat from the man-of-war boarded her.

"By your appearance we thought that you had been engaged with an enemy," said the lieutenant who came on board, "and I'll be bound it's no other than the very fellow we've been sent to look after, the notorious Pepe."

"All I can tell you is that we were knocked about as you see, that we were robbed of every thing the pirates could carry off, but that, after we surrendered, no one was ill-treated," answered Captain Brown.

The officer having ascertained from some of the crew, who were not so conscientious as the master, the course the schooner had steered when she left them, after assisting them in getting somewhat to rights, returned on board his ship. The sloop of war then made sail in chase, while the *John and Mary* was allowed to continue on her course. Captain Brown considering himself very fortunate in not being detained to give evidence against the pirates if they should be captured.

Chap. IX.

Lieutenant Brookes, of the "Sea-gull," expects to catch Pepe "napping," but finds him "wide awake."

His Britannic majesty's sloop *Sea-gull* had now been out six weeks from Jamaica, cruising in search of Captain Pepe. She had fallen in with

several vessels plundered by him, and had boarded numbers of others from whom she received information of his movements, but for some reason or other she had never been able to get hold of the bold freebooter. At last her captain began to suspect that he had been purposely misled, which was in reality the case. In fact, Pepe had agents, not only in every port, but on board every cruiser and merchantman in the seas, so that it was as difficult to elude his vigilance as to discover his movements. He has often been known to board a vessel, and, when pressed for time, to demand only certain chests and packages, which always proved to be the most valuable. He never shed blood if it could possibly be avoided, nor was he ever known to ill-treat the prisoners which fell into his hands, provided they made no resistance.

The commander of the *Sea-gull* was now in hopes of falling in with the pirate before he could get into port to dispose of his cargo. The sloop, therefore, stood away for St. Domingo, the coast of which island she ran down, speaking every vessel she met, but gaining no satisfactory intelligence of the pirate schooner. Sometimes, indeed, a craft answering her description was heard of, but if it was her, she always managed to elude her pursuer, or else the chase turned out to be some Yankee trader, or other peaceably-disposed vessel. At last Captain Hesketts, the commander of the *Sea-gull*, was almost in despair of finding the cunning pirate, and vowed if he ever came up with him, he would blow him and his band of miscreants out of the water together, while the crew whispered among themselves that the vessel they were so vainly looking after must be the Flying Dutchman, or one of those phantom barks well known to cruise over the ocean to lure mariners to destruction. Captain Hesketts was not a man to give up his object any more than the famed Vanderdecken himself. One evening, just at sundown, he sighted a large schooner standing for the coast of Cuba, to the south of which he then was. He fired a gun to bring her to, but to no effect, and not ten minutes afterwards, another vessel was seen going towards the same coast, a little more to the eastward. It was impossible to say which of the two it was the most advisable to chase, so he followed the one first seen.

All night the *Sea-gull* kept the chase in sight, beating up to the nor'ward, and at daybreak next morning she was seen close in to the Cuba coast. Just, however, as the sun arose, a thick mist came over the shore, beneath which, as it advanced, wafted slowly along by the land-breeze, appeared, shining brightly in the rays of the rising sun, the top-sails of two vessels, three miles or so apart from each other. That one was the chase there was no doubt, while the other was probably the sail seen on the previous evening. A few minutes afterwards, however, it fell a dead calm, and the mist gradually settled down over the sea, obscuring the shore and the two vessels from the sight of the English. It was indeed provoking; but as probably both vessels were becalmed as well as the *Sea-gull*, her commander determined to send away the launch in search of the one last seen, while he followed the one he had chased during the night. The launch was accordingly lowered nto the water, and, with a crew of fourteen hands under the command of Mr. Brookes, the second lieutenant, sent away in the direction of the stranger. After pulling to the north-east for about an hour, the mist cleared away slightly, and exposed, close aboard of them, the sail of which they were in search.

"Give way, my men, give way," shouted Lieutenant Brookes, "and the pirate will be ours in five minutes."

In less than that time they were alongside a low, rakish-looking schooner, but instead of any opposition being made as they sprung on board, they were received by a demure, puritanical-looking personage, who, in the nasal twang of a true Yankee, informed the officer that he was the master of the schooner *Pilgrim*, from New York, and asked the reason of their visit.

Lieutenant Brookes apologised for his mistake.

"You are a civil fellow, and deserve a civil answer," said the master of the *Pilgrim*. "Now, I guess it's Pepe, the piccarooning Spaniard, you're looking after. Well, then, about the end of the middle watch, last night, as we lay close in shore, we saw two boats come out of a creek right abreast of us. As they pulled close to us, we gave them a shot over their heads, but they didn't like our looks, I calculate, so they went away back again in the very same direction from which they came. Now, I guess they are some of the very chaps you are looking after; and if you want them, there you'll find them, as snug as rats in a hole."

Thanking the American master for his information, the English lieutenant returned to his boat, and pulled away towards the shore, in high hopes of capturing the renowned freebooter.

"Now, I calculate, some one will put his nose in a trap," muttered the Yankee skipper, as he squirted a stream of tobacco-juice in the direction the English had taken. "Well, that's no business of mine," and he continued his quarter-deck walk, whistling for a breeze.

The launch had got within a quarter of a mile of the shore, before any opening could be perceived, when, as the officer thought he must be mistaken as to the spot, he observed a narrow line of blue water running up between the trees which lined the very margin of the sea. "Give way, my boys, give way," he shouted; and in a few minutes the boat was threading a narrow passage, with rocks and trees on either side, leading into a broad lagoon. When, however, Lieutenant Brookes looked round the lake-like expanse, and saw not the sign of a vessel, he began to suspect that the American had deceived him; yet, before giving up the search, he resolved to examine the place to discover if there were any other inlets in which a vessel might be concealed. For this purpose they skirted round the shores of the lagoon, and had not pulled long, before they reached a thickly-wooded headland, on doubling which, they discovered the entrance of another lagoon. Not a sound, however, was heard, not a boat floated on the smooth surface of the lake, when, on a sudden, the solemn silence was broken by the sharp bark of a dog.

"There are persons concealed not far from here, depend on it," cried the lieutenant. "Give way, my lads, and if Pepe is among them, we'll carry him off a prisoner."

The persevering seamen, although fatigued by their incessant exertion, pulled up the channel for some little distance, till they reached a little bay or nook, where, at the further end, almost concealed by the lofty trees, they saw a large schooner with a row of guns bristling from her ports, and boarding nettings triced up on either side. Without considering the disparity of force, they at once made a dash at the stranger. Not a soul appeared on deck, nor was the silence which reigned over the scene broken by any sound, till, as they were approaching near, a loud derisive laugh sounded in their ears, and a black flag was run up at each

mast-head. The effect was startling, and sufficient to appal the stoutest hearts, but the seamen, encouraged by their officer, quickly recovered their courage, and as they gave way again, uttering a loud cheer in answer, in an instant they were alongside of the schooner. As they climbed up the side of the vessel they endeavoured to cut with their tomahawks and cutlasses the boarding nettings which formed a strong protection to the people within them. The brave lieutenant was the first to make a way through, but no sooner did he leap down on deck than a lasso was thrown by an unseen hand over his neck, and he found himself dragged rapidly over to the other side of the vessel without the slightest power of resistance. At the same moment, from the hatchways, and from behind the bulwarks, from every spot where they could have been concealed, up sprang some sixty stout seamen or more, and with loud shouts and cries fell upon the English who had followed their leader. One after one, as they leaped down on deck, they were treated as he had been, till the whole party were fairly caught and pinioned. The more they struggled the tighter the ropes were drawn, and the louder they swore the more uproarious became the derisive laughter and abuse of their opponents. It was a very disagreeable position, and considering the sort of characters into whose hands they had fallen, not without a considerable amount of danger. Few men like to feel ropes round their necks—the Spaniards might at any moment be tempted to run them up to the yard-arms, and that such would be their fate their commander was convinced, from the fierce looks and expressions which passed among their captors. The one who appeared to be the captain of the pirate band, had hitherto not spoken, though foremost in seizing the British lieutenant. He was a tall, fine-looking man; his costume was rich and elegant, betraying the nautical dandy, with not a slight dash of the privateer. As he advanced towards the captive officer, he made him a bow of mock politeness.

"So, Senhor Tenente," he began, "you wished to pay us a visit it seems. It is thus we receive those who are unwelcome. Now I dare say you expect to be shot, or hung, but you are mistaken, we are not butchers—we must, however, give you a lesson you will not easily forget—not to put your head into a lion's mouth. You shall then be welcome to your boat to find your way back to your ship as best you can."

"We are your prisoners, and you may murder us if you like; but depend upon it, if you do, you will some day hang for it," answered the lieutenant, who understood a little Spanish, and was enraged at the pirate's coolness; "and let me ask you who you are who dares to oppose the British flag?"

"I—I am Pepe, and care no more for the British flag than I do for my pocket handkerchief."

"Pepe! I thought so," answered the lieutenant, "and depend on it, if you are caught you will grace a yard-arm."

"Probably!" was the only answer, as the pirate turned away, and without further notice the Spaniards began belabouring their prisoners in the most unmerciful manner, though the officer escaped the same punishment, while the men swore that they would some day have their vengeance on the scoundrels. They were then led below, and compelled to perform all the most menial offices with knives held at their backs to urge them on, and every now and then a pirate would prick his weapon into flesh of his captive, to expedite his movements.

The lieutenant had remained on deck for some time ruminating on his

fate, when he was roused by a pirate with a kick, and ordered to go below to wait at the captain's table. Brookes had no power of resisting, so he was compelled to obey. What was his astonishment, however, on entering the cabin to find it ornamented in the most costly style, while at the table sat two young and beautiful women, at the head of which was Pepe, and at the foot his quondam friend and lieutenant.

"We have sent for you to prove how well an Englishman can serve his masters," said the pirate, in a scornful tone. "Now take care that I am not deceived."

"In Heaven's name do not resist," whispered one of the ladies, near whom the officer was standing. "It will make him furious, and the consequences may be fatal to you."

"I am in your power, and it would be madness in me to refuse," answered the officer. "Besides," he added, with a low bow, "when I serve ladies so fair as these it can alone afford me pleasure."

"Bravo!" exclaimed the pirate, clapping his hands. "An Englishman turned courtier. You deserve to be free at once. I only wished to prove you. You are a brave fellow, and shall sit down and join our feast. Here, Domingos, cast loose that gentleman's arms. Now allow me to introduce you to Donna Marina Montes, my lady wife, and to Donna Isabelita Mendes Pinto, the wife of my particular friend and lieutenant, Don Rodrigo Mendes, a lineal descendant of the celebrated traveller, Ferdinand Mendes Pinto, of whom you no doubt have heard."

On this name being mentioned up sprung our friend the major, for no less a person was thereby indicated, and with a profound bow to the astonished lieutenant handed him a seat. The ladies bent their heads gracefully and smiled sweetly, and in a minute afterwards the English lieutenant and the Spanish pirate were hob-nobbing at each other in the most amicable way possible. Pepe's mood seemed entirely changed. He laughed, talked, and joked, the ladies joined with spirit in the conversation, of which the major, or rather Don Rodrigo Mendes Pinto, monopolised the greater part. After the repast was concluded, Donna Marina and her sister, accompanied by the husband of the latter, took their guitars, and sang, till Lieutenant Brookes almost forgot where he was, and how he had lately been engaged.

"You little expected to find such a reception as we prepared for you on deck," said Pepe, addressing his guest and laughing. "Still less to see the manner we live on board. For much are we indebted to the ladies you see before you. That they were here you knew from my friend Captain Brown, of the *John and Mary*—Ha, ha, ha. He complained to you of our treatment of him, and gave you every information to discover us. I know all about it. Nothing escapes me—Ha, ha, ha."

"It is the case," answered the lieutenant. "Your information seems boundless."

"Yes, you are right. There is not a vessel which sails on these seas of which I have not the most exact account, and scarcely a man-of-war either on board of which I have not a spy. Now, while you were looking for me in one direction, I took good care to be in another, and was well employed in visiting the Havanah, where my friend and I had the happiness of being united to our respective brides. Carramba! they are women of spirit, and instead of remaining quietly at home, preferred coming with us to sea. What think you of that, Senhor Tenente? We are happy men, are we not?"

"Certainly, senhor, as long as you avoid the rope," answered the officer.

Pepe's brow grew black as night, and Donna Marina cast an imploring look towards the rash speaker.

"I may do something to deserve it yet," answered Pepe. "And those words may yet cost you dear. Here, Domingos, conduct this British officer on deck again, and let all his men be collected from below."

Chap. XI.

PEPE IS CAUGHT "NAPPING."

The order was instantly obeyed, and with scarcely time to bow to the ladies, who had evidently interested themselves in his fate, the lieutenant found himself again bound and standing on the deck of the vessel, surrounded by his men. Their boat was still alongside, but without sail, oar, mast, or spar of any kind. Without further ceremony their limbs were loosed, and they were ordered to find their way into the boat. She was then taken in tow by two of the pirate's boats, which at once pulled out towards the sea.

"What's going to happen now?" exclaimed one of the Englishmen. "The rascals are not going to take us out here to shoot us, I hope."

"More likely to cast us adrift, and let us float about till we are starved," said another.

"Silence, men," cried their commander, "you are still afloat in your own boat, and must not despair. Our ship will certainly be off here before long to look for us, and I have every hope we shall be picked up."

The men said no more, but sat looking anxiously towards the pirates, expecting every instant to see them lift the muskets by their sides to their shoulders, and give them a quieting volley. On, however, they pulled across the lagoon through the outer passage, and at length clearing the land, directly out to sea. On, on they pulled, till even the pirates, hardy as they were and accustomed to the climate, began to weary. At last they cast off, and with shouts of mocking laughter returned to the shore. Leaving the English crew to their fate—death by hunger and thirst, with the most dreadful torments, was what they must expect if not succoured. For some time even the stoutest gave way to despondency, till they were aroused by the voice of their commander. A word from him cheered their spirits. He reminded them that they still had the means of sending the boat through the water, for that the pirates had neglected to take the bottom boards and thwarts out of the boat, or to deprive them of their clothes, while some still had their knives hanging round their necks. Under his directions they tore up the bottom boards and manufactured a spar—not a very stout one, but sufficient for the sail they could set upon it. With their shirts sewed together they formed a sail, while the linings of their jackets served to form ropes and yarns to strengthen their masts. The remainder of the bottom boards and some of the thwarts served for a rudder and oars. These preparations took them till dark, till when they were afraid to move lest the pirates should observe them. They then made sail in the direction their ship had gone—for the wind was fortunately fair—and paddling at the same time, by daybreak the next morning they had run many leagues along shore. They were afraid to pull very close to land lest they might be observed by

any other piratical bands, but they kept a bright look-out all the time for their own ship, in the hopes that she might have put back to look for them. In vain, however, they toiled on, under a tropical sun, without food, without a drop of water to quench their burning thirst, not a sail appeared dotting the smooth surface of the shining ocean.

One by one the men sank back, exhausted from their labour, but their officer urged them on by words of encouragement, taking his turn at the paddles with the rest. Even he, however, felt his strength decreasing, when, towards evening, as he was casting his aching eyes round the horizon, the white canvass of a ship shining in the rays of the setting sun met his sight, a little on the larboard bow. Their course was altered a point or so to meet her, but still the chances were very much against their being seen during the night, and even then she might not prove ready to succour them.

It was an anxious time, for the sun went down, and darkness rapidly covered the face of the deep, and as yet the ship was far distant. Soon the veil of night completely hid her. When last seen, however, she was, as far as they could judge, standing towards them, close hauled on the larboard tack, but a shift of wind might make her go about, and then to a certainty miss them.

The wind was so light, that neither she nor they could make much way through the water, and thus their anxiety was of necessity prolonged. At last the moon, to their great joy, rose above the waters, her pale beams falling on the white canvass of a ship not half a mile a-head of them. They shouted as if they could be heard at that distance. She steadily advanced towards them, again they shouted, and an answering cheer came down to their ears. They could not be mistaken, she was the *Sea-gull*, and in a few minutes they were on her deck, and receiving the congratulations of their shipmates at their narrow escape.

No sooner had Captain Hesketts received an account of the adventures of his lieutenant, than he determined at once to go in with his boats, and attack the pirate. Fortunately for his purpose, the breeze freshened, and long before daybreak the *Sea-gull* was off the mouth of the lagoon where Pepe lay concealed. The corvette stood in as close as she could venture, when all her boats being speedily manned, they at once pulled in for the lagoon, led by Lieutenant Brookes, who, in spite of his fatigue, insisted on piloting the expedition.

In the most profound silence they advanced through the outer passage across the lagoon, and into the inner creek. In another instant they expected to be engaged with the formidable pirate, but on rounding the point the schooner was nowhere to be seen. They pulled to the head of the creek, not a sound broke the stillness of night, not a sign of any vessel appeared.

"He has shifted his berth to no great distance, probably, and we may still find him," observed Lieutenant Brookes.

The boats accordingly pulled round the lagoon into every creek and bay, and the sun was already high in the heavens before they had explored half of it.

They brought up for a short time to refresh the men, and then continued their labours, but in vain; not a sign was there of Pepe or his vessel.

Our hero, for so ought Pepe to be called, was not quite so green as the English supposed, to be caught in the way they expected, for no sooner had

the boat full of prisoners got out of sight, than he ordered the cables to be cast off from the shore, and slowly warped the schooner towards the mouth of the lagoon. As soon as it was dark he ran out and stood away to the eastward, while the English, as he calculated they would, were looking out for their ship from an opposite direction. He thus easily got off unperceived, but as he had appointed a rendezvous in a lagoon a day's sail more to the eastward, in order to dispose of the remainder of his cargo before he returned to Havanah, he made the best of his way thither. The vessels he expected arrived at the same time, and having given him gold in exchange for his various commodities, again took their departure. Pepe ought to have done the same, but Donna Marina was unwell or unwilling to go to sea that day, and Donna Isabelita wished to spend a longer time in the romantic spot where the vessel lay concealed.

It was a lovely evening, the heat of the day was cooled by a gentle sea-breeze, the tall and graceful trees, behind which the sun had just sunk, cast their shadows on the smooth waters of the narrow inlet out of which every instant leaped numerous fish, rippling its surface as they again fell into their tranquil home. The two ladies were seated on the deck of the schooner, their sweet voices accompanied by their guitars, while their husbands lay at their feet admiring their beauty and listening to their melody. The pirates, after the work of the day was over, lay about the decks either asleep, or playing at cards, or narrating their adventures—the great resource of seamen of every age and clime. Discipline had become very slack of late on board; the ladies, it is to be feared, had something to do with it. A man had been stationed at the foretop-mast-head, to keep a look-out towards the sea; he had left his post, and had only just returned; with a sharp cry he aroused those on deck to sudden activity—

"Five boats pulling up the creek with the ensign of England flying at their sterns."

"To arms! to arms!" resounded along the decks. The pirates rushed to their stations, and their guns were loaded and run out.

"Lower a boat and carry the ladies on shore," whispered Pepe to his lieutenant. "We must not expose them to the work we have on hand."

The order was instantly obeyed, in spite of Donna Marina's entreaties to be allowed to remain on board.

"Who was stationed at the mast-head?" exclaimed the captain. "Come here. You did not give due notice of the approach of those boats. If we are captured, it will be owing to your negligence. Receive your reward." As he spoke, he levelled a pistol, and the man fell dead. "Let that be a warning to you, my men," he exclaimed in a fierce voice. "We must have no further trifling, for, depend on it, we have no mercy to expect at the hands of our enemies."

As he spoke the boats were close aboard of them. "Fire!" he exclaimed, and the whole broadside of the schooner was discharged at the advancing boats. The iron shower did not stop them for an instant, but the crews, with loud shouts, sprung more vigorously to their oars. Many, however, were killed or wounded, and more than one shot passed between wind and water. In an instant they were alongside,—one boarding on the bows, another astern, and scrambling up the sides of the pirate schooner. Nothing could withstand their fury, and the pirates knew what they had to expect, for among them they recognised their late captives. The struggle was fierce, for the Spaniards fought with despera-

tion, but they were at length compelled to give way; many were cut down, some were driven below, but the greater number leaped overboard, and endeavoured to swim to the shore. The English seamen wished to follow them in the boats, but so well had the broadside done its work that they were found half-full of water.

The pirates' late captives were the most savage, and as they were swimming for their lives several were shot dead by the muskets of the marines. What had become of Pepe no one could tell. He might have escaped on shore, or been killed in the water. An empty vessel and a dozen Spanish prisoners was all that remained to the victors. When the leaks in the boats were stopped, and they were baled out, a few men being left on board to guard the prize, the remainder pulled on shore in search of the pirates who had escaped. They wandered about in every direction, but not a sign of them could they discover, and at length they were compelled to return on board the prize. She was got safe out, and the pirates were tried and hanged. One principal object, however, was accomplished, for Pepe was no longer heard of in those seas.

Chap XII.

CAPTAIN BROOKES'S LAST INTERVIEW WITH PEPE THE PIRATE.

Many years afterwards, Lieutenant Brookes, then a commander, was ordered in his ship to look into the magnificent harbour of Havanah. While he lay there he was invited by a British merchant residing there to make a short excursion into the interior. The first night they stopped at the house of the merchant, the next at a magnificent quinta, belonging to one of the most wealthy and respectable men in the island.

"He is rather an extensive dealer in slaves," observed the merchant; "but that is thought nothing of here. He has a charming wife, a lovely sister-in-law, and is one of the most courteous and hospitable men I know."

"By all means, let us pay him a visit then," said Captain Brookes.

The two visitors were ushered into a magnificent saloon with highly polished floors, and mirrors, for that was all they could perceive, as the thick blinds were closed to exclude the heat of the day. The owner of the mansion, a dignified, fine-looking man, of middle age, received them with the greatest politeness.

"Allow me to introduce you to my wife, Donna Marina Montes, and to my fair sister-in-law, Donna Isabelita Mendes Pinto."

The ladies answered courteously, and were evidently smiling. It was a pity they could not be seen. Captain Brookes fancied he recognised the voice of his host. At length the servants brought in a dozen or more wax-lights. Captain Brookes examined the countenance of his host more attentively.

"Pepe, the Pirate!" burst from his lips.

"The same," was the answer, "and happy again to have Senhor Brookes as his guest—ha, ha, ha."

Captain Brookes vowed that he never spent a pleasanter evening in his life than he did in the mansion of the wealthy and respected planter, Don José Montes, the *ci-devant* Pepe, the Pirate.

POMPEII AND HERCULANEUM.

(SKETCHES OF CELEBRATED RUINS.)

By Nicholas Michell, Author of "The Eventful Epoch," &c.

No. VII.

'Tis found—a buried city meets the gaze,
Charms while it awes, and wraps us in amaze.
Call'd from the tomb, and almost fair as when
Built by the Greek,* Pompeii lives again,
Reveals her winding streets, her fresco'd walls,
Gods on her hearths, and pictures in her halls;
And wants but white-robed Priest, and toga'd sage,
The moonèd chariot, and the peopled stage,
Once more the Town of classic times to be,
The home of taste, the pearl of Italy!

But Death and Quiet spread their pinions here,
And faintest whispers strangely strike the ear.
Halls for long ages shut from cheerful day,
Temple and bath, and narrow tomb-lined way,
Sleep in the summer sun, while calmly spread
Soft skies of sapphire o'er Vesuvius' head.
Not such that day of fear, whose records still
Wake in the musing bosom terror's thrill,
When from the shaken Mountain's labouring throes,
Havoc was born, and Ruin darkly rose;
When, like another Sodom, shore and plain
Were swept by flames, and whelm'd by fiery rain.

Here with doom'd Pliny,† let our eye survey
The Mount's first wrath—the herald of dismay.
High shoots in air a sable sulphurous cloud,
Then spreads and stoops, like pine by tempest bow'd.
Anon a sound, like whir of bickering wheels,
On the calm stifling air portentous steals;
Then louder rumblings wake the echoes 'round,
While a quick tremor runs along the ground.
Gradual Heaven's depths the volumed vapour fills,
The sun grows dark above the western hills:
On thunder, drear eclipse, waits no such gloom;
E'en shrinking brutes expect some fearful doom.

* Pompeii and Herculaneum, according to Strabo, owe their origin to the Pelasgi, a people of Greece.

† In the afternoon of the 24th of August, A.D. 79, Pliny the Elder, in order to obtain a nearer view of the eruption, rowed from Misenum to Stabiæ, and there, not many hours after he had landed, perished from suffocation.

See! o'er the steep now fires of varied dye,—
Green, azure, crimson,—glance and shoot on high,
Light up far towns, the sombre wood and cave,
Turn, as to blood, the toss'd and troubled wave,
And give man's upraised face a hue that well
Might seem reflected, less from heav'n than hell.

Night comes, but no sweet moon or star can shed
Its gentle ray through rolling clouds o'erhead:
Hark! from the Mount that long its wrath hath nursed,
Shaking the shore, volcanic thunders burst!
While from the maddening crater's centre driv'n,
Ashes and red-hot rocks are hurl'd to heav'n;
The last fall crashing on the coast and plain,
The first are borne by winds across the main;
Borne e'en to Afric's wastes, and Nile's far shores,*
Where, as the kneeling priest heaven's host adores,
He starts to see his worshipp'd moon grow dim,
And fiery vapours skirt th' horizon's brim.†

How fare the cities at Vesuvius' feet?
Unscathed as yet each soft voluptuous seat.
Mirth at his board, and Beauty in her bower,
Still deem them safe, and brave the dreadful hour.
Around the circus fly the racing steeds;
The Actor plays, the Gladiator bleeds;
And Beauty smiles applause, and gallants lie,
Blest in that light—the sunshine of her eye.
Too reckless race! an hour, and many there
Shall flee in vain, and perish in despair.
E'en as they sit, and deem that black array
Of clouds will pass, like storms of former day,
Earth shakes, and pillars fall, and showers of fire
Pour on their heads, as from some funeral pyre:
But now the mountain yawns, and swift out gush
Bright lava-streams, that on, with deadly rush,
O'er rock and tree, o'er cot and vineyard sweep,
Burn as they roll, and hiss into the deep.
And one wide stream that every heart appals,
Glides dread and slow tow'rd Herculaneum's walls:
The startled dwellers flee, ere that red wave
Turns their fair city to a fiery grave.‡

* During this great eruption, not only were the ashes carried across the Mediterranean to Africa, but we are told some fell in Greece, and even on the plains of Syria.

† Sabaism, or the adoration of the Host of Heaven, appears at different periods to have had many votaries in Egypt, more especially in the city of Heliopolis, where there was a grand temple dedicated to the sun.

‡ Most historians agree that the terrible catastrophe of 79, came upon the inhabitants both of Herculaneum and Pompeii by surprise: the former place being situated nearer to Vesuvius than the latter, was consequently the first city that perished: it was overswept by a stream of burning lava; whereas Pompeii appears to have been buried by showers of ashes, volumes of mud, and fragments of heated rock. The greater portion of the inhabitants of each city escaped with their most valuable effects; one thousand three hundred, however, are supposed to have fallen victims in Pompeii and its immediate vicinity.

But loud at last from doom'd Pompeii rise
The strong man's yell, and woman's wilder cries:
From Pleasure's haunts forth pours a maddening throng;
Through glimmering streets they blindly haste along;
The warrior's arm, the sage's soaring mind,
Rank, meanness, virtue, vice, one level find.
Their only thought to fly from death and doom,
Some seek the temple, some the sheltering tomb;
These howl to heav'n, or stand in stony woe;
And those, pale tremblers! hide in vaults below.
Mothers their babes to shrinking bosoms fold;
Priests seize their gods, and misers clutch their gold.
The felon, stifling in his dungeon-cell,
Clanks his strong chain with many a frantic yell:
The old and sick, too weak to rise and fly,
Turn on their couch, and feebly gasp and die.
Beauty, so dainty, now must face the storm;
Lightnings gleam round, and ashes scorch her form;
Her limbs that totter, and her feet that bleed,
Scarce bear her forwards in that hour of need.—
They seek the shore, and trembling crowd the caves,
But earthquakes reach them there, and tossing waves.
It seems as Demons, envying human joy,
Had sought this spot to wither and destroy,
And turn to hell Campania's flowery shore,
Where Peace and each good angel smiled before.

Time sped his course, for ne'er in joy or ill,
Was Time's revolving wheel one moment still.
Two cities lay entombed, but o'er their grave,
No thought, no tear, the new-born ages gave:
So Spring with verdure, deck'd the outward ground,
And Summer flowers breathed wonted fragrance 'round.
There did the peasant train the gadding vine,
And teach rich fruits o'er lava-streams to shine;
There sang the bird at peep of dewy morn;
O'er thymy beds the wild bee blew her horn;
While laugh'd the maiden, weaving in her hair
The crimson rose-bud, and the lily fair;
And man, the ant that toils, come weal or woe,
Raised other domes,* nor thought of those below,
The marble dwellings that in silence slept,
Like earth-embosom'd halls by Genii kept.

* Portici and Resina are built over the site of Herculaneum, the mass of hard semi-vitreous matter which covers the ancient city being about seventy feet thick.

THE GHOST OF THE ROAD SIDE INN.

BY W. HUGHES, ESQ.

THERE was formerly at Ponthou a house of entertainment called the "White Inn," on account of its colour. The innkeepers were honest, steady people, who kept their Easter every year, and no one had occasion to reckon the score after them. Travellers made a point of staying at the White Inn, and all the horse, acquainted with that road knew so well the door of the stable, that they always stopped there of their own accord.

The *Diberm-Eost*, or autumn, had begun to make the days sad and short. One evening, when Floc'h, the landlord, was at the door, a traveller, who had the appearance of a man of some importance, and mounted on a fine horse, which was not of the breed of that country, stopped at the threshold, put his hand to his hat, and said to the innkeeper,

"I wish to have supper and a chamber to myself."

Floc'h, at first, drew his pipe out of his mouth, then his hat off his head, and answered—

"God bless you, master,* you shall have supper certainly; but as for a room to yourself, we cannot give it to you; we have already above there six muleteers, who are returning from Redou, and they have taken the six beds of the White Inn."

The traveller then said—

"My good, honest man, do try and give me some place to rest under your roof. The dogs have their kennel, it is not right that Christians should be deprived of a place of shelter at a time like this."

"Stranger," answered Floc'h, apparently much puzzled, "I know not what to say to you, because the inn is quite full, and there remains only the red chamber."

"Very well, give it me," replied the unknown.

But the innkeeper scratched his head, and he became sad, for he could not give the red chamber to a traveller.

"Since I have held the White Inn," said he, "two men only have occupied that bed-room, and slept in it; the next morning, their hair, which had been the previous evening perfectly black, was found quite white."

The traveller looked at the landlord.

"Do the dead then return to your house, honest man?" demanded he.

"I am afraid it is so," murmured Floc'h.

"Then, by the grace of God and the Virgin make me a fire in the red chamber, and warm my bed, for I am cold."

The innkeeper did as he was commanded.

When he had supped, the traveller wished a good night to all those who were at table, and he ascended into the red chamber. Floc'h and his wife fell upon their knees, trembling, and began to pray.

* This is the usual expression of the Bretons, *Mestr* or *Maister*, according to the district.

Now the stranger had arrived at the place where he was to sleep, and he looked around him.

It was a large chamber of the colour of fire, with large shining blotches or stains upon the wall, so that one would have imagined that it had been recently painted with fresh blood. At the extremity there was a square bed, which was surrounded by great curtains thickly folded. The rest of the room was empty, and the wind whistled mournfully in the chimney and through the passages, like the voice of souls demanding prayers.

The traveller went upon his knees and prayed to God in a low but earnest tone. Then he laid himself down without fear, and he soon fell asleep.

But at the moment when midnight sounded at a distant church, he awoke, and he listened to the curtains gliding along the rods and opening on his right hand.

The traveller would have jumped out of bed, but his feet struck against something icy cold, and he drew himself back half frightened.

There stood before him a coffin with four wax-candles, one at each of the four corners, and over it a black pall covered with white spots or tears!

The stranger sprang to the other side of the bed; the coffin instantly presented itself there, and barred afresh the passage.

Five times he tried to escape, and five times the bier placed itself at his feet with the wax-candles and the black pall.

The traveller understood that it was the ghost of some one who had a request to make. He went upon his knees in his bed, and after making the sign of the cross,

"Who art thou?" he said. "It is a Christian who addresses thee."

A voice came from the coffin and said:

"I am a traveller assassinated here by those who kept the inn before the present occupiers. I died in a state of sin, and I burn in purgatory."

"What willest thou that I should do to relieve thee, soul in suffering?"

"I must have six masses said at the church of our Lady of Folgoät, by a priest in a black and white stole, then a pilgrimage made on my account by a Christian to our Lady of Rumengol."

"Thou shalt have thy six masses, soul in suffering! And I, who am a Christian, I will go on thy account and make a pilgrimage to our Lady of Rumengol."

Scarcely had the traveller thus spoken, when the wax-candles were extinguished, the curtains closed of themselves, and all became silent.

The stranger passed the night in prayer.

The following morning he related all to the innkeeper, and then said to him—

"Honest fellow, I am M. de Rohan, of a noble family as any in Brittany. I shall go and make a pilgrimage to Rumengol, and pay for six masses at Folgoät. Do not be uneasy any more, the soul shall be delivered from suffering.

One month after, the red chamber had lost its horrible colour. It became white and lively as the rest, and there was not heard in it any other noise than that of the swallows which nestled in the chimney; and there was seen in it nothing besides three beds and a crucifix.

M. de Rohan had kept his word.

LAUNCELOT WIDGE.

BY CHARLES HOOTON, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "COLIN CLINK," "BILBERRY THURLAND," &c.

CHAPTER THE THIRTY-FOURTH

DISCLOSES SOMETHING MORE, AND SHEWS HOW BENEVOLENTLY MR. SANDHILL STROVE TO DAMP THE SPIRITS OF THE YOUNG ARTIST.

WHEN Mr. Sandhill again met Mr. Hollis, in a comfortable apartment in the town residence of the former gentleman, it was for the purpose of receiving from the young artist an account of such further discoveries, if any, as he might have been enabled to make through the obscure medium of Widow Smith's recollections.

"Well, sir, and what further news?" demanded the attorney, as he motioned Hollis to a seat, and took one himself, "have you advanced the inquiry in any material respect?"

"In nothing, I fear, of great importance," replied the painter, "for it is difficult to make such people comprehend what is and what is not worthy of relation; and even at last the only matters of any value escape by accident, and without being estimated as such by the parties themselves. At first the widow appeared to have forgotten a great deal; but when I had brightened her recollections with a trifling present, and also alluded to the probability of something being done in future to make her old age comfortable, in case she proved to be the charitable nurse of my own babyhood, the light of the past began to break out more boldly; and she favoured me with a two hours' history of that charitable action to which, I suppose, I owe my existence. In all this, however, there was nothing new, or deserving of notice. But with respect to the clothing which the foundling had on, she communicated something that may prove, sir, more to the point. In her eyes every article appeared to be of the very finest texture and workmanship, and rather designed for 'a young prince,' as she expressed it, than for a child so abandoned and so found. On one of the outer garments she said there was curiously worked in golden thread the figure of a man's hand open—"

"It is enough!" exclaimed Mr. Sandhill, with emotion, "that hand is the crest of the benevolent family of Woodhouselee!"

The whole truth—if truth it could be—then for the first time rushed upon the mind of Mr. Hollis, and seemed to overwhelm him with a stupor that left no power of expression but in tears. In the open-hearted, the thoughtful, and beautiful Lady Lavinia, he now saw his own mother; in himself a son long lost, and unceasingly deplored.

"Proceed," said Mr. Sandhill, rather for the purpose of breaking the spell which this momentary scene had cast upon both, than from any other motive.

"Below it," continued Hollis, with an effort, "was also worked the letter W."

"Presumptive evidence of the most valuable kind," exclaimed Mr.

Sandhill. "Let us hope these articles are still in existence. Surely the old woman has not parted with them?"

"They have been pledged at the shops more than half-a-dozen times," replied Hollis, "during periods of privation and distress. But as the old lady appears always to have retained some pride in them (for they seemed to say to her that her adopted baby was no beggar's child), and to have also cherished a superstitious notion that one day or other they might bring the obscure to light, and the disowned to the possession of his own, she always contrived to redeem the garments before the expiration of their time. She has them in her possession now. But with the usual tenacity of age, strengthened, perhaps, by a secret suspicion that they have become of extraordinary value, she resolutely refused to allow them to pass out of her own possession at any price."

"Very characteristic of ignorance and declining years," said Mr. Sandhill, smiling; "but no matter so long as they are safe, and safe they needs must be in such jealous keeping."

"I had two separate interviews with her," continued our young artist, "in order to allow her an opportunity, between them, to inspect that portion of the suburbs where the incident of this finding happened. On a former occasion she had declared her inability to discover the place again; but, whether she exercised greater diligence on the present occasion, or whether a zealous imagination aided her in the identification of the neighbourhood, it is not for me to determine. But, oddly enough, as you will think, she declares emphatically that it was close upon a house which, from her description, I find to have been formerly (perhaps at that identical period) in the occupation of Mr. Thoroton."

"Singular enough, most truly!" observed the attorney, "but another strong link in the chain of accumulating evidence. For, inasmuch as this poor woman herself must be totally ignorant of that connexion which we imagine *we* see in these things, it is but barely possible she can be mistaken. Associations of this nature are too close to be regarded as mere coincidences,—the result of chance or accident,—they are worthy evidence, Mr. Hollis, for the consideration of a jury."

After a pause, Mr. Sandhill added,—"Had the old lady any thing further to communicate?"

"Nothing," replied Hollis; "these slight points constitute the sum of our information in that quarter."

"In that case, then," rejoined the attorney, "and as we have half an hour's leisure, let us extend the conversation a little. Without making, just now, a *confidante* of you, I will briefly inform you of what you must necessarily be curious to know. It is proper, too, that you should know it, in order, at least, to be prepared for that possible reverse of fortune, and downfal of your probable castles in the air, which I foresee may soon take place. Do not misconceive me. I am only anxious that amidst these, to you, mysterious proceedings, you should not fashion dreams that may never be realised, or run the risk of falling so deeply from the height of an imaginary tower, as to feel yourself lower than when the first foundation-stone of it was laid. Disappointment, my young friend, leaves the heart more extinguished than is the heart that never hoped at all."

Mr. Sandhill again hesitated; but in the course of a few minutes resumed his discourse—

"A series of circumstances, which may almost be regarded as providential, has eventually led your liberal patron, the Lady of Woodhouselee, to entertain the somewhat wild and romantic opinion, that you may be her own child; an opinion none the less romantic for the apparent support which it derives from the facts that have recently transpired. It is true that the periods of her own loss and of your desertion, agree sufficiently near to give some colouring to the assumptions which have been founded upon them: it is equally true that every child born at the same time—and there must have been many—might, if abandoned by its yet more abandoned parents, put forward a not dissimilar claim. The justice of that claim can be ascertained only by tracing through a chain of evidence sufficiently unbroken to connect the two extremes together. Whether this can ever be effected in the present instance, remains to be seen; but it is the part of prudence to withhold very flattering hopes, and of humility to moderate the eagerness of anticipation. In the course of my professional life, I have so frequently seen a most formidable array of almost irresistible circumstantial evidence, suddenly and entirely negatived by a very simple but unexpected fact, that it would ill become me, in my present character, were I to refrain from thus warning you, for your own sake, against the youthful error of building your happiness upon dreams, or relying upon a fortunate turn being given to the events which have so recently transpired. Every investigation that discretion can suggest, will be made; but, pending their result, maintain that equanimity of mind, and that sobriety of feeling, which is best adapted to enable you to encounter whatever extreme of pleasure or disappointment may eventually terminate this inquiry."

Mr. Hollis had never before, throughout his life, heard one human tongue speak to him so parentally. Its calm and sedate tones went to his heart; he felt suddenly to have become as a child that hears the advising accents of a father; and, as the tears almost started in his eyes, he could but faintly acknowledge his gratitude, while he added, also, that the frequency of his disappointments, during the struggles of his earlier years, had rendered him for ever incapable of either soaring very high in hope, or sinking deeply in despair.

"That path is now mine," he said, "which all men tread who have had the misfortune to be made half stoics by necessity."

Chapter the Thirty-fifth.

Shows how Doctor Carious and Mrs. Thoroton took the alarm, while Mr. Thoroton remained steadfast and threatened vengeance.

The determined threats of discovery, of which, as we have seen, Saul made use towards Mr. Thoroton at their last interview, left him, it may readily be conceived, in a state of feeling of no very enviable description. At the very time when otherwise he fancied the great object at which he aimed almost within his grasp—(for his belief was fixed that Lady Lavinia now intended to arrange her affairs, and that Woodhouselee must descend to her sister, Clarice, his wife)—to have it thus dashed away before him, by the identical villain to whom he had already sacrificed so much! The

thought was more than he could endure: and he resolved, in the heat of the moment, either to compel his continued silence, or, that failing, that his own fall should be the signal for the final ruin of Saul also. But before setting about the execution of his contemplated plans, he communicated the results of the last interview to his wife.

"Have you consulted with Dr. Carious in this emergency?" she anxiously inquired.

"I have," replied Thoroton, "and found a terrified coward, where might have been expected a resolute and determined man. The simple suspicion of any possible discovery affects him so much, that, if not betrayed by others, he will inevitably betray himself. The sooner such a man is put out of the way the better: he *cannot* be of any use, but he may be productive of much mischief. I foresaw this in a moment, and as instantly resolved to get him out of the way."

"Oh, for mercy's sake let us have no more——"

"Pooh, pooh, woman!" sternly said Mr. Thoroton, interrupting the lady; "a fly may be blown away as well as killed. I began to work upon his fears immediately, and to heighten his already exaggerated terrors. I painted to him his utter downfall in society, and his victimisation by the offended laws of his country. I proved to him—no difficult matter with a coward—that his destruction was inevitable at every point save one. I exhorted him instantly to seek his safety in flight; and, while yet suspicion was but in the bud, to take refuge in that common asylum for foreign crime as well as misery and misfortune—America. He eagerly swallowed my advice; and by this time, thanks to my ingenuity! is, probably, ready for his departure."

"Would that I could but prevail upon *you* to go too!" exclaimed Mrs. Thoroton earnestly; "no good to us can ever come of this, for the design is plainly beginning to be discovered even now. In a short period—no one knows how short—we may find it impossible to go, however willing to do so. How shall we then wish we had seized the opportunity while we had it, and repent, too late, our present folly!"

"Whatever *you* may do, madam," said Mr. Thoroton, "*I* shall repent of nothing in this world, come what will. There is time enough in eternity for the indulgence of that weakness, if all they tell us be true. *I* go to America? *I* run away from the pelting, if it must be so, of a storm of my own raising? No, woman, not I. Many years, Clarice, as you have known your husband, you are unacquainted with him even yet!"

"They have got hold of something," pursued Mrs. Thoroton, "by some means or other, *that* is evident. What it is, or by what means come at, makes no matter. The end of the thread once in hand, the whole skein is soon unravelled. Besides, even if their search should fail, how are you to escape that horrible Saul?"

"Ask yourself, rather," retorted Thoroton, "how Saul shall escape ME? What! think you, am I such a mouse to be played with by such a cat, and then to be devoured at last?" And the speaker laughed with fearful scorn, as he added, "many an eagle stoops to pick up an adder that stings him to death at last. The fight is on the side of him who attacks, but the victory may be with him who is molested."

"I hope it may be so on this occasion," said the lady, "but you have a fearful and a cunning man to deal with. Remember he has outwitted you so far—"

"He has, has he? Look at me, good lady, look at me! Do you *now* think that I am the man to be over-reached by such a juggling impostor, such a fool of charms and incantations as this Saul? I will blast him like a mildew wheat!—eat into his heart like rust. And as easily as I have sent one fool upon the ocean of the world, I can send another upon that whose other land is in eternity!"

And as Mr. Thoroton uttered this horrible speech, his countenance and attitude changed into something so truly diabolical and deadly, that his wife involuntarily shrieked at the sight.

"It shall be done to-night, too! and to-morrow Saul shall know more mysteries than his magic chrystal ever showed him, and tell his secret where it shall avail nothing to us who remain behind."

"What shall be done to-night?" demanded Mrs. Thoroton, in terror.

"Just so much as I please, madam, and no more. I have forgotten what I should have talked about, and spoken what should only have been thought on."

Here he paused a few moments, during which, in outward appearance, he became almost another man. His accustomed haughty calmness returned, and he observed in a tone of mildness, if not of indifference,—

"Well, Clarice, we are in a dilemma now, and must get out of it as cleanly as we can. But with treason on one side and suspicion on the other, he must be a good general to keep the field."

"Better beat a safe retreat," replied Mrs. Thoroton, "while the passage is open to us. We have already lost nearly every thing that we possessed, and yet the attainment of our object seems further off than ever. Why wait and linger, until the same gulf that has swallowed up our wealth shall also ask for our lives? You know there is no safety here; and to be relieved from this uncertainty and fear, how gladly should I go to a strange land, and be content with the simplest cottage that the wreck of our fortune could provide!"

"And I turn peasant," added Mr. Thoroton, "and fell trees and plough clods, and do the intellectual work of a sowing machine, and shoot wild fowl for my livelihood. A beautiful capital for the column of a poor gentleman's life, most truly."

"And yet even that would be happiness compared with the dreadful prospect that I see in shadows before us here," replied Mrs. Thoroton. "The wildest forest, with peace of mind and security, would be a thousand times preferable to waiting here, watching only the progress of our final ruin."

Mr. Thoroton did not appear to mark these words, for, abruptly turning the conversation to another point, he earnestly inquired,—

"Have you any suspicion, Clarice, can you form any conjecture *how* your sister came to make any search into this matter now? To me it appears a monstrous thing that more than twenty years should elapse, without even a dream or thought of wrong entering her mind, and, at the end of such a lengthened period, that circumstances of some description or other should arise to induce this unexpected investigation. If I find that treacherous villain Saul—"

"It is not improbable, nor inconsistent with his character," said the lady, purposely bringing her husband's speech to a sudden close; "but I am of opinion it originated somewhere else."

"Where else could it originate?—that is impossible,"

"Not altogether impossible. In the first place, remember that we do not know that the child was not preserved alive, and by this time may have grown up to be a man. If so, something may have been disclosed on that side. In the second place, I am now about to tell you a secret, for the time has plainly arrived when nothing ought to be held back by either of us from the other, however extravagant it may appear, and the reason why I never mentioned the subject before was, because I would not unnecessarily or idly run the risk of disturbing your mind upon what might have seemed but a mere fancy of mine. But now I do solemnly assure you that I have some fears—strange and indefinite they are, but still real—that Mr. Hollis is in some way or other at the bottom of the whole matter."

"Mr. Hollis! Mr. Hollis, the artist?" exclaimed Thoroton.

"Mr. Hollis, the artist," replied she, "the very same. And now for another secret (you will think I am full of secrets, but never mind)—when you first introduced this Mr. Hollis to me, I was instantly struck with a certain resemblance he has to my sister Lavinia's late husband Sir Stephen. Not that the features are exactly the same, or the general appearance identical with his, but there is a pervading something or another—an expression, I know not what to term it—perhaps in the eyes, or about the mouth—but, however, be it where it will or what it will, I never see that young man but the spirit of Sir Stephen seems to be about me. It is an insane notion, but I have permitted myself sometimes to think he may even be that baby grown to a man, which we supposed had perished."

"Fearful secrets, these," replied Mr. Thoroton, smiling, "and proof of no inconsiderable invention in the art of manufacturing phantoms to terrify one's self."

"Can it have escaped you what attention Lady Lavinia has always paid him? how she has patronised him? what intense interest she evinces in every thing concerning him? Nay, I even have it from one who can scarcely be misinformed, that at the present time she allows him six hundred a year to cover his professional expenses—that she herself partly imagines him to be her son—that he *is* a foundling, and of precisely that age which gives the conjecture an air of romantic probability. There, Mr. Thoroton, what now do you say to my invention? Where are now my phantoms? Are not these things enough to decide you upon taking energetic steps to avoid ruin and disgrace, and to secure ourselves? Oh, be persuaded by your own arguments, and these facts, and let us escape in time. If we can but be humble we have yet enough to make us happy, and should be all the happier for knowing at last that though the plot failed, and the estate was lost, our hands have not committed—"

"Stop!" exclaimed Mr. Thoroton. "Only at the last hour of life can a man properly feel entitled to say what his hand *has*, and what it *has not*, done! When circumstances become our master, we must needs obey, and to chalk out one's future, without knowing what circumstances may render needful, is but the act of a fool. With respect to this Hollis, if what you have heard be true, I must see him and sift him;—the result will decide subsequent proceedings. But Saul must be stopped at once. Means of persuasion for him are yet left; and they shall be made use of this very night."

Fain would Mrs. Thoroton have dived more particularly into her husband's meaning and intentions; for this doubtful and mysterious way of speaking filled her with alarm. But he waved his hand as if to signify that he would be at peace, and hastily quitted the apartment. He then ordered wine to be carried into his private room, and having retired thither, remained alone with the door locked inside, until the fall of positive darkness.

Chapter the Thirty-sixth.

Mr. Thoroton visits Saul; with the conversation that passed between them—the fate of Hollis is decided.

It was between eight and nine o'clock when Mr. Thoroton again emerged from his room. With a travelling cap on his head, and an ample winter cloak around his body, he passed out into the streets; and having summoned a coach from the nearest stand, threw himself into the seat, and directed the driver to set him down at the corner of a certain lane in Bermondsey. Busily were his thoughts engaged about the business which had brought him out at this unusual hour, and in devising how best to render it successful.

What was the principal object he had in view? To persuade the cunning Saul, the sole possessor of his secret, to keep that secret still inviolate:—to silence him, by fair means and reasonable offers, if he could, but at all events to silence him. No other resource presented itself. This must be done, or all else must be undone. "But how shall it be effected?" he asked of himself. "The villain I have to deal with is deep and hypocritical: and now every thing depends upon which proves the deepest of the two."

Mr. Thoroton was no novice in the knowledge of human nature. Long observant of the manners and temperaments of mankind, he had not failed to detect the common fault and absurdity of which nearly all men are guilty, in finding fault with those whom they wish to reform, and in abusing and insulting the vices which they would destroy. Blind as bats in daylight, to the simple fact that fault-finding, however just, and contemptuous treatment, however deserved, never fail to put the individuals subjected to it strongly on the defensive; and to make them plead every imaginable justification for the very errors and crimes with the guilt of which they are charged. Such mistaken policy, instead of conciliating, does but make enemies of them; and to make of the man you would persuade an opponent at the outset is the most certain way of rendering persuasion impossible. Through this perverseness, indeed, the vices of one portion of society are rendered by the other permanent and perpetual. The fancied good contemn, and despise, and turn away from the bad,—treat the man and the vice as exactly one and the same thing; and forgetting that pity, rather than indignation, should direct all attempts at reformation, they do but set at bay, and in violent opposition, those whom they else would certainly win over by kind persuasion, and the display of a true solicitude for their own welfare.

The monstrous and pervading error of conduct like this was early apparent to the keen perception of Mr. Thoroton. And as with bodies, so with individuals; he knew that in the present case, if his opponent, the

astrologer, were to be won at all, it must be done by conciliation and mildness, not by reproaches and upbraidings, which only close faster the doors we attempt to open.

The frame of mind may readily be appreciated, then, in which the individual of whom we are speaking, found himself freed of his conveyance, and traversing on foot the perplexed by-streets and narrow passages leading to the old tumble-down tenement still inhabited by Saul. That road was nothing new to the feet that now trod its rugged, dilapidated, and miry surface; for often before, in summer's twilight, and in winter's chilly blackness, alike, had Mr. Thoroton passed, like a solitary shadow, beneath the bent and swerving walls which leaned over, or away from, the causeways on either side.

And now appeared again the diminutive casement, covered inside with a red curtain, through which a dim and lurid light was cast upon the mis-shapen projection of an adjoining bulk of chimneys; and that marked the apartment within which this solemn charlatan, Saul, manufactured his medicinal mysteries for "fortifying life, and hindering the coming on of age."

Shortly after Mr. Thoroton had rapped at the too-well-known door, a light shot through the keyhole, and in the next instant Saul himself—who appeared to be his own servant—stood before him.

"Ah!" exclaimed Saul, "Mr. Thoroton to-night! Well, sir, well! Good even to you! I am not surprised at it; strange businesses will necessitate strange times; and," he added aside, "the fish that refuses the bait at noon will follow it again before midnight." Then again raising his voice—"My best distillations pass over between twelve and three; though the philosophy of it is beyond my comprehension."

He then carefully fastened the door, and conducted his visitor up-stairs and along a dusky passage, not, as might be imagined, to some low-roofed, squalid apartment, such only as the building and the situation might be supposed able to afford, but into a spacious and lofty room, at the further end of which glowed a comfortable fire, and which was amply furnished with articles as costly and unique as might well be found out of any noble residence in London. Numerous pictures in no contemptible style of art, adorned the walls; and over the mantel-piece, which was of sculptured marble, hung two portraits, one of Saul himself, and the other of a woman of middle age, dark, gipsy-like, but much above the ordinary standard of beauty. These of course were modern.

The eyes of Mr. Thoroton were scarcely turned from the last-named portait before they fell, with a startling kind of surprise, upon a lady evidently the original of it, who sat, in a deep half-shadow, beside the fireplace.

"My daughter, Agatha!" said Saul, as he introduced Mr. Thoroton, and at the same moment turned towards the lady, and repeated that gentleman's name, with the remark, "you will remember having met each other once before."

Agatha rose into the light, with her eyes fixed sternly, but calmly, on the countenance of Mr. Thoroton. The latter avoided meeting that gaze, and involuntarily turned his looks upon the ground. The vaults of the Adelphi, the miserable bedroom, and the roof were alone before his eyes. Saul quietly observed this little scene with malicious satisfaction during the space of a few moments, and then requesting Mr. Thoroton to be seated, and placing a huge key in the hands of his daughter, with some

whispered directions which could not be overheard, again observed aloud, as Agatha quitted the room,—

"Hospitality, sir, is a duty as well as a virtue; and the more particularly so when a man's best benefactor honours such a very humble dwelling as this is with his presence. And yet you may observe, Mr. Thoroton," continued Saul, as he eyed the contents of the apartment with evident satisfaction, "that a little wealth enables one, even in such a poor place as this, to display more taste than the rough outside would warrant."

"For all which *I* have paid!" thought Thoroton with inward bitterness; but he too strongly felt the part he had to play to say so. Instead, he passed off these cutting remarks by lightly observing in reply,—

"Why, yes,—your taste in pictures appears both keen and learned, if I am to judge by the specimens on the walls. By whom are these portraits painted?"

"They are the works of a very rising young artist whom I have encouraged a little—Mr. Launcelot Widge; a name, sir, which, though it does not exactly sound as meant for immortality——"

"Not exactly," observed Thoroton.

"No, sir, but nevertheless——"

At this juncture Agatha re-entered with a couple of odd shaped bottles upon a silver waiter, and two glasses, whose fineness and fashion bespoke their age and rarity. Having placed them on the table, she again retired.

"This wine, Mr. Thoroton, you must I think pronounce inimitable; it is the age of a patriarch, three score and ten, and at this time——"

"No wine for me," interrupted the individual addressed, in a somewhat haughty tone, "the business upon which I am come to-night will need no help to give it heat, I fear."

Saul placed his forefinger gently upon the last speaker's wrist as he observed—

"The words spoken elsewhere, Mr. Thoroton, must not be remembered or regarded beneath this rooftree. You are my guest; I have the greatest reason to say rather my generous friend, for is it not to you that I stand indebted?"

"Truly, by the heavens above us!" exclaimed Thoroton, passionately, "and therefore I ought never to be betrayed!"

"Harsh words, harsh words!" Saul ejaculated, "and, *as yet*, untrue. Possibilities have been pointed at, for a man may be driven to he knows not what; but, so far, you are safe as ever, and have not been betrayed. Arrangements, accommodations, these may always be entered into, *unless delayed until it is too late*, and becomes impossible."

"What arrangements, what accommodations, lie in my power to make? Is it not solely because the continuance of these accommodations has failed, that I am placed in this extremity of doubt? *I* who have relied confidently upon your good faith, and on the security of donations continued until they have become longer impossible?"

"There are yet certain contingencies undiscussed," said Saul, "as, for instance in case of the death of the Lady of Woodhouselee, every thing then must be yours. Your impossibilities are then at an end; might there be no promissory share of that for me? For *I* deem it but just and right that, as both of us will have equally helped to get it, both should divide the spoil."

"Very just and very right," exclaimed Thoroton, ironically, "that you

should have been paid nearly the whole of my actual fortune to secure the chance of another, and when that other is obtained, that *you* should take it. But you overlook another and a very probable contingency. Suppose that instead of this happening, I fail altogether, am I to receive back all that I have given you? Suppose that the child is now surviving, that Lady Lavinia discovers it, what is to atone for my losses and my disgrace?"

"The consciousness of having done our best," sarcastically replied the astrologer, "too often becomes our only comfort. But twenty and odd years have elapsed, and discoveries of that kind are out of the question."

"Not wholly so."

"Not wholly so? Has any thing, then, come to light?"

"So much, I believe, that all which *you* could now do in the way of making disclosures, would but help to confirm the truth of a discovery already made. Nothing, in that sense, could be gained by treachery, if you be capable of such, except some perhaps slight additional injury to myself, and to you the punishment due to a participator, an accessory, as well as the lasting and ineffaceable infamy of having sold one whom you were bound to cover and protect. And whether it be worth while, after all that I have done to serve you, to do so much for so slight a purpose, may safely be left to your own sense to consider."

By thus twisting the actual facts, and as it were showing the viper that his sting had become useless, did Mr. Thoroton secretly hope to persuade him from any attempt to make use of it.

"If that be the case," Saul replied, "what need of this excitement and anxiety respecting any course that I may find it necessary to take?"

"I am anxious that you should avoid such deep disgrace," answered the other, "without any adequate motive or consideration."

"Oh, as for that matter, every man is the protector of his own honour."

"He ceases to be its protector," said Thoroton, "when he declares himself ready to sacrifice it for the most paltry of considerations, perhaps even for worse than nothing."

"And does it then become your duty, or the duty of the first honourable Quixote who may discover the wrong, to protect it for him?"

Mr. Thoroton could have made a bitter reply, but prudence withheld it. He simply said,—

"It certainly becomes the duty of a friend to advise and warn him."

Saul burst into a sneering kind of laugh, as he exclaimed, "Surely, never before did poor honour fall to be discussed by such a goodly couple! Why, sir, to speak the truth, there is not so much honour in either of us as would pass current for a beggar's rag. Pshaw! I disclaim it altogether. We are discussing a question that neither of us know any thing about. But pray, Mr. Thoroton, if this boy is found, may I ask where it was, how it was, and who is he? Or rather, who he has *seemed* to be hitherto? It may be needful, sir," added Saul, in a low but earnest tone, "*for your safety* and for mine, to do something with him. You understand, sir, new circumstances require new remedies; and self-preservation is the first law, after all."

Thoroton looked at the speaker as though he would penetrate his very soul.

"Are you sincere?" he demanded.

"As oak is sound," was the reply.

"Then that once well effected will decide the question. *I* can easily

decoy him here, and the rest is soon completed. This muddy channel beneath your window is never searched ?"

" Never, it is safer than the churchyard."

" How much better is this," exclaimed Thoroton, in the satisfaction of the moment, " than dragging each other headlong to disgrace and ruin! And now, Saul, for the pledge of agreement in a bumper."

" With all my heart," cried Saul, as he filled the two glasses, " and success to the enterprise !"

The two drank off their liquor together, but silence had fallen upon the tongues of both. Neither spoke : for the weight of contemplated death—death, foul and secret—lay heavily upon the imagination of each.

Afterwards, however, their conversation, as well as the subject of it, was renewed and protracted until almost the hour of midnight: Mr. Thoroton fully informing Saul of all which his wife had that evening communicated to him ; and concluding with a distinct understanding from that cold-blooded miscreant that, in case it should be found advisable to destroy Mr. Hollis, the simple plan to get him in a convenient place should be this: That Mr. Thoroton should send for, or wait upon, Hollis, on pretence of having procured him a commission to paint the portrait of Saul himself at his own house in Bermondsey. For that purpose he should bring him down at such a convenient time as might be secretly agreed upon between themselves ; he should have his first sitting, be detained to a late dinner, kept in conversation or play, until either excess of wine, or the loneliness of the hour, afforded the desired opportunity, and then with all speed and silence be despatched ; and afterwards lowered from the window into the undisturbed bed of slime over which dully moved the black waters below.

But a written agreement was previously signed by Mr. Thoroton, and delivered to Saul, in which he bound himself, in case the conspiracy succeeded, and in consideration of valuable services received, to pay into the hands of the said Saul, the sum of one thousand pounds sterling.

Chapter the Thirty-seventh.

Wherein Mr. Hollis passes an evening in the society of Launcelot Widge and Richard Stretcher, Esquires.

Almost contemporaneous with the arrangements entered into between Mr. Thoroton and the astrologer, as previously recorded, were made arrangements by Mr. Sandhill and Hollis for securing an interview with Saul. The coincidence which was about to bring together two people who, unknown to each other, felt so strong an interest in the meeting, might be deemed singular enough, but so it was.

Our young artist was sitting one morning, not many days after the events last described, before his easel, upon which stood an unfinished picture worthy of the youth of Anthony Vandyke, when a friendly knock saluted the door of his study, and Mr. Thoroton entered. Since last these individuals met, so much concerning either had become known to each that a visible change passed over the countenances of both when their eyes first met. Mr. Thoroton, however, was too experienced an actor upon the stage of life to suffer any betrayal of his inward thoughts and feelings on that account. He accosted Hollis with more than usual cordiality, and spoke with high though affected enthusiasm of the new picture before

him. He promised his immortality, while contemplating his destruction; and, while holding out the dazzling glories of the future, sought to hide the dark shadows which were gathering round the present.

"I hope," he remarked, with a great appearance of self-satisfaction—"I flatter myself, Mr. Hollis, that I have obtained for you a commission of some value. It is for a portrait, to be sure, but I think such entire deference will be paid to your judgment in the matter, that at your own discretion an elaborate picture may be produced, rather than the mere resemblance of a man. The character, too, is admirably adapted for the canvass—striking individuality and picturesque to an extreme. The gentleman is somewhat eccentric, and though sufficiently wealthy, prefers passing his life in a wretched habitation in Bermondsey rather than in some respectable neighbourhood on this side of the Thames. Possibly you may have seen him, he is sometimes at my residence—dresses like a Turk, and passes under the name of Saul.

"The very man," thought Hollis, "that Mr. Sandhill told me about, and whom he wished to find. This is lucky, indeed."

"He has sent once already to a very inferior artist, but is dissatisfied with the picture."

"And pray, sir," asked Hollis, "what may be that artist's name?"

"Widge, I believe," replied Thoroton.

"I have seen his name in the catalogues," observed the other, adding, mentally, "and will next see *him*. Perhaps Mr. Widge may know sufficient of Saul to enable him to forward our inquiries." Then again speaking aloud, he inquired the exact address of Saul, and any other such particulars as appeared to him at all calculated to facilitate the objects Mr. Sandhill and himself had in view. Satisfied upon these points, Mr. Hollis resolved to lose no time in introducing himself, as well as he could, to Mr. Launcelot Widge. This resolution he therefore carried into effect during the evening of that same day.

Having sent up his card, the maid soon returned to Mr. Hollis with an invitation to him to ascend the staircase, on the landing, and just outside the painting-room door, he was met by a young gentleman in a dressing-gown, wearing an immense harvest of hair on his head, and a pair of huge moustaches of the colour of oxide of iron. For after this fashion had Mr. Launcelot transmogrified his personal appearance since we last parted with him.

"How do, sir, how do?" said Launcy. "Mr. Hollis, the artist, I suppose? Happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Hollis. The liberal professions should be friendly with one another, though they're often more like unpegged crabs in a fish-basket—too fond of snapping one another's claws off. Walk in and take a seat,—only Mrs. Widge and a friend with me."

Launce then proceeded *pro forma* to introduce Hollis to his wife and Mr. Richard Stretcher, and as Stretcher and himself happened to be smoking cigars, he next invited his new visitor to join them at a puff. Hollis felt surprised at this unceremonious familiarity, but declined the invitation.

"Never smoke! astonishing!" said Launcy. "We never smoke, not often, do we, Stretcher? No, I guess not much," and he rounded off the sentiment with a vulgar laugh.

"We like to be in the clouds sometimes," observed Richard; "I think it raises one's soul above the dross of the world, and helps to idealise the common stuff of life."

"Exactly, Stretcher, my boy!" answered Launcy; "a good Havanna is the same thing to this life as smoke to a bad picture,—it makes the worst parts look better, and the better, better still."

"Hear, hear!" exclaimed Richard; "dig that vein deeper, Launce, and you'll get at a bit of poetry in five or six more fathoms. Your strata ar'n't all common clay and red sand, if you do but sink low enough."

"Now I come to think," said Mr. Widge, addressing Hollis, "I've heard your name mentioned accidentally in miscellaneous conversation, by a sitter of mine in Bermondsey, yonder; old Turkey Rhubarb, you know, Stretcher?"

"Most probably," replied Hollis, "a man named Saul you allude to. And, *apropos*, it was for the purpose of asking a few questions about him that I took the liberty of calling upon you."

"Say nothin' about liberty here," returned Launce; this is Liberty Hall:—don't mention it. Nobody can take any liberty with me. I'm an artist, and my notion of an artist is that he should be free and easy,—'open to all, influenced by none,' as them independent slaves to every body says in their newspapers."

"By-the-by!" exclaimed Richard, in a startling voice, "talking of newspapers, that reminds me of a criticism in the *Observer* on your Hercules, Mr. Widge. I saw it at the coffee-house this morning; and by way of saving the expense of a newspaper, cut it out with my pen-knife while the waiter was gone for change. Here it is."

And Mr. Stretcher produced from his waistcoat-pocket, and read, the following paragraph:—

"'No. 742. *Hercules strangling the Serpents.*—WIDGE. We do not remember having before seen this name inscribed on the walls of the artistic temple of fame, though it promises to be as enduring as the stones of those walls themselves. The production under notice is full of promise; though we regret to say it is so placed as to render an examination of it impossible. The twisting of the serpents is very fine, as are also the brown tints of the flesh, and the anatomical markings of the figure through a prodigious flow of magnificent drapery. We cordially extend the hand of welcome to Mr. Widge, and place him in one of the foremost niches of the national pantheon.'

"There, my boy,—what say you to that? How does your heart feel? Arn't your lungs full of laughing-gas, you clever dog, eh? There,—take the paragraph, and get it framed and glazed. It is your diploma from the College of Critics; and ought to be hung up over your chimney-piece to shame envy, and silence the tongue of slander."

"Humph! pretty well," remarked Launce, as he perused the 'critique' again; "but they might have laid it on a bit thicker about the composition, and Griesbach's principle of light and shadow. Though it's very well, considering the Academy would only let people see the picture in the dark. What is your opinion of my Hercules, Mr. Hollis?"

"The pleasure of seeing it is yet to come, as far as I am concerned," he replied.

"Then you'll be delighted, sir," answered Widge; "it is the best thing I have done since old Turkey Rhubarb's portrait."

"You must have made him in love with his own face," observed Hollis, "for he appeared inclined to have another painted."

"Happy to hear it," said Launcy; "and thanks to you for bringing

me such good news. I want a few commissions more, for of late my practice has declined!"

"I do not make myself properly understood, I fear," remarked Mr. Hollis, somewhat embarrassed; "I should have said a—a—, in fact,—a—the truth is, Saul has intimated, I believe, that he wishes *me* to try the next ——"

"Oh! yourself, you mean? Oh! very well; that is another thing. Then I wish you joy of his phiz, and safe of his money. He is the ugliest divel that ever walked on two legs, and as keen after cash as a leach for blood. He'll take lots of asphaltum for his shadows, and yellow oker in his lights: remember, I have done him once, and know by experience. His nose is very difficult, too; one can hardly get the expression of it."

"I shall be most happy to resign my interest in the matter to your hands," said Hollis; "for really my engagements are many, and the commission might be of service to you."

"Very kind," answered Mr. Widge; "very considerate and generous. To speak the truth, I should really feel obliged to you; for I owe the old usurer fifteen hundred pounds,—five of it for interest for six months,—and if I can paint him another picture he shall find me too deep for him. I'll charge him a cool three hundred for it, and deduct the same from my payment."

"Then, pray, what or who is he? Does he lend money ——?"

"He lends money," said Launcy, "and scrapes money, and extorts money, and he may steal it besides for aught I know; but I do know he worships it, and would do any thing to get it, short of putting his neck into hemp. Why, he one day let slip a few words to me when he was praising his own ingenuity, which showed what he really is, rather more than he perhaps intended. He told me that he had worked a good fortune out of a gentleman named Thoroton, by threatening, time after time, to discover a secret which, if told, might send that same gentleman to dance before the sheriff in a nightcap, or to assist the works of the government at Botany Bay. *He* might think what he liked about it, but for my own part, I considered he was privy to a murder, or something of that sort."

"Is it possible?" Hollis ejaculated, almost involuntarily.

"It's a fact!" said Launcy; "a 'great fact,' as newspaper scribblers say. Only look at him,—only see him, as I have when painting his portrait, and if there is not the very divel in his looks, may I drink salt-water after supper every night of my life!"

"He did not tell you the secret itself, then?"

"Trust him for that!" Mr. Widge replied. "No, no; not he! He rather seemed to think he had told too much already, because he afterwards tried to pass it off as a joke, but that was no go with me. I am a boy that knows better by two halves than to be humbugged in that manner."

Here was matter for Mr. Hollis to think upon, in addition to what was already known. Taken together, they left upon his mind no doubt whatever, but that the secret alluded to was in reference to the Lady Lavinia's child—to himself. The literal truth of the whole affair flashed upon his mind—though at present only in the shape of a conjecture—in a moment. He saw that Thoroton had exposed him in the low kitchen of the skeleton-house,—that Mrs. Smith had almost miraculously been

sent that same night for his salvation,—that Saul was in some way or other acquainted with the proceeding, but that neither he nor Mr. Thoroton could trace him any further, or knew to a certainty whether he was or was not now alive.

Gratified, to a greater extent than it was needful to acknowledge, with the information he had received, Mr. Hollis would now have taken his leave; but Launcelot felt his own situation just then too keenly to lose the opportunity, if he could help it, of securing in his friendship a young man who appeared likely to be capable of some future service to him. He, therefore, positively insisted upon Hollis's staying supper with them, —repeated his delight with the chance that had brought them together, and eventually succeeded in detaining him until a somewhat untimely hour. During the course of his stay, Mr. Hollis learned sufficient of the character of his new acquaintance, to induce him to conceive some interest in the fate of the young lady, whose misfortune it was to be united to such a heedless simpleton as was her husband,—to regret the follies and misplaced exertions, rather than abilities, of Mr. Widge, and to conclude, in reference to that shallow and essentially selfish pretender, Mr. Richard Stretcher, that the sooner he chanced to meet with some one who would give him a kicking, the better it would be for his own interest, and for that of the society at large amongst whom he now contrived to maintain a sponging and mischievous existence.

Chapter the Thirty-eighth.

MR. WIDGE IN TROUBLE, IS COMFORTED BY STRETCHER—THE LAY-FIGURE ARRESTED—GABRIEL'S RECONCILIATION, AND PROMISE OF AN ODD STORY.

Leaving, for the present, Mr. Hollis and the party with whom he was so intimately connected to follow out their future and final plans, let us return to the history of those old acquaintances to whom, in the preceding chapter, we have been introduced.

Up to the present time no trace whatever had been discovered of the thieves who had carried away young Mr. Widge's money. The usual "sagacity" of the police seemed temporarily to have forsaken that cunning body, and Bow-street, for once, was at a stand still. Launcelot fell short of cash, and the expediency of becoming remarkably civil to creditors had long been made apparent. In vain was Mr. Gabriel Widge applied to; he had fully resolved to reform his son at the hands of necessity, before again supporting him on his brilliant march to professional honour and immortality. At the same time it was observed that Gabriel never—as might have been expected—materially lamented the heavy loss which his son had sustained; but rather, on the contrary, seemed to chuckle with inward and malicious satisfaction that the daring deed had, as he expressed it, "saved Launcy from doing seven hundred pounds worth more harm."

Neither did Launcelot's wife exercise her acknowledged privilege of keeping continually in hot water upon the subject, which so many wives would have done. So far from it, this simple young woman very childishly concluded that her husband must suffer aggravation enough, without any assistance from her tongue; and that to add reproaches to misfor-

tune, and complainings and regrets to suffering, was both inhuman and mischievous. By this imprudent and unusual course of conduct she certainly secured some trifle of additional comfort, and rendered more permanent the heavenly blessing of domestic peace : but then, what is comfort compared to the pleasure of continually reminding your husband of his errors and his losses—none of which *a good* husband ought ever to have ; and what is the value of domestic peace when weighed against the supreme felicity of telling the partner of your life, a thousand times over, what a mistaken man and a thorough simpleton you think him.

Married ladies of courage and spirit never sacrifice their sense of right, and their knowledge of the truth, to paltry home considerations of this kind ;—personal independence demands that they should say all they think and feel, without regard to other persons' thoughts and feelings, and in total contempt of consequences. It is for women slaves, not free wives, to calculate results ; just as plainly as it is the bounden duty of all husbands worth having, never to fall into error, and never to get by any means into a state of poverty. But, as we have seen, Mrs. Launcelot did the very contrary of all this, and consequently she was not a woman either of courage or of spirit.

But with this single exception, Mr. Widge, junior, found himself in a very awkward predicament. Difficulties were springing up around him with the rapidity of beds of nettles about a ruin ; and every night-mare that he had was sure to be in the form of a bailiff, or some Jewish demon of a sponging-house. Already were his rings and his pins, his watches and plate, finding their way to the pawnbroker's ; while his least valuable garments were almost weekly sent to stuff the bags of the old-clothes-men. His conversations with Richard Stretcher concerning the powers possessed by that interesting class of beings termed creditors became numerous and intensely absorbing ; the more especially as Mr. Stretcher himself was extensively acquainted with the tribe in question, and had suffered like a martyr from their proverbial intolerance and demoniacal spirit of persecution. Richard told him how, on one occasion, it was his own unhappy fate to dwell in a lodging-house, every individual inmate of which was labouring under the last symptoms of the malady of owing money without the power to pay it. A kind of council of war was called, as if by common consent, to consider of the best means to be adopted in this dreadful emergency,—for not a soul of them all dared to show himself out of doors, and the entrance was kept perpetually locked. By breaking a hole in the fan-light sufficiently large to admit of the passage of an arm, they were supplied with victuals and drink by certain friendly powers with whom the besieged party were in league outside ; and thus the domestic fortress held out above six weeks. At length, in the dark of one fatal morning, they were taken by surprise, and the whole garrison surrendered to an army of bailiffs that marched in. A stratagetic sweep, who wanted a job, had undertaken the dark enterprise of descending one of the flues and throwing open the gates ; and thus fell a place of strength which the neighbours began to consider as impregnable. Launcelot heard this anecdote with sympathetic horror, and instantly began to consider what mysterious corners and secret passages existed for himself, in case he should unexpectedly be called upon by one of those terrible characters whose tap upon the shoulder is only less dreadful than that of death himself. Every tap at the street door, common or uncommon, became painfully

attractive to his ears; insomuch that both the butcher's boy and the postman—for Launcy knew that your bailiff comes with all sorts of deceptive knocks—had at different times frightened him half out of his wits. Within a few days after Mr. Hollis's visit to him, Mr. Widge deemed it prudent to cause all inquiries respecting himself to be, in the first instance, answered by his wife, in order that any sudden surprise might be prevented, and the business of applicants accurately ascertained before the granting of an interview.

Under this peculiarly unpleasant and nervous position of affairs, Launcelot might one afternoon have been seen sitting before his easel, busily engaged upon a portrait of his own glorious self, and for the especial service of which, indeed, he had been recently engaged in cultivating that head of hair, and those rusty-coloured moustaches, which we found adorning his person upon our re-introduction. Genius, every body knows, is occasionally eccentric,—apt to shoot off into unexpected quirks, and prone to the performance of certain actions, which the more sober and considerate part of the world would strive to avoid, from the salutary fear of getting laughed at. Consequently, we shall not feel surprised to find that on the occasion in question the overwhelming talents of Mr. Widge had led him in a moment of enthusiasm to clothe his lay-figure in his full-dress suit, while he himself plied away at the picture in his dressing-gown.

Now, for the information of our lay as well as clerical readers, we may passingly observe that an artist's lay-figure is a skilful mechanical imitation of the human form, of the size of life, carved out of wood, and ingeniously provided with complex double-acting joints, so as to enable it to assume any attitude in which the painter may desire to have it fixed. From this brief description it will at once be seen that, to the uninitiated, a lay-figure, when properly clothed, either as an ancient Roman in the classical toga, or as a modern Launcelot Widge in full dress-coat, white waistcoat, and black kerseymeres, is no contemptible or easily misunderstood representative of its respective prototype. In fact, it is a figure that from time out of mind has been of marvellous utility to artists, not only with respect to the difficulties of their profession, but in those also of love, and debt, and danger in every various shape in which the untoward world delights, at times, to harass these praiseworthy and pleasing ornamentors of its else dry and plodding existence.

Mr. Widge's lay-figure, then, clothed in the artist's own habiliments, was sentimentally reclined in an easy-chair, with the chin resting on the right-hand, and the face—upon which Launcy had stuck a ferocious-looking mask—turned upwards as though in the depth of sublime contemplation, while Launcy himself sat before it as already described, and forgetful of all the world, and all that it contained besides. Suddenly some one knocked at the street-door. The maid flew to it, Mrs. Widge flew on to the stairs to listen, and, if needful, to deny her husband, while Launcy himself jumped off his stool, and applied his ear to the door.

Shortly he overheard himself asked for, and his wife, in reply, inquire the name and business of the stranger.

"I must see him," observed the other, "private business—can't leave any message—a personal affair—writ—"

"Writ!" repeated Launcy, in horror, "then it's time I started."

At the same moment he heard the stranger struggling up-stairs in the

very teeth of Amelia's protestations that her husband was not at home, and declaring that he would in that case wait until he did come.

In the next instant Launcelot vanished into a closet, just in time to hear his painting-room door slammed open, and heavy feet tramp hastily on the floor, while Amelia vociferated from behind,

"I tell you Mr. Widge is not at home; he cannot be seen, and I beg you will leave the house."

"Oh, ain't he at home, though," exclaimed the intruder, whose eyes now fell upon the lay-figure; "but I've nabbed my gentleman! You'll please to walk with me, Mr. Widge."

And the stranger fixed his eyes upon the lay-figure with every mark of satisfaction and triumph, while Launcy himself, with his eye to the closet key-hole, beheld this farcical mistake with equally elated feelings.

"It ain't of no use shamming deaf," said the stranger again; "look at this, Mr. Widge," and he poked a paper directly before the mask on the wooden face of the debtor. Having allowed a few seconds to elapse, he suddenly seized his prisoner by the arm as though about to hurry him away, when feeling the limb so stiff and rigid, and seeing the body at the same time fall as it were lifeless to the floor, he started back in terror, and uttering a fearful cry under the impression that he had, perhaps, frightened Mr. Widge to death, he rushed out of the room, and down stairs again, with the velocity of a burglar, and bouncing into the street, vanished round the first corner like a flash of lightning.

This lucky incident mightily relieved Launcy's fears for the moment, but failed to weaken permanently the dreadful impression he had conceived of his present situation. What was to be done? The prison gates were opening before him, and no immediate means presented themselves by which he could hope to escape. His friend Stretcher's ingenious plan of marrying Miss Josey Chuckchin, and thus enabling himself to assist Launcelot with a loan out of her fortune, had most egregiously failed. Nothing was to be looked for in that quarter. Launcy sipped his tea that night with greater solemnity than was displayed by Socrates over his cup of hemlock; he was lost in vain attempts to resolve that most abstruse of all philosophical questions, how shall the vacuum of the pocket be filled with filthy lucre when none exists with which to fill it? And yet it must be filled. He wrote a very moving and pathetic note to his father, Mr. Gabriel Widge, stating what had occurred, begging him to take the helm of his vessel under his own paternal management at the present dangerous crisis, expressing his sincere repentance for what was passed, and promising most faithfully never again to offend in a similar manner, if but this time he might be delivered from his difficulties, and be forgiven. This epistle was despatched immediately to St. Martin's Lane; and about eight o'clock in the evening Mr. Gabriel Widge was announced.

"Be you quite sure it's him, Mealy," said Launcelot to his wife, "look well at him plump in the face before you let him come up-stairs."

"Oh, you may depend upon me, my dear!" replied the young lady, as she vanished out of his sight.

Nevertheless, Launcelot deemed it but an act of common prudence, considering what had so recently happened, to stand with the closet door ajar, ready to disappear, in case any stratagem should chance to be in progress. But the voice of the true Gabriel soon relieved his palpitating heart, as he entered the room, remarking—

"Well, Launcy, my boy! I'm glad to see you perched on the stool of repentance at last, very glad, I am. Your tears of compunkshun ought by rights to have flowed above six months ago; but niver mind, let us hope they are all the more redundanter now they are come."

"How do you do, pa!" said Launcy, half laughing, "I'm very glad to see you, never was more pleased in my life."

"No, you young dog!" exclaimed Gabriel, "of course you never was. I'm come to help you out of such a thick mud as you never was in before, and so you are all the better pleased. That is it—*I* know how it is very well."

"Will you take brandy, whiskey, rum, or *blue ruin*, pa?" demanded Launcelot.

"What! my boy. And do you keep all four sperits in your sideboard, even now?"

"Oh, no, pa," replied the son, as he rapidly locked the door of a cheffonier and put the key in his pocket—"there's plenty of empty bottles in here, rainbows of the sunshine gone by; but now when I want any thing of that kind I send out for it in half-quarterns. I only asked to know what I should send for."

"Glad to find you so economical," replied Gabriel, "for eight half-quarterns go further than a pint for the same money. You've discovered the right road at last, Launcy; only, my boy, take care that them hafe-quarterns doesn't bring you to the gin-palace at last. I'll tell you what, my lad. If I had not seen that paragraph in the *Observer* about me, I don't think I should have come here to-night."

"About *you*, pa?"

"Yes, about *me*. Didn't *I* sit for that Hercules of yours,—isn't it a portrait of me as a babby?"

"Oh, I understand you now! Well, pa, and what did you think of it?"

"Think of it!—what did I think of it? Why, the writer of that paragraph understands British composition better than Addison; he's more flowery than Doctor Blackmore, and as peremptory as Doctor Johnson. Talk about rounding sentences! why he rounds that paragraph as true as if it was turned in a lathe. He brings the Temple of Fame in uncommonly well, and claps you into a nitch as comfortable as if you were ready done in marble. Keep that temple in view, my boy—larn to despise cigars,—don't be seduced by beef-steak suppers and oyster saace, and then you may live to be buried in Westminster Abbey, followed by all the students of the Royal Academy. That paragraph, Launcy, has guv me very great hopes of you, only steady, my boy, steady! Only look at what you've brought yourself to now—arrests hanging over your head—all the prisons in London gaping for you, and yourself but the mangled remains of what you once was. And all that without saying a word about what money it costs besides!"

"Well, pa—if you'll pull me out of this quagmire, and scrape me clean once more, I shall turn over a new leaf, and swim through the rest of my life as white as a swan—don't you think I shall, Mealy?"

"Oh, yes—I do hope so—to be sure you will!"

"It does me good to hear you say so, Launcy," observed Gabriel, in a tone which seemed to indicate that he felt rather affected; "you must have suffered like a martyr before now, I know you must. That robbery made a great inroad on your happiness, Launcy, didn't it?"

"It was the worst battering ram as ever hit my walls," replied the young man.

"Well, my boy—what should you think if you heard it was all a hoax?" and Gabriel burst into as loud a fit of laughter as though he had suddenly opened to himself the first scene of a new farce.

"What do you mean, pa?"

"It was a trick of mine, my boy—a grand practical lesson to teach you wisdom. Me and Missis Neverdone managed the whole thing ourselves, and your seven hundred pounds is now safely lodged, in your own name, at Bingham's bank!"

"Huzza!" cried Launcy, "nine times nine and one cheer more. Mealy, liberate a bottle of cham———no, no, I don't mean that—I was only going to say so by way of a joke. But I'll have arf a pint of arf-an-arf just to drink good luck in."

"Well, I felt sure, my boy, when I laid that 'ere stratterjim, that it would operate on you very effectually, by putting the vally of money in a pecoolior striking point of view; and at the same time read you a text in golden letters on the transitory nature of sublunary fortune, and prove that 'steadiest goes when steadiest blows.'"

"It has made me as deep again as I was before," replied Launcelot, "and as fond of money as the most generous parent could desire. In short, I should preciously like to have two more sevens put to that one in the bank, then there would be fifteen to pay old Rhubarb, and six left for the privacy of my own pocket and living. That is exactly how I *might* be happily restored on my legs again, if but my respected father was like *some* fathers."

"He *is* like some fathers," solemnly replied Mr. Widge, senior, as he eyed his son with an expression of surprise and scorn; "he is like too many fathers, my boy; he is, though he says it himself, too tender and too soft."

"Can't be; it's contrary to nature. The softer as fathers is to their sons, the better they are, the more they like them, and the oftener they squeeze 'em. But what do you really think, pa, about that suggestion of mine? One's outer garment of respectability is every thing, and there is no respectability without money."

"And very often none with it, Launcy, except in the opinions of them metaphysical people who openly proclaim the doctrine that respectability is made at the tailor's—a thing that has more reason on its side than the world in general supposes."

"Exactly what I was saying, pa! that's the invisible sting of my argument. But do you know, pa, I have got another order for a portrait from old Saul le Blanc. However, it looks like it, for he guv the order to another artist, and that artist has turned it over to me."

"Curious way of doing business," observed Gabriel. "What artist was it?"

"Mr. Hollis."

"Hollis! Do you say so? Why, Launcy, it is like a visitation of Providence. It's the very name that strange lady mentioned, and I knew nothing about it."

"What strange lady?" asked Launce, with surprise.

"I'll tell you, my boy, for it made your mother very uneasy again, and I perceived myself that it was an uncommon job, and as thick set with hobstacles as a brush with bristles. But I'll tell you all about it."

Chapter the Thirty-ninth.

Mr. Gabriel Widge—Mrs. Widge, and the Mysterious Lady—A Revelation.

"Not long since," began Gabriel, "one day in the afternoon, a fine looking lady—and your purfession, my boy, has larnt me the principal points of female beauty—a fine female figure, walks into my place in St. Martin's-lane and inquires for me. I was upstairs at my ease after dinner, just then, and the maid mistook her to say *Mrs.* Widge instead of Mr. Your mother, of course, ordered her into a solitary room; after due inquiries, and having set herself a little straight and tidy, went off to see who it was and what she wanted. But in a minute or two, she bounces back again, and setting her eyes on me like a pointer, says she, 'It is you, sir, that the *lady* wishes to see—and she looks as if she did—and not your poor wife.' I riz from the table in course, straightened my waistcoat, pulled my collars up, and went off into the room where she sat. She was remarkably well-dressed, and had a long black veil hanging down by the side of her face. After inquiring if I could be of any service to her, 'The truth is, Mr. Widge,' says she, 'that depends almost entirely upon circumstances. Can you, sir, in any manner call to mind having ever seen me before?'

"'I am not aware, ma'am,' says I, 'that I ever enjoyed that pleasure till this moment.' For I thought it right to be complimentary in this mysterious case, lest any thing should be lost unawares by seeming otherwise. But before she could answer I heard your mother give a sharp "hem!"—a werry severe un indeed, just outside the door.'

"'Your recollection does not carry you, in this instance, so far back as more than twenty years ago,' says she.

"'Not in the least, ma'am,' says I, looking at her very intensely, but she blushed and turned her head aside.'

"'I am ashamed to put these questions, sir,' says she, 'but it is needful. Then I presume you do not remember a very stormy night much about the same time since?'

"'No more than if it had never happened, ma'am,' says I, 'for you see, ma'am, there has been so many more of the same sort since, that one puts another out of one's head.'

"'*Unless* some particular circumstance,' says she, 'occurring then, should impress it more strongly on the memory.' At that Launcy, your mother, guv a tremenjus *hem!* which made the lady look rather astonished and turned my face, I believe, as purple as a pickling cabbage. I began to quake for what was coming—your mother hearing it all—and would have laid down a fi-pun note to have been well out of the place. However, as things stood, I was obleeged to turn it all off as well as I could, determining, in my own mind, if she said any thing scandalous to deny it flatly and call her a vile impostor, just to satisfy Mrs. Widge. So I asked her boldly whether she could name any circumstance of that sort that might freshen my memory.

"'The circumstances which occurred,' says she, 'that stormy night may not have been sufficiently strong, in your view, to have answered that end, for their consequence is far better known to myself than to you.'

"Just then, Launcy, my boy, your mother called Mary, and rushed desperately into her chamber.

"'Name it, ma'am, name it for evin's sake,' says I, 'for I am afraid this mystery is disturbing the tranquillity and happiness of my family.'

"'Impossible!' says she, 'in the name of justice! *I*, sir, disturb the peace of your family? If you derive any pleasure from doing good, I come to secure your happiness, not to create one wave on the waters of your peace. My errand is one of mercy, of the very salvation of a valuable life. And I have selected you to perform it, if you will, because from the incident I was about to recal, if possible, to your recollection, and which subsequent events have perhaps made me lay greater stress upon than it merited, I thought your heart was good, and it might feel pleasure in reaping a deserved reward.'

"That speech, Launcy, my boy," continued Gabriel, "made me astonished, and I concluded the lady must be at least the wife of a member of parliament. So I hoped no offence, hinted at my ignorance of what she was talking about, and its suspicious mystery, as an excuse, and again requested her to name the incident.

"'It is simple enough. Do you recollect at about such a time, and on such a night as I have spoken of, standing after midnight at the door of this very house, when a woman with a child hurried up, and you bade her kindly take care of that child, and make haste home? To my heart, it was kindly said, and let us hope that Providence heard it as well as I, and took care of the shorn lamb, when care of mine became impossible. *Can* you recollect it, Mr. Widge?'

"'I can, ma'am, now, sufficiently well,' says I.

"'Then, sir,' says she, '*I* am that same woman! And for that same child as you then asked me to take care of, am I come now to ask *you* to do the same benevolent office; and as, at that most disastrous time I did to the utmost of your wish—so, I request, you will now do as regards mine. What say you, sir?'

"'Can't say, ma'am, really,' says I, 'the fact is, I know no more now than I did before you told me all this. This child—though it must be a young man or a young 'ooman by now—'

"'This child is now a young man, Mr. Widge,' says she.

"'But I know nothing about him,' says I, 'he is a perfect stranger to me, and, begging your pardon, so are you, ma'am.'

"'Yes, truly,' says she, 'I am unknown to you, and must at present remain so. But the time is not far off when you will know more, and, perhaps, be surprised at the knowledge. In the meanwhile, you must trust wholly to my integrity, repose confidence in me, and all will be well. The young man in whom I would engage your interest, goes under the name of Hollis; he is an artist, but where he lives I do not know. Thus much I can tell you; the child you saw me carry that horrible night, was *stolen* from me shortly afterwards, and from that hour to a very recent period, he was as totally lost to me as though he were buried in his grave.'

"'Was he your own, ma'am,' says I, 'if it's a fair question? The lady hesitated," continued Mr. Widge, "and then said with a smile,

"'The question is just enough in itself, but I think, sir, you will agree with me, that even a fair question cannot be answered with equal propriety at all times. But I may assure you of one thing—he was *much better born than he seemed to be.*'

"'And so are you, my lady,' thinks I, though I did not say so.

"'And now, Mr. Widge,' says she, 'having already stated why I came on this business to you in particular, I will give you another reason.

Your son, Launcelot is an artist like Mr. Hollis. I thought they might be acquainted. If so, what I wish to be done is the more easily and certainly effected. It will cost nothing, not even an hour's trouble—but it must be given with more authority than a mere letter—necessarily anonymous for the highest reasons—could have assumed; or otherwise I might have written without troubling you at all. If my suppositions are correct, will you undertake to have Mr. Hollis apprised of a simple fact, which, in case of compliance, I will communicate to you immediately.'

"'Why, ma'am,' says I, 'if there is no harm in it—'

"'The injury and crime consist in keeping it a secret, sir,' says she, 'not in making it known.'

"'Well, even in that case, I don't see,' says I, 'how I can make any such promise. I know nothing about Mr. Hollis, no more, no, nor not so much as you do, ma'am; and as to my son Launcy, I never heard him mention his name, much more call him his acquaintance.'"

"But I *do* know him, pa," exclaimed Launcelot, "he is a friend of mine—at least—a—I hope he will be. Upon my soul, I wish I had been in your place myself."

"And I wish I had been in yours, Launcy; so that is all the difference between us; for it revived in your mother's mind, in all its freshness and vigour, that unfortunate business down at Fosselthorpe there, about Widow Stiff, and made her think worse and worse of *me*, and herself so poorly, before I could get her to hear a word of explanation, that her late illness was the consequence, and I have this very day discharged a doctor's bill of seven pounds fifteen. But I'll finish my tale, such as it is, and then you may say what you think fit."

"Go to work, pa, please, as soon as you like."

"Hearing that," continued Gabriel, "the lady says—"

"'You still seem to doubt me and my intentions, Mr. Widge; and of course, I can scarcely now attempt to offer additional appearances, and yet—yes—there is, perhaps, *one* that you would think a more certain security than my word, for the truth of what is said. Take this jewel, I beg, and keep it until the whole business is cleared up to your mind. It is worth five hundred pounds at least, but is worth much more than that to me. Take it, but keep it sacredly until the whole mystery is cleared up, the story finished, and then it becomes mine again. Your own respectability is *my* sufficient guarantee for you integrity on this point.'

"That, my boy, was what she said; and I looked on it as rubbing my face with a horse-hair cloth, because I did not show the same confidence in her. I felt sure directly that she was some high lady in disguise; and forthwith assured her that I had no suspicions myself, only the tricks of the world were apt to make old tradesmen like me very cautious, perhaps a deal more so than they ought to be. 'But as to that vallyable,' said I, 'that yer ladyship holds in your hand, I flatly refuse it, under your favour—I don't desire any security of the kind—' But there she interrupted me—

"'Yes, sir,' says she, 'you must retain it awhile; I insist on compliance; it will better satisfy each of us.'

"And with that, Launcy, my boy, she clapped into my hand an ornament set about with diamonds—Josey has seen it, and you know she is a judge, and says it is worth somewhere about four hundred and sixty, so there was no deception nor double faces in that matter. However that is neither here nor theere. The lady then said, says she,

"'Now, Mr. Widge, let me tell you what to do, and be assured that

the doing it shall eventually afford you every satisfactory reflexion that a good act produces. For a reason which may some time become apparent, *I* must not and cannot be seen in this business. But the thing to be done is this: either by yourself or your son, let Mr. Hollis be searched out and seen; but your son would be the fittest person should he chance to have any acquaintance with him—a point not very improbable seeing they both are artists.'"

"In course I'm the properest person," interrupted Launcy, "we both are artists, and we happen to know one another, just as she suspected. Well what else, pa, for I see some importance in this affair now, which did not strike me before; what else did she say?"

"She said," resumed Gabriel, "she said this. 'Tell him that, on the authority of a lady, who knows more than she now can make known, and who had him in her arms very soon after he was born, his life is in danger from two persons whom he may mistake for friends. Tell him that *they who ask for the picture want the artist.* Bid him beware how, at any time, he may cross the Thames, because there is danger. And then tell him there is one behind the scenes who, when she has learnt all she can, will, if he prove to be whom he is supposed to be, clear the mystery of his birth and restore him to his title, his own, and his lady mother!"

"What a very extr'ord'nary and romantic incident!" cried Launcelot, amazed; "his title, his own, his lady mother! what is his title I wonder? He is a lost baronet, or lord or something of the sort. And I am to communicate the news! We are getting into high society you see, pa, at a rapider rate than our modesty calculated on; and now you also see the impossibility of avoiding to get me out of all present difficulties. To see Mr. Hollis I must go out. To be able to go out I must have my debts paid. To have my debts paid is to be born again a gentleman! That mysterious lady might well tell you that you would reap your reward. There is no knowing what your reward may be. Lord Hollis will be my friend for life, of course he will, and perhaps, in the end, by his interest, help me to a knighthood myself. 'Pon my honour, take it all together, I never was so pleased in my life! If I have any enemies, let 'em come to me now, and I'll forgive 'em all!—But what else did she say, pa? Surely she said something else?"

"I feel uncommonly elevated myself," said Gabriel, disregarding his son's questions; "for though I got it soundly from Mrs. Widge, and had to pay the doctor to cure her, in at the bargain, I begin to believe—"

"Did she say any thing more, pa, I asked you?"

"No, my boy, except 'good afternoon.' She did not even promise to come again, or ask me to send to her instead."

"Then, pa, I see the course before us, as clear as Oxford-street. The sooner Lord Hollis, or Sir Somebody Hollis, or whatever his name may be, is informed of this mysterious revelation, the luckier for us and for him. My money matters must all be arranged to-morrow, at the very latest; so that the world may be once more 'mine hoister.' I shall want a new suit for the occasion, as I am in absolute rags at the present moment; and the tailor must be stimulated to produce it in two hours. Modern genius *can* achieve it, and it must be done. Mealy, my love; I begin to feel myself a man again. The misery that makes men mad, is passing off from me—evaporating like steam. But yet I feel that every instant which passes between now and the time when I shall again meet my dear friend Hollis, is an instant lost!"

A TIGER HUNT ON THE WESTERN COAST OF MEXICO.

According to the pressing invitation of a friend in Uruapan, in the State of Mechoacan, I left the capital in March, with the intention, after my visit was paid, of proceeding to the coast of the Pacific, for the purpose of beholding a fine view, which I had often longed to see.

My friend owns a little hacienda (farm) called Santa Rosa, about one league and a half distant from the town of Uruapan, a delightful spot ; the neat, straight streets all planted with the most beautiful shrubs, and filled with the exquisite aroma from thousands of blossoms of the Florifundio, while the rivulets, which are clear as crystal, all hasten to join the little river Cupaticho. The pretty well-dressed and dark-eyed maidens, form a picture which charms the sight, and leaves a most pleasing and indelible impression on the mind. After a short stay in this Eden I was compelled most unwillingly, to leave my friends and proceed on my journey.

On the morning fixed for my departure, the family of my friend accompanied me some distance. We soon reached a wooden bridge which crosses the wondrous river Cupaticho. This river springs from a porphery rock, about a league from Uruapan, and near its source stands the remarkable little tree, which is considered by the celebrated traveller Humboldt as the only tree of its kind known in the whole world.* Even at the source the body of water is so considerable that it turns a mill after a course of 300 fathoms, and at the bridge I mentioned, the water is nearly four feet deep, still retaining its perfect clearness. I amused myself several times during my stay at Santa Rosa, by throwing a medio-real into it, which, after arriving at the bottom, without my losing sight of it, was brought out with great glee by the enterprising little divers from the village. During the hottest season this water never reaches a greater degree of heat than 10 deg. of Reaumur.

After a course of three leagues through the valley of Uruapan, at a spot where this valley closes entirely towards the south, the river turns westward, and falls into a cave of the Cordilleras, which runs from north to south, and on the western side of the same mountain, at an elevation of about thirty fathoms above the valley the Cupaticho bursts forth again from a thousand small openings in the porous rock, called by the Indians very appropriately *sararacua* (the sieve), and pursues its way.

Magnificent oak trees, beautiful Lianas, Sapotales, the red-blossomed Mimosa called *cabella de Angel*, many red and blue Salvias, wondrous Orchideceas, and beautiful birds and insects which animate the whole

* This tree is one of the many remarkable specimens of natural history with which Mexico abounds. It is so old, that its stem is perfectly hollow, and all attempts to perpetuate it by seed or by slips have entirely failed. The blossoms are white, large, and most odoriferous. At Izucan, also in the Tierra Caliente, a most magnificent tree is found, which has no other name than that given to it by the common people, *Arbol Copado* (the tufted tree). It has never been classified or received any scientific name, but it inspires the surrounding population with a kind of reverential feeling. They assemble on All Saints day and dance under its wide-spreading branches. The fruit is somewhat like a very large acorn, but the tree does not in any other respect resemble the oak. Its green leaves are large and beautifully glossy, but of a firm, hard nature. The white leaves of the blossoms have a narcotic quality, and are used as orange flowers are in Europe, to flavour different beverages.

sphere, make this hollow or valley one of the most enchanting spots in the world.

Here we rested some time, and after taking many last looks at the wonders of nature, I parted from them and from my friend. The latter returned home, and I proceeded on my journey. Late at night I reached Taretan (a little town in the Terra Caliente, where several large sugar plantations belonging to the monks of St. Augustine, create activity and traffic), where I have several friends, but, keeping my object in view, I resisted their entreaties, and continued my journey on the next morning across the chain of mountains which arose before me. Ere mid-day came I reached a small table-land, on which a very cold wind blew, and where the state of the vegetation pointed to a considerable elevation. The whole road, to the very descent upon the coast, consists of a succession of heights, which are to be surmounted one after the other, and the traveller is often disappointed in his expectation of enjoying, after hours of fatiguing climbing, some beautiful view from the top, where he finds only a deep ravine before him, and another, perhaps higher, mountain beyond. At length, on the third day of my weary journey, I arrived on the last height, and beneath me lay a beautiful plain, bordered on the distant horizon by the object of my wishes, the Pacific Ocean. I reached the hacienda of a friend who expected me, about mid-day, in a most oppressive heat, but I was received with the most genuine kindness, and in the cool saloon, with abundance of fresh lemonade before me, I soon recovered from my first fatigues.

My friend's house, like almost all others in this country, has a roomy verandah in front, which affords a cool shade, and where one might rest delightfully in the hammocks made of maguey thread, were it not for the abominable mosquitoes which soon find out the new arrival, and against them there is no protection but smoking.

The population on the south coast of Mexico is of a peculiar nature. The first Spaniards established many sugar plantations there, and with them introduced a number of blacks who have maintained themselves in the haciendas and ranchos to this day, while the villages are peopled by an Indian tribe which bears the signs of a mixture with the blacks in its whole aspect. The negroes have continued vigorous and strong; the men are charlatans, and act the nobleman so long as no whites appear upon the scene; the chiefs in the repeated revolutionary wars belonged principally to this negro race.

The so-called *Pintos*, persons afflicted with a curious disease of the skin, belong all to the mixed race, neither a pure negro nor a pure Indian being ever afflicted with it. This disease consists in a number of dark-coloured spots (pintos) which appear all over the body, first upon the chest, and, although not affecting the life of the patient, in course of time exhausts the bodily strength, and reduces him to great debility. It seems that no medical man has hitherto attempted to inquire into the nature or to effect the cure of this malady, but the people themselves apply a quantity of mercurial ointment to the affected parts, and then expose them to the greatest possible heat of the sun. By this means the skin is destroyed, and in most cases the disease cured.

After having spent a few days inspecting the farm, the land of which is irrigated by the largest river of that part of the country, *El rio de las Babras*, I was requested to visit in my medical capacity an Indian chief at his rancho about four leagues distant.

At three o'clock in the afternoon, I crossed the river in a canoe and then proceeded on horseback along the slope of a chain of mountains under the shade of tall tamarind trees, and arrived at seven o'clock at the habitation of my patient, whom I found in his cane hut, stretched on a couch also made of cane, and afflicted with delirium tremens, the consequence of the intemperate use of *Chigirito*, a kind of rum. Every thing about the place was so offensively dirty, that, after giving the necessary directions, I preferred returning to my friend's house to spending the night in the hut of my patient. A bright moonshine, and a moderately good road which I could not mistake, promised fairly for my trip, and I set off in good spirits. On reaching a rivulet, my horse shied, and I perceived, by the uncertain light of the moon, some object moving about, while a loud howl and the sight of a pair of shining green eyes, soon convinced me that I had encountered one of the tigers, or rather panthers, of the country, which was at that moment about twenty yards distant from me.

Alone, without fire-arms, I felt considerably alarmed, scarcely knowing how to escape such a danger. But, relying upon my good horse, I used all possible means, caresses and spurring, to prevail upon it to proceed, it trembled violently no less than its rider, still I succeeded in passing my dangerous neighbour at a smart gallop. Soon, however, its howl and the continued rustling in the underwood, convinced me that it followed at about two hundred yards distant. My heart beat violently, but the horse, inspired by a similar fear, continued its course for about half an hour, still followed by the panther, until we entered the wood, where, of course, our danger was much greater than in the open ground. Suddenly, I heard a tremendous screaming and clattering among the tamarind trees, and began to fear that a whole army of enemies were about to attack me. This fear was, however, groundless, for I was soon surrounded by a troop of innocent monkeys, who regarded the nocturnal disturber of their native woods with more curiosity than alarm. They proved, indeed, valuable assistants, for I heard the tiger no longer, after meeting with them, he being either more frightened by their noise than I had been, or had given up the chase in despair. I reached my temporary home in safety, and on recounting my adventure, was congratulated upon having escaped a great danger, as a very large tiger (no doubt my friend) had been prowling about the neighbourhood for several days, and killed several cows.

The next morning, my friend's major-domo brought the news that the lair of this destructive creature had been found, and a hunt was immediately resolved on to secure against more sacrifices to his greed. I was told that some of the valorous negroes on the farm would attack this tiger, or panther, armed only with their machete, a simple sabre, which every one wears in that country; when I expressed astonishment and doubt, I was told the hunt should be fixed for the next morning, that I might be convinced by ocular demonstration. So said, so done. At ten o'clock the next morning, four of us started on horseback, well armed with sabres and guns. By our side walked the bold negro, in his usual light dress, consisting of a cotton shirt and trousers, a straw hat, a manga, or coarse woollen cloak, and armed with his bright, sharp machete. At the rivulet, where I had met the disturber of the peace, we turned towards the mountains, and, after ascending a considerable height, found ourselves upon an open plain, surrounded by a thick screen of wood, and

covered with high reeds. Here we left our horses in the care of a servant, and walked, gun in hand, along the side of the wood, until we reached a somewhat elevated point; the negro now left us, accompanied by a little dog, which I had not hitherto observed, but which was destined to play no unimportant part in the scene we had come to witness. When our hero was about one hundred yards distant from us, he stopped, wrapped his coarse cloak around his left arm, drew his sabre from the scabbard, and pressed the broad rim of his hat upwards, so as to leave his face quite free. His dog now left him, and entered quietly and lightly the high reeds; in less than a minute we heard him bark loudly and quickly, and then burst into a kind of howl, as if much frightened. As soon as the negro heard this howl he advanced slowly, and almost immediately after I heard the bellowing which had frightened me two nights before. The dog continued to bark and howl, and a few moments afterwards we perceived the reeds, close to the negro, in motion, somewhat to one side, so that we had a perfect view of the fight that followed. It was evident that some living object was breaking a passage through the reeds, to reach the open space on which the negro stood. This man retreated a few steps towards the opposite side, and then we saw the tiger burst forth from the thicket; as soon as he perceived his opponent, he crouched down like a cat on the watch, looked towards the place where the dog was still barking, then towards us, and seemed scarcely to observe the negro; but as soon as the latter moved his left arm, the tiger rose on his hind legs, bellowed horribly, and flew upon his enemy, who received his fore-paws upon his left arm, protected by the manga, and hit the exposed flank of the animal with so much coolness and precision that it fell almost immediately, covered with blood. Once more it rose, but a second equally sudden blow in the neck finished him. The negro escaped scatheless, and seemed scarcely elated at the victory he had gained.

The courage requisite for such a fight must be of a particular nature, as I am told that these same negroes are by no means valorous when opposed by men in single fight or in battle.

The tiger weighed 435 pounds, and was said to be one of the largest ever killed in that part of the country; I still preserve his beautifully spotted skin.

LONDON IN SEVENTEEN HUNDRED AND TWENTY-FOUR, AND THE OLD ENGLISH GUIDE-BOOKS.

BY THOMAS WRIGHT, M.A.

THE guide-books to London in former days belong to a class of publications which are now seldom looked at, yet they give us many a quaint insight into the manners of the past, and those of the earlier part of the last century especially furnish us here and there with scraps of information that are amusingly *naïve*. It is in such books that we perceive most strikingly the gradual increase of this vast metropolis from the comparatively limited extent within which it was contained little more than a

hundred years ago. As we are now winding our way through interminable successions of close pent streets, we little think that on the same site our great-grandfathers found rural walks in the midst of green fields.

Let us cast a backward glance to a period when the capital was just beginning to extend itself into the surrounding country, and to swallow up so many neighbouring villages—we may suppose ourselves in the reign of the first of the Georges, and a book ready at our elbow fixes our thoughts to the year 1724. The greater part of the city then presented an air of freshness which it has long lost, for the generation had but just passed away which had seen it a vast undistinguishable heap of smoking ruins. The droll rhymes that appear in a guide-book a few years older, the author of which conceals himself with exemplary modesty under the initials "R. S." were still applicable—

> This is that city which the papal crew
> Have by their damn'd devices overthrew,
> Erected on her old foundations *new*.

The "loud bully," destined to tell the story of devastation to future ages, had not long "raised its head;" and still more recently the new cathedral of St. Paul's, the master-work of Wren, had been completed and become celebrated as one of the wonders of the world. With the exception of a few public buildings, the interior of the city probably differed not much in its general appearance in 1724 from that which it offers to the eye at the present day, except that, by force of comparison, we are now led to regard as narrow, dirty lanes what were considered by our forefathers handsome streets. When the stranger left St. Paul's to view the sights of the city, he was told particularly to admire "the beauty of the shops and merchandizes" which lined Cheapside, as he passed along it on his way to that then most attractive object, the Monument. "You give twopence," the guide-book informs us, "to go up to the top of this pillar;" and the same director adds, "you may, as you go down the same street, observe a church on which there is a fine dial, the clock of which (*they say*) can go a hundred years without being wound up." London Bridge was then covered with houses—"when you have seen it all," says the guide just alluded to, "go and see the water-mill that furnishes water to a great part of the city." From hence you were taken to Billingsgate, then (as now) celebrated for the elegant phraseology of its denizens, "where you have a very good fish-market, and the best and freshest oysters in London, and in all the taverns thereabouts the best canary in England to help you to digest them." (The French side of the guide-books—for these books were then printed in French and English—explains this by *le meilleur vin d'Espagne*.) The Tower and the Mint formed the limit of the stranger's perambulation in this direction.

The sight-seers of former days were not allowed to indulge their curiosity scot-free. In St. Paul's you had to pay at every turn; and we have just seen that the sum of twopence was levied upon those who ascended the Monument. The first object of attraction in the Tower of London was the beasts in the menagerie, and we are informed by the faithful guide-book that "you must pay threepence a piece to see them." —"Thence you will go further into the Tower, and you must leave your sword with the wardens of the Tower." The object of this precaution is not stated. One of the wardens now takes you under his charge.

"Those who will see the Mint may go there, and they must *give the workmen something to drink.*" In your way through the Tower you were assailed with demands for twopences and threepences at each step, until at last you ended your course at the Traitor's Gate. "Here you will discharge the warden that attended you, and *give him a shilling or two for his pains.*" The small charge of one penny was made to those who ventured on a visit to Bedlam; and in its immediate neighbourhood, in Moorfields, you gave another penny to visit the French pest-house. At the upper-end of Moorfields was the cannon-foundry, "the place where all the cannon and mortars of England are cast"—"when you come out you must give the workmen something to drink." At Newgate you might go to hear divine service in the chapel on a Sunday morning, but you "*must give the gaolers something to drink before they let you in.*"

These hints to the stranger's pocket are accompanied with a variety of salutary cautions of another description. Smithfield, you are told, is the great mart for horses and cattle,—"You'll find at all times horses to be bought there, but you must take care to examine them well, for *the jockies are errant cheats.*" When you go into Newgate, "if you come near the thieves, either men or women, you must be very cautious, for they are very dexterous in picking of pockets." And if you proceeded to Tiburn to witness the last scene of the criminal's progress, you are kindly informed, that "these executions are always attended with so great robbing and impertinences, that you ought always to be on your guard, when curiosity leads you thither."

So much for London guide-books of the reign of George the First.

The Tower, as we have already stated, formed then the limit of the stranger's wanderings towards the east; beyond it a mass of low population was crowded together, as at present. It is towards the west and the north that the great increase of the metropolis has taken place. Leaving St. Paul's in the former direction, you passed over a bridge at the foot of Ludgate-hill; it crossed Fleet River, or rather Fleet Ditch, which ran down the middle of what is now called Farringdon-street, and was here lined with coal-wharfs. Fleet-street was lined with very old houses, of which a slight sprinkling still remains; and various objects in it and the Strand reminded you of the condition and manners of by-gone days. The stocks and whipping-post stood at the end of Chancery-lane. After passing Temple-bar, you came to "that area wide"—

> Where the tall May-pole once o'erlook'd the Strand,
> But now (so Anne and piety ordain)
> A church collects the saints of Drury-lane.

This new church was consecrated in the January of 1724. At Charing-cross stood the pillory; and in the Mews (on the site of the present National Gallery) was the ducking-pond, the frequent scene of punishment for those who had offended the majesty of the mob. The streets on each side of the Strand had been recently formed out of the hotels of the old nobility, which, since the time of the civil wars, had been found too large or too expensive for the families to whom they belonged, and the few hotels or palaces of more recent date, such as Burlington House, Devonshire House, and Marlborough House, were raised further west, or to the north-west, as Montague House and some others. The streets round St. James's-square, which were erected at the beginning of the eighteenth century, formed the extremity of the town in this direction.

Every thing to the north of Piccadilly, and to the west of Bond-street, was still more recent. In a guide-book of the year 1729, Grosvenor-square is described as "standing at the farthest extent of the town, upon a rising ground, with the fields on all sides, which, with the fine air it thereby enjoys, renders the situation delightful." In like manner, Cavendish-square is described as being "commendable for its fine situation, enjoying a clear air, and open prospect over the fields." This square, and the streets near it, were in the progress of building in 1724, a letter of which date, or rather a chapter of a printed tour, published in that year, containing the following paragraph:—"Before I leave London, I must tell you, that this great city is mightily enlarged since my last. On the St. James's side, besides several new streets near Golden-square, there is a whole town as big as Ostend, and after that form too called Hanover-square. It consists, as Ostend does, of a large square in the middle, with fine palaces fronting it, and several handsome streets on all sides going to and coming from it. There are also two chapels for the conveniency of the inhabitants, and it is now the most frequented part of the town by quality. . . . And beyond it, cross *the great road*, there is the foundation of another square laid by my lord Harley, which *will* reach to Mary-la-bonne." This was Cavendish-square.

"The great road" was the present Oxford-street, then known as Oxford-road, which but a very short time previously to the date of which we are speaking, had been lined on both sides with hedges and trees. The fields to the south had now been mostly covered with streets and buildings, though a very few years had passed since Soho-fields lay open to the road. The pound still stood at the corner of Oxford-street and Tottenham-court-road, and there were no houses on the north side of Oxford-road from Tottenham-court-road to the other side of the modern Wells-street, with the exception of a house or two at the bottom of Rathbone-place. A pathway from Oxford-road at the last-mentioned place led to a rural road, called the Green-lane, occupying nearly the site of Charlotte-street, on one side of which, near the present Middlesex Hospital, was a grove. The new streets which, in 1724, stood to the north of Oxford-road, extended from the site of Oxford-market to the east to the neighbourhood of Marylebone-lane on the west, and were bounded on the north by Marylebone-street. Beyond, green fields extended on every side. An extensive brick (or rather tile) kiln occupied the space between Oxford-street and Manchester-square. A hedge extended to Tyburn-turnpike and the bottom of the Edgware-road. Two foot-paths from Oxford-road, nearly opposite South Audley-street and Park-lane, led across the fields to the village of Paddington. At the corner of Edgeware-road and Oxford-road stood the public gallows of Tyburn, and opposite it a large building, somewhat like the grand stand at a race-course, for the accommodation of the better class of spectators at an execution. Marylebone is described as "a village pleasantly situated some distance from the town;" it was the resort of idlers and holiday people, and was celebrated for its rowley table and gambling houses. The buildings begun around Cavendish-square at this period did not trench upon the privacy of Marylebone till after the middle of the century.

From the end of Great Russell-street in Tottenham-court-road the fields extended over the site of Bedford-square, behind Montague House

(now the British Museum), and from thence down to the back of Gray's Inn-gardens. Several houses of the nobility were built on the edges of the fields in this part of the town, with one or two new squares, the chief of which was Bloomsbury-square. Queen's-square (or Queen Anne's-square) is represented as having a fine open view of the country. Lamb's conduit and St. John's church (behind Gray's Inn) were in the fields, and the houses in Gray's Inn-lane extended no further than the end of Liquorpond-street, from whence a road, with the fields on both sides, passed a large house called the Pindar of Wakefield, and proceeded to Battle Bridge (a bridge over the little river Fleet, which ran hence by Saffron-hill to Farringdon-street), and thence to the "small village" of St. Pancras, where the Londoners went to drink the waters, and of which an old guide-book says, "This place is *solitary*, but very agreeable in summer time for its walks and pleasant situation in the fields." Hampstead also was famous for its waters, and at this time the more wealthy Jews had their country-houses there, which, we are told, had raised it from "a little country village to a city."

From the neighbourhood of Liquorpond-street, in Gray's Inn-lane, the line of the fields extended nearly straight across to Old-street, which formed the boundary of the town to the north, and so on by Bunhill-fields and the Artillery Ground to Finsbury-fields, Moor-fields, and Spittle-fields, the latter of which had been rather extensively built upon by the French refugees, who had there established manufactures of silk. The paths across the fields to the villages of Islington, Hoxton, Hackney, &c., presented some of the most agreeable walks in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, and they were interspersed with places for drinking the waters and houses of entertainment, the names of many of which are still preserved in Sadler's Wells, Bagnigge Wells, Clerkenwell, &c. At the end of St. John-street, near the site of St. John's-square, was the London Spa, where they not only gave the mineral waters to drink, but they refined so far upon the practice as to brew beer with them, "which is very fine and wholesome." Near these wells was another "ducking pond." At Sadler's Wells, in addition to the waters and the beer, "you have all the summer rope-dancing, vaulting on the slack rope, singing, &c. Every evening there is a farce acted, which everybody may see, paying only for the wine you drink there." Exhibitions of this kind were met with in several other localities on the outskirts of the town. In Moor-fields stood Fawkes's booth, celebrated for tumbling, dexterity of hand, and other performances of the same class. Hockley-in-the-hole was well known for its fencing schools. Prize-fighting and wrestling were exhibited in Stokes's amphitheatre in Islington-road, as well as a variety of other "diversions," of which an idea may be formed from an advertisement in the newspapers of March 2, 1731, announcing that in this amphitheatre, "A noble, large, and savage bear, the most wild and fiercest of that species ever seen in England, of the Russia breed, *having maimed his late keeper*, is to be bated to death, *if possible*, by six of the largest and best bred bear dogs that can be found to match him; and *will no doubt afford great pastime*." It is added, "also at the same time and place, a *mad* bull, dress'd with fire-works all over, will be baited by the hardiest and choicest bull dogs chosen out of those of St. James's Market, and other the most noted markets and places about London; the bull being also

entirely fresh, *will render the sport highly diverting.*" That such sports were thought highly diverting at this period is evident from their requency. Figg's amphitheatre in Marylebone-fields, adjoining to Cavendish-square, was another celebrated scene, first, of bull and bear baiting, and subsequently of boxing and fighting with cudgels. A guide-book of the year 1729, describing this place, informs us that, "women often, like intrepid Amazons, appear upon the stage, and with equal skill and courage, fight with the same weapons men use," (that is with fists and cudgels,) and adds, "in the lowest part of life, here is seen the skill, *generosity, and courage* of the English nation."

There was a degree of brutality in the character of the last century which (happily) we have now some difficulty in conceiving. While there were so many places for bull and bear baiting and for boxing and cudgeling, there were only three theatres, one in Lincoln's Inn-fields, the other in Covent Garden, and the third (the opera) in the Haymarket. The cock-pit, or theatre for cock-fighting, stood at the edge of the fields behind Gray's Inn, that at Westminster being no longer used for this purpose.

The outskirts of the town were beset with dangers at night as much as they were crowded with places of amusement by day. The fields to the west, north, and north-east, and especially the neighbourhood of Tyburn, the Hampstead-road, and the "lonely" village of St. Pancras, were infested with innumerable highwaymen, who sometimes carried their depredations into the very heart of the city, and we hear of a gentleman being stopped and robbed in his coach in passing through St. Paul's Churchyard. In the beginning of December, 1728, the stage coach was stopped and plundered by highwaymen near Shoreditch Church. The neighbourhood of St. Giles's and Soho-square, Piccadilly, and even Bond-street and St. James's, were the scenes of frequent highway robberies, and ladies going in their chairs at night in the neighbourhood of Bond-street, and from thence to the palace, were obliged to be escorted by servants carrying loaded blunderbusses. Even in the city women venturing alone into the street at night were not only robbed, but were sometimes outraged in a most brutal manner. By day the various open places frequented by loungers and idle people, and traversed by others who were better occupied, such as Moor-fields, Tower-hill, Lincolns Inn-fields, and Leicester-fields, were filled with people carrying barrows and dice to tempt juvenile gamblers, with ballad singers, with fortune-tellers, and with pickpockets. Strangers and that class of individuals to whom we apply in modern parlance the appellation of "green," were everywhere exposed to the depredations of the gentry of this description. In the evening the streets were crowded with prostitutes and their bullies, and in times of political agitation they were left entirely in the power of a mob which exceed as much in blackguardism, as the London prostitutes of that time did in impudence, those of all the other cities of Europe. All these grievances were increased by the inefficient manner in which the streets were lighted and by the ill state of repair in which they were kept. We read of noblemen being overthrown in their carriages, and seriously injured in Pall Mall on their way from court, by running over rubbish thrown into the street, where there were no lights to enable the drivers to avoid it.

Westminster was also much less extensive, and more thinly populated than at present, although, being the court end, it was rapidly increasing. Beyond it, walks across the green fields led to Pimlico, and to the villages

of Chelsea, Brompton, Hammersmith, and Kensington. The villages in this direction had already become the favourite residences of the votaries of literature and science. As yet, Westminster could not boast of a bridge. The project of building one was, however, entertained, but was violently opposed by the city of London, and it was gravely asserted, that should Westminster Bridge ever be built, the city of London would soon be reduced to a beggarly town, while Westminster would rise to a magnificent city upon its ruins. These objections were not overcome until the middle of the eighteenth century, and then the present bridge was built. Down to that period Old London Bridge was the only bridge over the Thames at London; and the borough of Southwark extended along the river on each side of it, from the neighbourhood of Blackfriars on the west, eastward to St. Olive's. To the west of Blackfriars there were only a few scattered houses on the south side of the river, and the whole of Lambeth was still covered with extensive marshes. In the Borough itself the streets and houses extended to a very short distance from the bank of the river. St. George's-fields were literally what their name would lead us to suppose them; and at night they, like the fields to the north of the city, were frequented by highwaymen. Here also were situated some of the most frequented pleasure-gardens and places of amusement, such as Cupid's Gardens and Spring Gardens; and there were other gardens attached to Lambeth Wells no less in vogue as a watering-place than St. Pancras or Islington. In the evening there was music and dancing in all these gardens, and they were the scenes of intrigue of every description. Further west were the well-known gardens of Vauxhall, and on the opposite side of the river, at Chelsea, stood a little later the equally famous gardens of Ranelagh. There were also extensive gardens, and much resorted to, at Marylebone and St. Pancras; and at the bottom of Hampstead Hill stood Belsize House, which, from being a seat of Lord Chesterfield's, had, to use the words of a guide-book of the time of which we are speaking, "been turned into an academy of music, dancing, and play, for the diversion of the ladies; and where they are the gentlemen will not fail to be also. The ball-room and gaming-room are finely and properly adorned, and one would be surprised to see so much very good company as come thither during the season."

Such was London in 1724; a nearly equidistant intermediate point between the beginning of the sixteenth century, when the capital had been confined within its strong walls and gates, and the present date, when it appears to have no certain limits in any direction. Under the Tudors and the first Stuarts, the increase of the metropolis was hindered by the prejudices of the court, and its progress was almost imperceptible. After the Restoration it went on much more rapidly; but the first great impulse was given by the South Sea mania in 1720, when the sudden rage for speculation not only brought crews of people from the country to the metropolis, but the equally sudden accumulation of money led to the investment of great sums in buildings.

An account of London in 1724 informs us that, "the towns in the neighbourhood of London are also prodigiously enlarged since the South Sea scheme. Chelsea by its new buildings, fronting the river, is more like a city than a village; and, indeed, most villages within few miles of the city are adorned with South Sea seats."

PROGRESS OF AUSTRALIAN DISCOVERY.

BY W. FRANCIS AINSWORTH, ESQ.

It has hitherto been pretty generally believed that the vast continent of Australia is, comparatively speaking, little more than a narrow coast or barrier intervening between an outer and an inner sea, and that the great mass of the area which is thus enclosed, consists of waters. This opinion, which is supposed to have originated with Captain Flinders, and which has been adopted by many travellers and writers of great experience, as Captain Sturt and Mr. Earl, has, however, been lately ably combated by a distinguished Australian traveller, Mr. C. J. Eyre,* and certain it is, that each progressive discovery drives the long celebrated inland sea to still more remote regions, till it really begins so assume the character of the mirage of the desert, ever receding as the traveller approaches it.

Mr. Eyre's views of the subject are that the interior of Australia will be found generally to be of a very low level, to consist of arid sands, alternating with many basins of dried-up salt lakes, or such as are covered only by shallow salt water, or mud, as is the case with Lake Torrens. We are however by no means inclined to go as far as Mr. Eyre, although Captain Sturt's last expedition of 1844 has shown that the interior of Southern Australia in the longitude of the head of the great Southern Gulf, is a desert, at least to lat. 24 deg. We are inclined to think that a considerable variety of contrasted configuration will yet be met with in the interior of this vast continent, and that amid great desert tracts as that great central wilderness which has now received the emphatic name of "Sturt's Desert," and not improbably great water accumulations, many running waters will be met with, and that many grassy, or scrub, or wooded tracts, many ranges of hills and mountain lands, with extinct and not improbably even recent or active volcanoes, will also be found.

The great progress made within these last few years towards obtaining a more correct knowledge of the physiognomy of Eastern Australia, illustrates this view of the subject in a very remarkable manner. Nothing indeed could, from what had previously occurred, have been less anticipated than the results of Sir T. Mitchell's and Dr. Leichardt's wonderful exploratory journeys. Wide flowing rivers, rivulets, and creeks (as rivulets and rivers are named in Australia which only contain flowing waters during a portion of the year), lakes and lagoons, pastoral plains, rich agricultural tracts, hills and mountains of most various geological structure, coal, timber forests, fruit trees, abundance of fish and game, large populations of timid, inoffensive natives, are what, with much scrub and barren lands, everywhere succeeded one another, and that often in perplexing and confusing variety.

But a short time ago and the strip of country which lies between the Cordillera of the Blue Mountains and the south-eastern shores, with a few coast settlements, comprised almost all that was known of Eastern Australia. Count Strzelecki was the first to explore the Cordillera itself and to give to the world a well-arranged and methodical view (geographical and geological) of that great and slightly known chain—the lateral back-bone of the vast south-eastern continent.†

* Considerations against the supposed Existence of a great Sea in the Interior of Australia, by Mr. C. J. Eyre. "Journal of Royal Geographical Society," vol. xvi., p. 200.

† The Physical Description of New South Wales and Van Dieman's Land, &c. By E. P. De Strzelecki. Longman & Co.

But the progress of discovery was not destined to be long restrained within the coast regions of the Australian mountain chain. Mr. Oxley's discovery of the rivers Lachlan and Macquarrie, was soon followed up by the discovery of the Hume River, by a traveller of the same name, and by the subsequent discovery of the Morumbiji by Captain Sturt, and the Darling and other rivers by Sir T. Mitchell. All these rivers uniting to form the Murray, which flows into a vast lake or port, by some designated Lake Alexandrina, but in this country more appropriately known as Lake Victoria, not far from the new episcopal city of Adelaide.

The great pastoral and agricultural districts watered by this extensive hydrographical system, has been designated as Australia Felix; and while its exploration completed our knowledge of the physiognomy of South Eastern Australia, opened an easy and certain communication between New South Wales and Southern Australia, and presented an almost boundless field for colonisation; it was destined also to gradually show the way to those vast unexplored regions which, occupying the centre of Eastern Australia, lie between the still more easterly Cordilleras and the more mysterious regions of the central interior.

Two expeditions have been fitted out in recent times with the view of traversing the whole extent of the continent of Australia from Adelaide to the Gulf of Carpentaria, or from south to north. The first was under the orders of Captain Sturt, who started up the Murray and Darling Rivers, proceeding thence through a country before unexplored, to the north-west, till he attained the latitude of 29 deg. 40 min. and longitude 141 deg. 45 min., where he was detained six months by the excessive drought. With the first fall of rain he moved forward about sixty-nine miles, when he reached the dry bed of an extensive salt lake. He then turned to a more north-westerly direction, and travelled through an arid country of sandstone and sand ridges, with stony deserts, and with only one creek, which was met with in latitude 25 deg. 45 min., to within 200 miles of the centre of the continent. In October, Captain Sturt attempted once more to cross the continent in a direction less to the west, and on this road he fell in with a splendid creek, but in latitude 26 deg. 30 min. and longitude 139 deg. 34 min. he again met the stony desert, which ultimately drove him back after an amount of suffering from want of water, and from fatigue and illness, which nothing but the most indomitable energy and courage could have borne up against.

Sir T. Mitchell started in 1846 from the junction of the Macquarrie and the Darling, and crossing the Narran swamp, he ascended the river Balonne, to a hill range in latitude 26 deg. 33 min. and longitude 149 deg. 2 min. This he named "Fitzroy Downs." Beyond this range a river was discovered flowing to the south-west, fully as large as the Darling; it was called by the natives Maranoa; and it was afterwards found, as well as the Balonne, to join the Darling. From hence Sir T. Mitchell traced the Maranoa upwards to a chain of mountains with volcanic summits. Passing between these and a higher range towards the coast, he at length reached another chain of mountains extending westward, about the twenty-fifth parallel of latitude. A difficult sandstone country succeeded; on emerging from its ravines, a river, the Ballyando, was struck, flowing, when first seen, to the north-west. The expedition followed the course of this river as far north as 21 deg. 30 min., when it turned north-east. This was within thirty miles of Dr.

Leichardt's route on the Suttor, which the Ballyando joins about fifty miles further to the north, being the same river as that called the "Cape" by the Prussian naturalist.

Hence the expedition retraced their steps to the sources of the Ballyando, and the "Mantuan Downs," where the River Mackenzie of Leichardt has its origin; whence starting afresh in a westerly direction, they fell in with open downs and plains, with a line of river in the midst, extending to the north-north-west as far as the horizon. The expedition pursued the course of this river during ten successive days, the furthest point which it reached being in latitude 24 deg. 14 min. and longitude 144 deg. 34 min. Sir T. Mitchell appears to believe that the estuary of this river is in the Gulf of Carpentaria, but Mr. Arrowsmith, in his admirable map appendaged to Leichardt's narrative, marks it as the Victoria. This is most likely to be the case, for unless it should divide into numerous small streams, there does not appear from Leichardt's examinations to be a river of sufficient magnitude to represent it emptying itself in that gulf. If the Victoria, which was explored for 140 miles from its mouth by Captain Stokes, of the *Beagle*, it will be the longest river discovered in Australia, and not even second in importance to the Murray.*

Taken as a whole, the discoveries effected by Sir T. Mitchell, and which have not yet been published, appear to exceed in importance even the remarkable explorations of Dr. Leichardt. They complete our knowledge of the general features of the south-east portion of Australia, which may now be considered as one great basin, watered by the Murray and its numerous tributaries. They open the whole of central eastern Australia to the traveller and the colonist, and they establish a comparatively safe and easy communication from south to north: west of the Cordillera of Australia. Sir T. Mitchell, indeed, describes the whole of this country as the best-watered portion of Australia that he has seen. The natives are few and inoffensive, while new birds and new plants mark it out as a region different from any previously explored.

Dr. Ludwig Leichardt's overland expedition from Moreton Bay to Port Essington, a distance of upwards of 3000 miles, is however a memorable and a wonderful performance. His narrative† will ever remain a monument of the author's skill, science, and perseverance; and the journey will take its place among the most remarkable and adventurous achievements of the kind that have ever been effected.

When the zealous young naturalist and explorer, after two years' travel in the countries north of Moreton Bay, proposed himself for the solution of the problem which had long occupied the attention of geographers in this country, and which had claimed, from its importance, the attention of the legislature of New South Wales, there were not wanting those who denounced it as a rash, foolish, and suicidal enterprise. Even after the departure of the traveller and his companions, sinister reports of their fate were so readily received, that successive parties were sent out on their trail, but returned without success.

The travellers were, however, destined, after privations almost unheard

* Discoveries in Australia of the Victoria, Adelaide, &c., &c. By J. Lort Stokes, Com. R.N. 2 vols., 8vo. T. and W. Boone.

† Journal of an Overland Expedition in Australia, from Moreton Bay to Port Essington, a Distance of upwards of 3000 Miles, during the Years 1844—45. By Dr. Ludwig Leichardt. T. and W. Boone, London.

of, fatigues and anxieties almost indescribable, the loss of one of the party, and the severe wounding of two others by treacherous natives, to reach the point of their destination—the oft talked-of settlement of Victoria, on Port Essington.

On this great journey, the River Condamine, which belongs to the system of the Murray, was found to have tributaries far more northerly in their origin, than what would have been deduced from the sketch illustrating Mr. Russell's first account of that river. (*Journal of the Royal Geographical Society*, vol. xv., p. 305.) Great tracts of scrub, called Myal Scrub, and Bricklow and Coxen Scrub, after the different kinds of acacia by which they are overgrown, but seldom exceeding more than twenty or thirty miles in extent, so as to admit of being skirted, were also met with.

A mountainous, hilly, and rocky country, with creeks, forests, and open land, as also some plains clothed with vervain (*verbena*), were met with in the regions which separate the waters flowing to the south, from those which assume an easterly flow. There was much variety of configuration in this country, which gave considerable trouble and anxiety to the travellers.

Beyond the rocky barrier, called Roper's Pass, and Mount Nicholson and Expedition Range (as portions of this rocky country of igneous origin were designated), a small creek, called "Comet," was followed through an indifferent country to the River Mackenzie, of whose sources we have before spoken, and which was at this season (January 15th to 22nd) rather a chain of ponds from one to ten miles in length, teeming with fish and muscles, than a flowing river. This river would appear, not improbably, to empty itself into Keppel Bay, and its banks were frequented by numerous natives of friendly disposition.

Beyond the Mackenzie, and between it and the basin of the Isaac, another river flowing eastward to the sea, was a further mountainous range, also of igneous origin, and remarkable for its dome-shaped hills of felspathic rock (domite), and whence the travellers were induced to designate it as "Peak Range."

A sandstone district, but reposing upon granite rocks, and of no great elevation, separated the head-waters of the Isaac from those of the Suttor, which, following a northerly course for upwards of a degree of latitude, and being then joined by another river (the Burdekin), which flows for double that distance from the north, a little west, is of the highest importance in all considerations connected with the proposed overland communication between New South Wales and the Gulf of Carpentaria.

The Rivers Suttor and Burdekin flow also, in the greater part, through a fine, openly-timbered, undulating, grassy, and pastoral country, with occasionally wooded, granitic, and basaltic ranges. They are joined, as we have before seen, by the Ballyando, of Mitchell, the Cape, of Leichardt, and as a river basin, admirably adapted for settlement, or agricultural or pastoral purposes, must, like the similar small basins of the Boyne and Dawson, the Mackenzie and the Isaac, be easily accessible from the coast. These, with the fine valleys of the Lynd and the Mitchell, which water York Peninsula, or the "Nonda Country," as Leichardt has designated that particular district, from a fruit-bearing tree, much relished by the travellers, will constitute, in the future, so many distinct regions: it is not too much to anticipate, populated and prosperous, and at the same time five

great and well-marked stations in the overland route, from Moreton Bay to the Gulf of Carpentaria.*

The last-mentioned rivers, which are continuous, the Lynd being a tributary to the Mitchell, are separated from the system of the Burdekin by a rocky district, with granitic ranges and basaltic table-lands, with streams of lava. Dr. Leichardt followed the course of the Mitchell till he was afraid of running short of provisions, when he turned back in a south-westerly direction, to get round the Gulf of Carpentaria. The whole of the country along the eastern side of this gulf was found to be eminently adapted for pastoral pursuits. It was in this country, however, that Mr. Gilbert, the ornithologist, was treacherously killed by the natives.

A long and a difficult journey still remained to be performed, from the Gulf of Carpentaria to Port Essington. The western side of the gulf was not found to be so inviting to the traveller or the squatter as the eastern. There was, however, no want of water, and the beds of several fine rivers were passed over. These rivers abounded with fish and birds, but were also tenanted by numerous alligators. The plains, now for the most part wooded with the tea-tree and stringy bark, were also scoured by numerous emus, and other game was tolerably abundant. The party lost four of their best horses in the Roper, the banks of which were steep and boggy.

It was at this latter river, a fine stream from 500 to 800 yards wide, that the expedition turned off, in a north-westerly direction, across the "Great Northern Peninsula." The tributaries to the Roper constituted the guide and the resources of the first part of this trying journey. A high table-land of sandstone, reposing on granite, separated the waters of this latter river from those of the South Alligator River, which flow northward; and this table-land breaks off in the same direction in steep walls from 500 to 800 feet high. The difficulties and anxieties of the travellers were now nearly at an end. They knew that they were on waters which would conduct them in safety to the northern coast. The width and depth of the East Alligator River drove them some distance out of their way; but natives guided them thence to Coburg Peninsula, and at length they reached Victoria, about five o'clock of the evening of the 17th of December, 1845. "I was deeply affected," says Dr. Leichardt, "in finding myself again in civilised society, and could scarcely speak, the words growing big with tears and emotion; and, even now, when considering with what small means the Almighty had enabled me to perform such a long journey, my heart thrills in grateful acknowledgment of His infinite kindness."

The privations and fatigues undergone on this long journey were, as before said, of the most trying description. When the flour, tea, salt, and sugar were gone, they began to kill the bullocks which had carried them. They had sixteen of these, of which they killed fifteen, and dried their meat. For a time they kept in good condition, but at length long stages, bad grass, and waterless camps, rendered them weak and fleshless. To this must be added the flesh of a horse which broke its thigh bone at the Burdekin. But even the dry meat failed in the latter part of the journey,

* It is important to observe, that good coal, similar to our Newcastle coal, was met with in the sandstone of the valley of the Mackenzie River.

and became tainted by the moist sea breeze. Game was sometimes abundant.

Many kangaroos were killed ; in August as many as fifteen emus, in September sixteen were killed, every one of which provided meat for a day. Flying foxes, geese, ducks, parrots and other birds, fish, fruit, and seeds were all so many resources. To these were sometimes added loathsome lizards (iguanas) and even venomous snakes. The youngest part of the leaves of the bullrush was even found to be tolerable eating. But even these savoury morsels were often seized by ravenous kites on their way to the weary traveller's mouth.

"Yesterday," says Dr. L., on the 9th of July, "I cleaned the fat gizzard of a bustard to grill it on the embers, and the idea of the fat dainty bit made my mouth water. But alas! whilst holding it in my hand, a kite pounced down and carried it off pursued by a dozen of his comrades, eager to seize the booty."

As usual in the wilderness, insects were very troublesome. The party were infested with flies in swarms ; it was impossible to escape the invasion of innumerable and severe biting ants, and to these were to be added frequent stingings of wasps and hornets when unluckily disturbed in their retreats. The effects upon the mind, as more particularly manifested in the thinking and dreamy states, of so long a sojourn in the wilderness, is also affectingly described by the author.

It will be gratifying to our readers to know, that so far from all these sufferings having damped the ardour of the zealous traveller, he has again started on a still more comprehensive expedition—an attempt to cross from the east to the west side of the continent. According to a letter written by him on the eve of his departure (Dec. 6, 1846), his party consisted of six whites and two blacks; he had purchased thirteen mules, twelve horses, and two hundred and seventy goats ; and had received forty oxen, three mules, and two horses, as presents. It has been said that no one has so fair a chance of giving immortality to his name as the geographical discoverer. He who may be considered as the first conqueror of new lands and territories, and by whose peaceful triumphs empires are often added to the parent state. The first chapter in the history of Australia, some thousand years hence, will present a narration of many such exploits, and it will then be curious to find that these triumphs were achieved, as in olden and patriarchal times, by the peaceful man at the head of his flocks and herds.

Dr. Leichardt proposes to proceed, in the first place, to the Mackenzie River, which he will follow up towards its sources. He will then cross the watershed and determine his further progress according to the course of the waters which he next comes in contact with. He appears himself to think that these will lead him towards the Gulf of Carpentaria, but it is sincerely to be hoped that he may fall in with Sir T. Mitchell's Victoria River, which may lead him at once to the north coast, and open a new and we doubt not an important tract of country, replete, like those which he has already discovered, with all those gifts of nature which are necessary for the establishment and growth of a civilised community. He will also, in all probability, determine the northern limits of "Sturt's desert," and he hopes to be able to accomplish his objects in the space of about two years and a half. May success attend his steps!

THE GASCONS OF 1585;

OR,

THE "FORTY-FIVE."

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

X.—THE LEAGUE.

PERTINAX might well regret his cuirass, for, at that very moment, M. Samuel had got rid of it for ever. The instant that he heard the magical words "*Ten crowns*," the valet had hurried with his master's breast-plate after the itinerant purchaser, and after much bargaining, and considerable mistrust shown on the part of the dealer, the parties had just come to terms, and the cuirass had changed hands in consideration of fifteen crowns, a price to which the Gascon had cleverly enhanced his merchandise, when a third person made his appearance.

"It appears, sir," observed the stranger, "that you purchase armour?"

"Oh no, sir," answered the unfortunate merchant, "quite an accidental thing. The opportunity having presented itself of obtaining some old iron, I did not like to lose it because it came in questionable form."

"I think I know you," said the citizen, "you need not be afraid, you are Nicholas Poulain, lieutenant of the provost-marshal."

"And who are you?" muttered the terrified Nicholas.

"I am Robert Briquet, surnamed the Terror of the Schismatics, Friend of the Union, and an outrageous Catholic. You will never do for the good cause as much as I intend to do."

Nicolas Poulain sighed deeply.

"Come," said Briquet, "have courage, you have found a brother. I will help you to carry the arms which are to overthrow the Philistines. Show the way, I follow."

A very natural suspicion crossed the breast of the lieutenant of the provostship, but he said to himself, "If he intended to betray me, he would not have avowed his name." Then, speaking aloud, he added, "Well, since you wish it so, come along with me."

After a walk of fifteen minutes, they came to the Marais, and stopped at the gigantic door of the Hotel de Guise. At the third stroke of the bronze hammer, the door opened. The yard was full of soldiers, and of men wrapped in mantles, who flitted about like phantoms. Eight horses, bridled and saddled, were picketted in a corner. There was no light in the hotel.

"Carry these things to the magazine," said M. Poulain, as he entered. Then, turning round to his companion, he added, "Come in, and let me introduce you."

"No necessity," said the citizen; "I am so timid. Only let me be

tolerated when I have proved myself to be what I am, that will be sufficient introduction."

"As you like," said M. Poulain; "but we must go up-stairs."

At this moment, a tall, gentlemanly person approached the passage, followed by the men in mantles.

"Ah, ah! I am at home," said Briquet to himself, when he recognised the Duke de Mayneville; "but I wonder where the page is!"

M. Poulain followed the duke, and Briquet followed the lieutenant up a staircase, that led to a vaulted apartment. M. Poulain stopped at the door, and, addressing Briquet, said,

"You will excuse me, but most of those here do not know you, and they wish to be better acquainted before you are admitted to our private conferences."

"Quite right," replied M. Briquet, "I will retire. I suppose you have a watchword."

"Yes; you have only to say 'Parma and Lorraine,' and you will be let out."

Briquet, after shaking hands with his new friend, descended a few steps, as if towards the court-yard, but, seeing at the first landing-place a light gleaming from a trellised window, which appeared to communicate with the vaulted apartment, he got out upon the steps, and then, following a slight projection in the wall, which terminated in a kind of ornament beneath the window, he soon grasped the iron bars, and, favoured by the darkness, held on in perfect security.

He had now time to look before him, and his window he found opened upon a large vaulted apartment, with armour and arms enough in it for four good regiments. But his attention was still more strongly rivetted by the living assembly therein.

"Oh, oh!" he muttered to himself, "there is Brigard, the grocer; Master Leclerc, also, who calls himself Bussy; the citizens are well represented: and as for the nobility! there is M. de Mayneville, who appears to be the orator of the party."

M. de Mayneville had, in reality, commenced an address, which Briquet could not distinctly hear, so he contented himself with watching the gestures of those present, and they were not favourable to the popularity of the orator. It was evident that most present were complaining of the inactivity of the Duke de Guise, and were claiming his presence among them.

M. de Mayneville defended the duke, who, he said, was at Nancy, raising troops to oppose the Huguenots of Flanders; while his brother, the cardinal, was bringing over the pope, and the whole of the French clergy, to the Union. He told them that matters were not yet sufficiently matured for action. That the old alliance of the Duke d'Anjou, and the Bearnais (Henry), was about to be re-established, and that, in the meantime, since the Duke de Guise could not come to Paris, he had sent his chief counsellor, M. de Mayenne.

"And where is Madame de Montpensier?" exclaimed several voices.

"Madame de Montpensier came to Paris this morning."

"And no one has seen her?"

"Yes, De Salcède saw her."

"Oh, oh!" exclaimed the whole assembly at once.

"Gentlemen," said M. de Mayneville, "there occurred to-day a thing

at the gates of Paris, with which you appear to be profoundly ignorant. The gates were shut to all except a few, who were bearers of cards of admission. These men entered with the insolent bearing of men in a conquered country. Madame de Montpensier also entered in their train. Now, who are these men, bearers of cards of recognition? Answer, gentlemen of Paris; you are responsible for every thing that occurs in the metropolis."

But no one answered.

"I think," continued De Mayneville, "they were Gascons; but no matter if they were Turks, they must be watched, and inquiries must be made. M. Poulain, that is your business. But, gentlemen, this does not concern the League. I have to inform you that, thanks to Madame de Montpensier, who had the courage to get close to the scaffold, at the risk of being torn to pieces, Salcède divulged nothing. Madame stopped him in his confession, our executioner did the rest. His terrible secret has gone with him to the tomb."

This announcement caused a hubbub of congratulation that disturbed Robert Briquet, who appeared to have come to a sudden resolution, and descending from his observatory, he gave the watchword to the porter, and once more found himself in the streets of Paris.

The assembly, however, continued its deliberations. History informs us of what took place there.

M. de Mayneville brought from the Guises to the Parisian insurrectionists, a plan of revolt. All the more important persons in the city, who were known to be in favour of the king were to be strangled; the streets were to be invaded with cries of "*Vive la masse!*" "*Mort aux politiques!*" and thus a new St. Bartholomew was to be lighted up upon the embers of the old one; only that in this one, the dissentient Catholics were to be involved, as well as all kinds of Huguenots.

XI.—HIS MAJESTY'S APARTMENT IN THE LOUVRE.

PALE, dejected; no longer either king or master; Henry III. was walking up and down the great apartment of the Louvre, absorbed in grievous and painful thoughts. He had seen all those whom he most loved fall around him. Quèlus and Maugiron had been killed in duel by Livarot and Antraguet, and Saint Mègrin had been assassinated by M. de Mayenne. D'Epernon, whom he had loaded with kindness, had only converted favouritism into a trade. When the treasury was full the duke was to be seen with a smiling countenance, but when the royal funds were deficient, he withdrew with a contemptuous sneer and a frowning brow. Joyeuse alone sincerely returned the king's affection, but Joyeuse was young, ardent, and egoistical; the king's friendship alone did not suffice for his grasp of intellect and heart, and Henry grieved that he alone was not sufficient for his favourite. Thus abandoned by the world, his reflections naturally and insensibly led him to that terrible moment when kings go before their Creator—alone—without friends—without guards, and without crown.

Happily for Henry, this lugubrious train of thought was interrupted by an attendant, who came to announce the Duke d'Epernon.

"Ah! Good evening, duke. I am delighted to see you."

D'Epernon bowed respectfully.

"But why did you not come"—continued the monarch—"to see the

Spanish traitor torn into quarters. You know I had a place for you at my window."

"Sire, I could not. I had pressing engagements; the more pressing as I am without funds, and my usual subsidy has not been paid."

"Precisely so!" exclaimed Henry, annoyed. "I am here as lonely as an Egyptian Pharaoh in his pyramid, and such a friend as you comes to comfort me; ah! poor Chicot, where are you?"

"Sire," said D'Epernon, indignantly, "it was not, I presume, because I resembled Chicot that your majesty was pleased to create me a duke?"

"Do not let us recriminate," said the king; "Chicot loved me, and I miss him, that is all I wished to imply. Poor fellow! he is gone where all I have loved have gone before him."

"Dead!" said the duke. "Well, he was growing very old;—much less so, however, than his jokes; and they say he was not over-given to sobriety. What did the poor devil die of,—indigestion?"

"Chicot died of grief—bad heart."

"Oh, he must have said so to make you laugh for the last time."

"You are wrong; I have my information from a worthy man, the prior of the Jacobins, Gorenflot. Is it surprising that I should regret those breasts which, like living ramparts, were always between me and any danger that threatened me. D'Epernon, you was not at the execution to-day. The master of Salcède has faithful and attached servants, men who do not betray him even in death."

"Sire," said D'Epernon, "if I might venture so to do, I would remark that I am a Gascon, that is to say, provident and industrious. I endeavour to supply by my intelligence those external qualifications which nature has denied me. I have my resources for your majesty's welfare, as well as others. If your majesty would only consent to follow me, he may satisfy himself upon that score."

"But it is late. The clock of the Louvre has struck ten. Where do you wish me to go at such an hour?"

"To the old buildings of the Louvre, on the side of the Rue de l'Astruce; we can go there by the galleries in five minutes."

"Well, I will go, but it is a long way," said the king, rising with a painful effort.

The duke presented to him his sword and adjusted his cloak, and then taking a wax taper in his hand, he led the way to the gallery of the Louvre.

XII.—THE BARRACKS OF THE "FORTY-FIVE."

Although only ten o'clock, a death-like silence already reigned throughout the Louvre, and the two friends did not appear, as they walked along, to be anxious to break this solemn stillness of night. In five minutes they were at the old buildings of the Louvre. Here the duke opened a door with a key which he took from his side pocket, they then crossed a small court-yard, ascended a few stone steps, and another door was unlocked, which opened into a vast chamber, or what might rather be called a long corridor, and the duke then awaited to see what effect would be produced upon the king.

Forty-five beds lined the room. Each of these beds contained a sleeping person. The king looked at each of these beds, and at each

sleeper, and then, turning to the duke, he inquired, with a rather anxious look, who these people were, who thus slept so quietly.

"People," replied the duke, "who sleep altogether now; but, after to-morrow, shall only sleep by turns."

"How so?" asked the king.

"So that your majesty may sleep in peace. These are all gentlemen, sire: intrepid guards, who shall no more quit your majesty than your shadow, and whom you may also let loose upon such game as your majesty may occasionally think fit."

"But they will ruin me. I cannot, as it is, pay my Swiss guards."

"Sire, I placed the beds of these gentlemen in the corridor, so that the inspection might the more easily be made. But your majesty may see that each has his own dormitory, a cell that opens upon the corridor, and each cell has its number, which is thus transmitted to its tenant. We will keep the key of this living arithmetic to ourselves. But if your majesty will condescend to proceed with the inspection, he will soon see that these are gentlemen who are not likely to put the crown to much expense."

"Truly your forty-five do not appear to be very sumptuously clothed," remarked the king, smiling. "I fear Paris will laugh at the accoutrements of my new guard. If they are to be my shadows, I should wish, at all events, that they were respectably dressed."

"Sire, the wish to please your majesty has led me to anticipate that. Suppose, to-morrow morning, each of these gentlemen should find upon the stool, on which his rags lay, a purse containing a thousand crowns, as an anticipation of a first half-year's pay?"

"What, six thousand francs a year! Are you mad, duke? The forty-five would cost as much as a regiment."

"Not so, your majesty: fifteen hundred must be deducted for expenses of clothing and armament."

"But there is still a difficulty, duke, which is that there is no money."

"Sire, I have also anticipated that difficulty. Six months ago, a tax was decreed to be levied upon game and fish. The first half-year was due this day, and I ordered the receiver-general, instead of transmitting the money to the treasury, to keep it for your disposal. The sum amounts to 65,000 crowns."

"But I destined that money to meet the expenses of the war. Well, say 45,000 crowns for the Gascon guard, there will remain 20,000 for my troops."

"Pardon, sire, but I have also disposed of the 20,000 crowns. Your majesty may place them to my account."

The king looked askance at the duke. The duke hastened to continue.

"You see, sire, that I have been provident in what concerns your personal welfare. I have not been losing time. Now, sire, I have a favour to ask of you."

"Ask," replied the king, with a deep sigh.

"I wish your majesty to give me the command of these forty-five gentlemen."

"What! you, a general of infantry, wish to become a captain of guards!"

"No, no, sire; I wish these guards, my countrymen, to be solely under my control, but the actual command to be in other hands. The little Loignac may be the official chief of my forty-five, I the secret."

"What relation will Loignac bear to you, then?" inquired the king.

"He will be my D'Epernon, sire."

"He must cost you very dear, then," muttered the king; then speaking more loudly, he said, "I accept your arrangements; you can proceed with them; I must to my apartment."

The duke reconducted the king to his apartment, ceremoniously, but when the door had closed between the two,

"If I am not king," he said, half aloud, "I have, at all events, guards like a king, and who cost me nothing."

BOOK II.

I.—THE GHOST OF CHICOT.

The king was never deceived as to the motives which actuated his friends. An instinct, that acted apart from all intellectual exertion, had made him at once acquainted with D'Epernon's object in attaching a guard to his person. But as the idea possessed at least the merit of novelty, and as he got "forty-five" guards in return for his money, he did not regret it, and re-entered his apartment not at all dissatisfied. His attendants were there waiting his presence, and, somewhat annoyed by this mysterious and nocturnal expedition. The king ordered his bed to be prepared, and asked after Joyeuse. He had not been there.

"Well, if he comes, let me see him. I will have no reader to-night. I am weary and sleepy."

The attendants put out the wax-candles, and lighted a fragrant lamp, which gave out a pale and blueish flame, a kind of phantasmagorical amusement in which the king took much delight since he had given himself up to sepulchral ideas. He was frightened of apparitions, and yet he allowed the thoughts of them to dwell upon his mind: being frightened, he was less *ennuyèd*. But tired with exploring, by this gloomy light, the dark recesses of his chamber, and listening to imaginary noises, the king gradually fell into that febrile dosing sleep, which caused life to waste away as fast by night as by day. Suddenly, he thought he heard a noise, and he rose up to examine the apartment.

"Alone, still alone!" muttered the king, "as I shall be after death."

"Ah, ah! after death. That is not quite so certain. You do not take the worms into consideration," said a voice that vibrated with a metallic sound.

A cold perspiration bathed the king's brow.

"I should know that voice," he said, "it is the voice of Chicot."

"Right, Henry, right," answered the voice.

Henry looked more earnestly in the direction of the voice, and in the arm-chair, not far from the fire-place, he perceived a head partly illuminated by one of those yellow tints which Rembrandt so delights to deal in.

"Heaven protect me, it is the ghost of Chicot!" exclaimed the king.

"Poor Henriquet," said the voice, "are you always such a simpleton? Do ghosts speak?"

"Are you really Chicot, then?" said the king, delighted. "Are you not dead?"

"I am dead for some but living for others. I am dead to you because you are not master in your own house. You know that I had a trifling misunderstanding with M. de Mayenne. I had the misfortune to drub this captain without a peer, and he wanted to have me hung. Instead of taking my part, you left me to my fate; so, through the medium of my friend, Gorenflot, I was obliged to sham death."

"Chicot, Chicot! did you not consider the grief which the report of your death would occasion me? And how did you come here, dear Chicot?"

"I never parted with the key of the secret door which you gave me, and I came because I had some important information for you."

"Do not tell me any thing that is disagreeable, Chicot. Since you have come back I will take you under my protection—I will protect you. I engage my royal word."

"Bah! I have got something better than that, I have my hole, and I shall remain there."

"What, are you not in safety with me? Have I not guards enough to suffice for your protection?"

"Yes, you have the Swiss, the Scotch, and the French guards, but who are they commanded by?"

"But I have more, I do not know that I ought to tell you; but I have also a body-guard of forty-five brave gentlemen."

"Oh! I know your gentlemen; forty-five beggars, who only want their wallets, and Gascons, like your general of infantry."

"And like yourself, Chicot."

"Myself! that is a different thing. I am no longer a Gascon since I quitted Gascony. And who commands this formidable body-guard?"

"Loignac. You have not any thing to say against him, have you?"

"Oh, no, he is a cousin of mine in the twenty-seventh degree."

"Ah, you are all relatives, you Gascons."

"Which is just the reverse with regard to you, Valois. Well, I have more troops than you. M. de Mayenne, wishing to make away with Chicot, has caused me to change my body, my name, and my social position. I am no longer Chicot. I am Robert Briquet, retired merchant and leaguer. As such, I have at my disposal the army which MM. de Guise are raising in Lorraine, 6000 at least. Then I have nearly 100,000 Parisians, add to this, the parliament, the Pope, the Spaniards, the Cardinal of Bourbon, the Flemish, Henry of Navarre, and the Duke of Anjou."

"Have you nearly exhausted your list?" inquired Henry, in a cross tone.

"No; I have still three more kinds of people. I have the Catholics because you only exterminated three-fourths of the Huguenots. I have the Huguenots because you exterminated three-fourths of their number, and I have the politicians who do not want either you or De Guise, but want your brother-in-law, Henry of Navarre."

Henry assumed an air of dignity that was almost royal.

"I am alone," he said, "but I also command alone. You show me an army, well, now show me a chief. Do I not hold M. de Guise at Nancy?

Is not M. de Mayenne at Soissons ? The Duke of Anjou at Brussels? And is not the King of Navarre at Pau?"

"True ; but do you know also that the Duchess of Montpensier is in Paris ? That she comes to announce the approaching advent of her brother of Guise, and that nothing you can do will prevent his coming, except it is to send, or to simulate to send, troops to your brother of Anjou to aid him in establishing the little Flemish throne, which he is so ambitious of possessing ?"

"Then I must despatch some one to Flanders, and whom can I trust with so confidential a mission ? I have it. Chicot, do you go."

"I, a leaguer, a friend of M. de Guise, playing the part of ambassador with the Duke of Anjou ! Impossible !"

"Do you disobey me, then ?"

"I disobey you ! Elevate me to the peerage. Give me 500,000 crowns. Erect my lands of Chicoterie into a marquisate, and we will talk of missions."

Henry was about to reply, when an attendant announced the Duke de Joyeuse.

"Ah !" exclaimed Chicot, "precisely the man. I defy you to find an ambassador who will represent you better than Messire Anne."

So saying, he rolled himself up like a ball in the arm-chair, so that not a line could be perceived above or below its sculptures. The king uttered an exclamation of gladness as his young favourite came in.

"Sit down, Joyeuse," he said, as he stretched forth his hand. "How late you come !"

"Sire," replied Joyeuse, "your majesty is very obliging to notice my absence."

II.—THE TWO AMBASSADORS.

"JOYEUSE," said his majesty, "I shall want your brother."

"My brother, sire, is like myself, entirely at your majesty's disposal."

"Well, then, I wish to entrust a mission to him."

"If it is out of Paris, that will be impossible."

"How so ?" exclaimed the king.

"Because, sire, Du Bouchage is in love, and what is worse, in love with a lady given to melancholy. These sort of loves are very bad, and of a most gloomy character. The poor boy was getting thinner and thinner and dull as if he had always lived at your majesty's court."

A kind of grunt which issued from the neighbourhood of the chimney interrupted Joyeuse, who cast a look of astonishment around him.

"Nothing," said the king, "but a dog asleep under the arm-chair. Go on, Joyeuse."

"Well, sire, you may easily imagine that when I discovered the cause of my brother's melancholy I set to work to cure it, and I have already put matters on a more promising footing, so much so that the cure is at present commencing with a serenade by thirty Italian musicians."

"I do not think that music will animate your statue," observed the king ; "but if it would be so inconvenient for Du Bouchage to quit Paris at the present moment, I may hope that you will go in his stead. I hope you have not made yourself a slave to your passion for—"

"What, M. de Mayenne's fair friend? Oh, no ! This very evening

she received me with coolness, nay almost distance. I grew angry and she told me she would no longer be at home when I should call."

"Poor Joyeuse! what did you do?" said the king, laughing.

"I took up my cloak and my sword, made a profound bow, and went out without looking behind me."

"Bravo, Joyeuse! Courageously done!" exclaimed the king. "This rupture, I can tell you, is lucky as far as your personal safety is concerned. You can also now get on your horse without any thing to chagrin you."

"Sire," said the duke, "that is impossible. I cannot ride because I am high admiral."

"Well, be it so," said the king, irritated, "you shall go by ship then. You may repair at once to Rouen and make the best of your way to Antwerp. You will ship on your way the garrisons of Caudebec, Harfleur, and Dieppe, and you will place them at my brother of Anjou's disposal."

"To Antwerp!" exclaimed Joyeuse, as much surprised as if he had received a mission to Canton. Then, without saying another word, he took up his cloak and sword. These affixed to his person, he turned to the king and with a haughty bow asked for his commission.

"You will receive it, duke, in an hour at your hotel," said the king, his heart almost breaking.

Joyeuse bowed respectfully, and turning round closed the door after him with a violence that caused the tapestry to blow up with the wind.

"What trouble to obtain obedience!" muttered the annoyed and irritated monarch. "How little do those for whom I have done so much really esteem me! Ungrateful Joyeuse!"

"Did you hear what the High Admiral of France intimated?" interrupted the voice of Chicot.

"Concerning what?" inquired the king.

"Why, concerning his rupture with M. de Mayenne's friend. The lady must have a motive for discarding the duke, and that motive is simply, that M. de Mayenne is coming back. I would travel for your majesty, now, by land or by water, and leave Paris at a minute's notice."

"Would you go into Navarre, then," asked the king, "if I was to give you a mission?"

"Certainly, gracious prince; I only await your orders."

"But you do not know if my mission would suit you. I have a project of bringing about a rupture between Margaret and her husband—Henry of Navarre."

"In what does that concern me, great prince? So long as it is your will I am your ambassador, to do my best to see it carried into execution. But I must have a letter."

"Let it be so. You shall have a letter."

"Then I will call for it at break of day, or I will send for it."

"Why can't you sleep where you are, in the arm-chair?" inquired the king.

"What a ghost sleep in the Louvre! in an arm-chair! what an absurd idea! No, I must return to my solitude."

"Where is your solitude?" asked the king, his superstitious fears again getting the better of his observation.

"In the Cemetery of the Innocents, great prince," gravely replied his mysterious visitor.

"Well, if so, we must have a password, by which your messenger will be known."

"Right, if a messenger comes, he comes from the *ghost*." And, so saying, Chicot disappeared with so light a step that neither did the door creak on its hinges, nor was a fold of the tapestry disturbed.

III.—THE SERENADE.

Chicot had not a long way to go from the Louvre to his house. Descending to the river beach, he stepped into a boat and a few vigorous strokes of the oars brought him to the other side, not far from the Tour de Nèsle. Upon entering the Rue des Augustins, great was his surprise to hear the loud sounds of music in a quarter generally so tranquil at that late hour. Still greater was his astonishment on approaching nearer to find that an army of musicians had gathered together before his own door, while the windows of his house were glaring with the reflected lustre of a dozen torches, borne by as many pages and valets.

Mingling with the group of persons whom this noisy serenade had gathered together,

"I beg your pardon, friend," he said, to one of the torch-bearers, "but can you tell me in whose honour this music is played?"

"For the citizen who dwells there," answered the valet, pointing out to Chicot his own habitation.

"For me, decidedly for me," said Chicot to himself, and his perplexity grew extreme. Making his way with difficulty to his own door, he took out his key, and opened it by the light of the torches. Then ascending the stairs, he took a leathern chair, seated himself comfortably down with his chin resting upon the balustrade, and without paying any attention to the laughter which greeted his appearance.

"Gentlemen," he said, "are you not labouring under some mistake, or is your harmony really addressed to me?"

"Are you not Master Robert Briquet?" inquired the director of the orchestra.

"Precisely so."

"Then we are at your service, sir," replied the Italian, with a flourish of his stick, which raised up a perfect hurricane of melody.

"It is decidedly very strange," said Chicot, to himself, as his sharp eye examined the orchestra, the crowd, and the neighbouring houses. Master Fournichon, his wife, and all the followers of the "forty-five," were at the doors and windows of the hostelry of the "Sword of the Proud Chevalier." At every house the inhabitants were at either the windows or the doors, excepting at the one directly opposite, and there every thing was dark and silent as a tomb. Chicot was not long before he discovered, that immediately below his own balcony, there was a person wrapped in a dark mantle, with a black hat, red feather, and long sword, who never took his eyes from off the opposite house—the one that was so silent and deathlike, and he at once opined that the real interest of the scene lay in that house, and that the hero of the serenade was the gentleman in disguise.

Suddenly, a horseman, followed by two squires, turned the corner of the street, driving the crowd before them. Chicot recognised in the

horseman the High-Admiral of France, booted and spurred at his majesty's commands. He approached the gentleman who was beneath the balcony.

"Well, Henry," said Joyeuse, "what success?"

"None whatsoever, brother; she has not even appeared."

"What, have these stupid fellows not made noise enough?"

"On the contrary; they have disturbed the whole neighbourhood. She alone has not come to the window."

"Yet the idea was an ingenious one," observed Joyeuse, evidently annoyed; "every thing, brother, conspires against us, even the time to aid you is denied to me. I start this very night for Antwerp, by the king's orders."

"Is it possible!" exclaimed Henry. "But I see you are already in travelling costume."

"Henry, will you not come with me, if I beg it of you?"

The younger brother let his hands fall, and his face grew pale, at the idea of departure.

"Joyeuse," he said, "if I were obliged to renounce passing my nights in this street, if I were to lose the privilege of looking at that window, I should die!"

"Poor madman!" exclaimed the duke, as he crossed his arms, and bit his moustaches, in anger mingled with pity. "Well, it cannot be helped; let us dismiss these musicians and valets, and at least accompany me as far as the city gates."

"Yes, yes, dear brother," said the young man, as he seized his brother's hands. "Thanks for your friendship; and I hope, by the time you return, I shall be successful and happy."

"Let us go then. See, the torches are out, the instruments are on the backs of the musicians, and the maestro is moving off at their head."

Henry gave a last look at the house and sighed deeply. Robert Briquet withdrew at the same time from the balcony, and closed his windows. Deeming that this scene must have some denouement, he hastened up-stairs, and got out upon the roof of the house, which, being built in the Flemish style, allowed him to hide himself behind the chiselled wood-work.

Not long after all the noise had ceased, and the last loiterer had disappeared from the street, one of the upper windows of this strange house opened mysteriously, and a prudent head was put forth.

"Nothing remains," said a man's voice, "you can leave your hiding-place, madame, and go down stairs."

The man then closed the window, and, lighting a lamp, held it forth to an arm that was extended to receive it. Chicot was looking till his eye-balls threatened to burst. But he had no sooner perceived the pale and sublime figure of the young female, who received that lamp, and the half-sorrowful, half-affectionate look, that was exchanged between mistress and attendant, than he felt as if an icy shudder pervaded his veins.

"Ah!" muttered Chicot, as he passed his hand over his brow, to wipe away the cold perspiration, and as if, at the same time, anxious to drive away some terrible vision; "ah! Count de Bouchage, brave, handsome young man, foolish lover! who just now talked of success and happiness, you may pass your device to your brother, for never more shall you say '*Hilariter!*'"*

* The motto of Henri de Joyeuse.

IV.—CHICOT'S PURSE.

CHICOT passed the whole night buried in deep thought in his arm-chair. The sight of that pale young woman, had, like a faithful lamp, brought before his mind a world peopled with illustrious shadows, and a host of reminiscences, some happy, more of a fearful character. At length, when day broke, he tore himself from his melancholy dreams.

"The hour of shadows is gone by," he said, "I must now think of the living."

Like a true philosopher, the first thing Chicot did, was to examine into the state of his purse. He was, as we have seen, a man of vivid imagination, and he had hollowed out the central beam of his house, and in the strong-box thus constructed, he had secreted a thousand crowns of gold, the legacy of a bachelor uncle. The twentieth part of one of these crowns he had calculated was sufficient for a day's expenses, he had, therefore, enough for 20,000 days, one-half of which he could never expect to live. This made him feel independent. But he said to himself, "I am not indebted for this money to the king; so I must certainly get a hundred crowns for my journey from his majesty, or, may be, my friend the prior——" And he smiled at the idea of Gorenflot,—who, since his translation from Beaune, and his installation in the Priory of Jacobins, near Paris, by the intervention of Chicot, had gradually discarded that very Chicot from his table and company,—lending him a hundred crowns.

There was no time, however, for hesitation. He had to obtain the famous letter which was to set Navarre in flames, by daybreak; so, carefully closing his door after him, he issued forth into the street. But once there, the idea crossed his mind, that the Joyeuses might some night take it into their heads to fire his house in order to bring his opposite neighbour to the window, so he determined to knock. After some delay, the door was cautiously opened by the attendant. He wore a hood over his head, which partially concealed his features, but still Chicot could see that his face was disfigured by a ghastly wound upon the left temple and cheek, and that one eyebrow, displaced by the same blow, overhung the eye which was sunk in its orbit. Still this eye and its companion glistened with a lustre that did not belong to age.

"Neighbour," said Chicot, "the tremendous noise of last night has disgusted me with my house. I am going for a short time into the country, would you be so kind as to cast a look now and then over to the opposite side?"

"Yes, sir," replied the unknown, "willingly."

"I must also inform you that I leave money in the house, so well hid, however, that I do not dread thieves, so much as I do fire. Should such a thing happen, will you be kind enough to look to the main beams, you may find an ingot of gold."

"Really, sir, these sort of confidences had better be made to persons whom you know and not to strangers. Besides, this music may inconvenience my mistress, as much as yourself, and oblige us to move away also."

"Oh, as to confidences," replied Chicot, "I am versed in physiognomy; but if you go away, why then there is an end to the matter."

So, with mutual acknowledgments they separated.

"Poor young man!" muttered Chicot, as he walked away. "There is at least a real ghost, and yet I have seen him so gay, so lively, and so handsome."

JAMES THE SECOND;

OR,

THE REVOLUTION OF 1688.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

EDITED BY

W. HARRISON AINSWORTH, ESQ.

ILLUSTRATED BY R. W. BUSS.

V.

JAMES RESOLVES ON FLIGHT.

IT was late in the day before the flight of Mary and the infant prince was known to the royal household; but scarcely had it transpired at Whitehall, when it became known to the public.

The agents of the Prince of Orange did not neglect such a favourable occasion for promoting his interests. The most monstrous artifices were resorted to for the purpose of inflaming the public mind against the king, and he was accused of meditating a sweeping vengeance on the people. The reports were as contradictory as they were absurd. It was now asserted that he intended to set the city on fire, and reduce it to ashes. Then, that an army of Irish papists was approaching, who were to live at free quarters, and have unbounded licence of pillage. Then, that all Protestants, men, women, and children, were to be slaughtered. Every fresh "invention of the enemy" was greedily swallowed; and the consequence was, that order was at an end. The authorities either kept out of the way, or joined the populace; the shops were all closed; business was at a standstill; and, to complete the confusion, the city was in the hands of the mob.

It was in this conjuncture that the king issued summonses to the chief nobility, requiring them to attend a meeting of the privy-council. Very few had joined the Prince of Orange, and in the afternoon, when the council met, many were in attendance.

When the king entered, and took his seat at the council-board, his appearance excited general sympathy. His countenance bore the impress of settled grief; his figure, usually erect, was bowed; his gaze was unsettled; and his step unsteady. There was a pause. For a moment party-spirit disappeared. Loyal sorrow seized the spectators; but no one seemed inclined to give expression to his feelings. At length, silence was broken by the Earl of Nottingham.

"We have been called together, in this adverse condition of affairs, to offer our humble advice to your majesty," he said. "If I may venture an opinion, the first thing to be considered is, how to restore peace to the kingdom. I should be loth to propose any thing offensive, but I think

the best way of effecting this object, is to open a negotiation with the Prince of Orange."

"Tush!" cried Viscount Dundee, impatiently. "The best way, and, indeed, the only way, is to force the invader to a battle. Victory must be ours."

"But his majesty cannot rely on his troops," insinuated Halifax, who had privately signified his adhesion to the Prince of Orange.

"I cannot, I cannot," faltered James. "Otherwise I would lead you on at once."

"Your majesty is mistaken," said Dundee, warmly. "I have this moment come from the army, and will answer for its devotion to you."

"I verily believe that the fidelity of the troops is unshaken, my liege," observed the Count de Roye. "I say—fight by all means."

"Your assurances change my opinion," cried Nottingham. "I thought the army could not be relied on, or I would not recommend his majesty to be the first to negotiate. If the army is faithful, I say advance. And should we even be defeated, his majesty will be in as good a position as he is now."

"Not so," said Halifax. "Now we have at least the name of an army. And this will be an advantage in treating for peace."

"Unquestionably," cried Lord Godolphin, who was also a secret adherent of the Prince of Orange. "I humbly implore your majesty to give this point the gravest consideration. Let us first restore peace, and we can settle other things afterwards."

"There is no help for it," said James, who, notwithstanding the assurances of his officers, still doubted the army. "But on what terms will the peace be framed?"

"Since your majesty does me the honour to adopt my advice," said Halifax, "I have no doubt, if I have sufficient authority, that I shall be able to negotiate a treaty which will be satisfactory to you. I have had considerable experience in your majesty's counsels, and my position in this kingdom must give my representations weight with the Prince of Orange. Should you think well of it, you know enough of me, I trust, to be assured that I shall have regard only to your interest."

"I am well assured of it, my lord," answered James. "And I hereby invest you with the authority you require. Lord Godolphin shall accompany you. You can go to the Prince of Orange as my joint-commissioners, but I reserve to myself the power of ratifying or annulling your negotiation. Lose no time in setting forth. To-morrow the council will meet again, and we shall expect to hear from you."

"If possible, we will communicate with you, my liege," replied Halifax, "for the enemy, I hear, has now advanced to Maidenhead."

James arose, bowed to the assembly, and passed with a faltering step out of the room.

In the ante-chamber he found Moor, and motioning the young man to follow him, entered his cabinet. Throwing himself into a chair, he sank into a reverie, in which he soon forgot everything but his sorrows.

For a time he sat perfectly still, but as he continued brooding over his situation, exclamations escaped him. At last he gave way to a passionate burst of grief, and in broken accents, exclaimed, "God help me! God help me! Even my own children have forsaken me!"

Greatly touched, Moor threw himself at his feet, and besought him to shake off his despondency. The king regarded him in silence for a moment, and then taking him by the hand raised him up.

"I will tell you my determination," he said, glancing anxiously around. "I am betrayed on every side, and if I remain here, they will place me in the hands of my enemy. The prisons of kings are the stepping-stones to the scaffold. But I will not be taken alive. I have arranged with Sir Edward Hales to engage me a means of conveyance to France; and I am resolved to fly to-night. You must go to Sir Edward and concert with him what is to be done."

"I implore your majesty to abandon this scheme," cried Moor, again sinking on his knee before him. "I conjure you, by your love for your royal son, not to think of leaving the kingdom. If you do, you lose your crown for ever, and deprive him of his future rights."

"I know your devotion for me, but in this instance you are wrong!" cried James. "My mind is made up. Do not distress me by further opposition to my will. Arrange with Sir Edward to be here at midnight, and I will be ready to accompany you."

"Since your determination is fixed, my liege," sighed Moor, "I will do my utmost to forward your design."

With this he pressed the king's hand to his lips, and withdrew.

James remained some time in gloomy meditation. Throughout the day, indeed, he had been moody and abstracted, and the tidings brought to him, every now and then, by his emissaries, increased his dejection. He became distrustful of every one, and even feared that an attempt might be made upon his life. The flight of the queen, and his own evident uneasiness, raised a suspicion among the household that he intended to follow her, and every one watched him. This led the unhappy monarch to believe that a scheme was on foot to betray him to the enemy, and in this frame of mind, he looked with impatience for the moment when he was to take his departure.

In order to lull the suspicions of the household, he retired to bed at ten o'clock; and so exhausted was he by the fatigue he had lately sustained, that he speedily dropped asleep. After a time, he was aroused by footsteps, and starting up, in alarm (for he was still haunted by a fear of assassination), he found Moor and Sir Edward Hales by his bed-side.

"I have prepared every thing for your departure, my liege," said Sir Edward; "but as you have given me such short notice, we shall have to ride nearly fifty miles before we reach the vessel. Perhaps, therefore, you would prefer waiting till we can bring her round to Gravesend."

"By no means!" cried James, quickly. "I will accompany you at once."

With the assistance of Moor and Hales he was soon disguised in the plain travelling garb of an ordinary gentleman, and, when about to quit the room, he caught up a small velvet bag from the table, and gave it to Moor. They then turned to a secret passage, by which Moor and Hales had previously entered the chamber, and traversing it, finally arrived at the stone-gallery.

It was profoundly dark, but a ruddy glare was seen in the sky, like the reflection of a great fire. At the same time, a sullen roar was heard, evidently proceeding from a tumultuous mob at a distance.

Scarcely venturing to look round, James followed his companions to

the garden. They had proceeded but a short distance down the walk, when they heard footsteps, and the officer of the night was seen approaching, attended by a file of the guard, with whom he was going the rounds. James and Hales were about to retreat, but before they could do so, Moor interposed, and being at this moment challenged by the officer, they saw that it was too late to escape, and suffered their young companion to advance and give the password.

Moor remained with the officer till he was joined by James and Hales, when he was moving forward, but the officer stopped them.

"I am not quite satisfied yet!" said the latter. "My orders are positive. No one is to be here after eleven o'clock, and it is now past twelve."

"But I have given you the countersign," replied Moor.

"True," answered the officer. "But that is not enough. You must come with me to the officer of the guard."

"Impossible!" cried Sir Edward Hales, foreseeing that discovery would ensue. "We are engaged on business of the king's."

At this moment a resource suggested itself to Moor.

"Our orders are to proceed with the utmost despatch, in token of which we are entrusted with his majesty's signet," he said. And turning to James, he added, "Let the officer see the authority, sir."

Drawing the ring from his finger, James handed it in silence to the officer, who, calling forward a man with a flambeau, examined it attentively, and then he gave it back to the king. Raising the light, he looked earnestly in the king's face, but James turned away his head, and it seemed that he escaped recognition. The officer, however, still hesitated.

"I suppose I must let you pass," he said, at length. "But I should be better satisfied if you would go with me to the captain of the guard."

"You will detain us at your peril," cried Moor, moving forward.

James and Sir Edward followed, and the officer remained stationary for a moment, as if undecided what to do, and then he hastened to communicate with the captain of the guard.

Meanwhile, the king and his companions reached the gate, and having given the countersign to the sentinel, the man suffered them to unlock the gate and pass out. The king cast a glance at the palace, and then, with a sigh, hurried on with his companions, thinking it would be long before he would again inhabit the halls of his ancestors.

He was mistaken. Fate willed that he should return sooner than he expected.

VI.

HOW THE KING REACHED EMLEY-FERRY.

On arriving at Parliament-street, the fugitive monarch found a hackney-coach awaiting him, which he entered with his companions.

Passing down Abingdon-street, and the Horseferry-road, the vehicle soon arrived at Millbank, where the party alighted, and descended a flight of steps to the river. Here two watermen were in attendance, who assisted them into a boat, and then, with an indifference which showed that they had no suspicion of the rank of their passengers, rowed off.

The boat shot out rapidly into the stream, the whole party maintaining a profound silence. As they reached the mid-current, James asked Moor in a whisper for the velvet bag he had given him, and receiving it, drew forth a large seal, and cast it into the river.

"What have you done, my liege?" asked Moor, in an anxious whisper.

"I have deprived the usurper of the great seal of England," replied James, in the same tone. "Without it no public act is complete."

With this he fixed his eyes on the darkling current, and sank into his former reverie.

Shortly afterwards the boat reached Vauxhall-stairs, and landing, the king and his two companions made their way to the road, where a groom was in waiting with three powerful horses, which they mounted without delay.

The party made good progress, and the king seemed to gain confidence. Spurring on, they soon reached St. George's Fields, and shaped their course along the Kent Road for Blackheath. Arrived there, they pushed on for Woolwich Common, and so on towards Woolpeck.

Scarcely a word was spoken on the road. It was weary, weary night; but morning began at last to dawn. Then came broad daylight; smoke curled from the chimneys of road-side cottages; labourers began to appear in the fields; and, in a word, day, and all its bustling cares, had fairly opened.

Pushing on, the fugitives crossed the Medway at Ailesford Bridge, and soon afterwards arrived at a small inn, about two miles from Feversham, where, as it was thought expedient to avoid the appearance of having travelled any distance, Sir Edward Hales, whose seat was a few miles off, near Canterbury, had ordered a relay of horses to be in attendance. Alighting, James and Sir Edward entered the inn, intending to procure some refreshment, while Moor remained on guard at the door.

Though he was very ingeniously disguised, Sir Edward soon began to fear that he should be recognised by the host, who, however, took great pains, by his indifferent manner, to impress him with a contrary opinion. No sooner, however, was the crafty landlord released from attendance on his guests, than he hastened to an upper chamber, where a sturdy fellow in the garb of a sailor, but having the appearance of a smuggler, was lying on a truckle-bed asleep, and seizing him by the arm, aroused him.

"They've come, Ben Ames," he said.

"Who're come?" cried the other, scarcely awake.

"Why, them as the horses is waitin' for, to be sure," replied the landlord. "One on 'em's the papisher Sir Ed'ard Ales, and if I'm anythin' of a judge t'other's Father Petre."

"You don't say so?" cried the sailor, starting to his feet.

"Yes, but I do," returned the host. "But make haste, Ben, and get the crew together, and then make off to Emley-ferry. Depend on it they're goin' aboard o' that there 'oy."

"We'll see if they do," answered Ames, with a grin.

With this he slapped a small tarpaulin hat on his ugly head and hurried out of the room, leaving the host to follow at his leisure.

After a brief interval James and Hales, learning from Moor that the horses were ready, came forth, and rode off to Feversham.

The streets of the little town were by this time astir with the in-

habitants, and, as is usual in country places, they were much stared at; but no one seemed to recognise them, and quitting the town they spurred along the high road to the ferry. They had not gone above a mile, when they were alarmed by a loud shout, and looking round perceived a large mob approaching, who were evidently bent on arresting them. But before this could be accomplished, they reached the ferry, and as a boat was awaiting them they instantly embarked, leaving their horses with a servant of Sir Edward's, who mounted one of them and galloped off in the opposite direction.

Pushing off, the boat made towards a clumsy-looking one-masted vessel, lying in the middle of the river, and arrived alongside of her just as the mob reached the ferry. The captain and a boy, who, with the two men in the boat, constituted the crew, observing the approach of the mob, began to unfurl the mainsail, while James, with the adroitness of a sailor, clambered up the ship's side to the deck, followed by his two companions and the boatmen.

The mob on shore now shouted to them to surrender, while several parties sprang into boats and put off for the hoy. The master had by this time spread the mainsail, but he had yet to raise the anchor, and it was clear that before he could effect that object the boats would be able to board him. Foreseeing what would happen, Moor caught up a hatchet from the deck, and at one blow severed the hempen cable. At the same moment James ordered the jib to be hoisted. A fresh breeze caught the sails, and the vessel bore away amidst a loud hurrah from the crew.

VII.

REVERSES.

The boats pulled on in the wake of the hoy for some time, but finding they lost way, they ultimately gave up the chase. Their leader, however, had no intention of relinquishing the pursuit.

"This can't last long," he cried to his men. "The breeze is a-freshenin'. It'll soon blow a gale, and she's too light on her heels to stand it out. So they'll have to heave to afore they gets to the Nore."

"We'll be down upon 'em, then, in a jiffey," replied one of his comrades.

"Ay, ay, we'll be aboard on 'em afore long," returned Ames. "I'll tell you how to manage it."

So saying he jumped ashore, and the others gathered round him, while he proceeded to disclose his design.

Meanwhile, the hoy made all sail down the river, a reach of which soon hid her from view. Favoured by wind and tide, she went along steadily for some time, but as Ames had predicted, the breeze began to freshen, and it became necessary to take a reef in the mainsail. As the day wore on, the wind became more violent, and they were obliged to lower the topmast, and take in another reef. Still the bulgy vessel, having her hold almost empty, and being built to carry a heavy cargo, rolled about like a tub, now on one side, now on the other; and as evening drew on, the master declared that it would be dangerous to proceed without more ballast. Too much of a seaman not to be sensible that this opinion was correct, James, though he dreaded delay, consented to

heave-to for the night at Sheerness, whither they arrived just as it became dusk.

A new cable having been reeved, the vessel came to an anchor, when the master went ashore, and made arrangements for receiving the necessary ballast at daybreak. Meanwhile, James and Sir Edward Hales kept close to the cabin, and as the night advanced, being overcome with fatigue, laid down in their clothes on the lockers, leaving Moor to keep watch. The master and the crew betook themselves to the steerage, and worn out with the exertions of the day, likewise threw themselves on the deck, and were soon asleep.

It was midnight. All was still, and as he kept watch in the cabin, Moor suffered his thoughts to wander from the king to Sabine, cheering himself with the hope that he would soon see the latter again. Suddenly he heard a plashing in the water, and listening intently he thought he could distinguish a step on the deck. Should he awaken Sir Edward Hales, or would it not be better to ascertain first, if there was any ground for alarm? With a noiseless step he hastened out of the cabin, and crept up the hatchway to the deck. Arrived there, he was about to spring to his feet, when he was seized by three or four men, and though he made a desperate resistance, was bound hand and foot. But shouting at the top of his voice, he aroused the king and Sir Edward Hales, and made them sensible of their danger.

Sir Edward sprang to the cabin door, but before he could shut it Ames leaped down the hatchway, and forced himself in.

"Now, Sir Edward, it's no use makin' a piece of work," said the ruffian. "Better be quiet about it."

"You know me!" answered Hales, perceiving that resistance would indeed be useless, for three or four men armed with hangers and pistols, had crowded into the hatch, and others were seen above. "What authority have you for this interference?"

"You'll be told all that when you gets back to Feversham," answered Ames, with a derisive laugh. "But who's your shipmate here? He's very like a priest. I'm blessed if it ain't that black-muzzled Father Petre himself."

Exclamations broke from his confederates in the hatchway; and others on the deck, hearing of the supposed capture, gave a cheer.

"Hush!" said Sir Edward to Ames in a low tone. "Send your companions away, and I will have some talk with you."

Ames ordered the men in the hatch to go on deck, and then sullenly awaited Sir Edward's proposal.

"You will gain nothing by taking us on shore," said Sir Edward. "Name the price of our liberty, and I will pay it you."

"Did you ever catch a weasel asleep?" replied Ames, with a knowing wink. "Why, all you've got's mine, so I needn't name no price. But come, hand out the blunt, and I'll see what's to be done."

James produced a purse of gold.

Ames eagerly snatched the purse, and finding it weightier than he expected, expressed his satisfaction by a low whistle. At the same time he received another purse from Sir Edward Hales.

"Well, I'll see if I can get you off now," he said. "Keep quiet a bit, and I'll come down again."

With this he went out of the cabin, and mounted to the deck.

Some time elapsed, and as he did not return James became extremely uneasy. At last, Sir Edward Hales determined to go in search of him, and was issuing forth with that view, when he discovered that the hatch above was fastened down. They were prisoners.

There was now considerable bustle overhead. Presently they found that the capstan was manned, and they heard the anchor heaved up, after which there was a rush of feet upon deck, followed by the hauling of ropes, and cries of "hoy—hoy" from a dozen voices, and it became apparent that the ship was under sail.

James now felt sure that his captor had no intention of liberating him. Could it be possible that he had any suspicion of his real rank? Be that as it might, he could not hope long to escape recognition, and there was no doubt that he would then be given up to the invader. The possibility of such an event filled him with horror. Still dwelling upon it, his mind became a prey to the most harrowing reflections. At one moment he thought of the fate of his father, and saw himself dragged before a packed tribunal and condemned to the block. Then he meditated on the secret murders perpetrated by usurpers, and shuddered at the terrible picture which his imagination conjured up, of the dreadful end of the second Richard, and the mysterious disappearance of Edward the Fifth. Clasping his hands together, he fervently thanked Heaven that his queen and child were in safety.

From these gloomy thoughts he sank into a deep reverie, in which he remained plunged for several hours, taking no notice of Sir Edward, and unconscious that the night was fast waning. At length day dawned, and shortly afterwards the vessel was brought to an anchor.

Aroused by an increased stir on deck, James supposed that he would now learn something of his destination, but a considerable interval elapsed before any one appeared. At last the hatch was raised, and Ames presented himself.

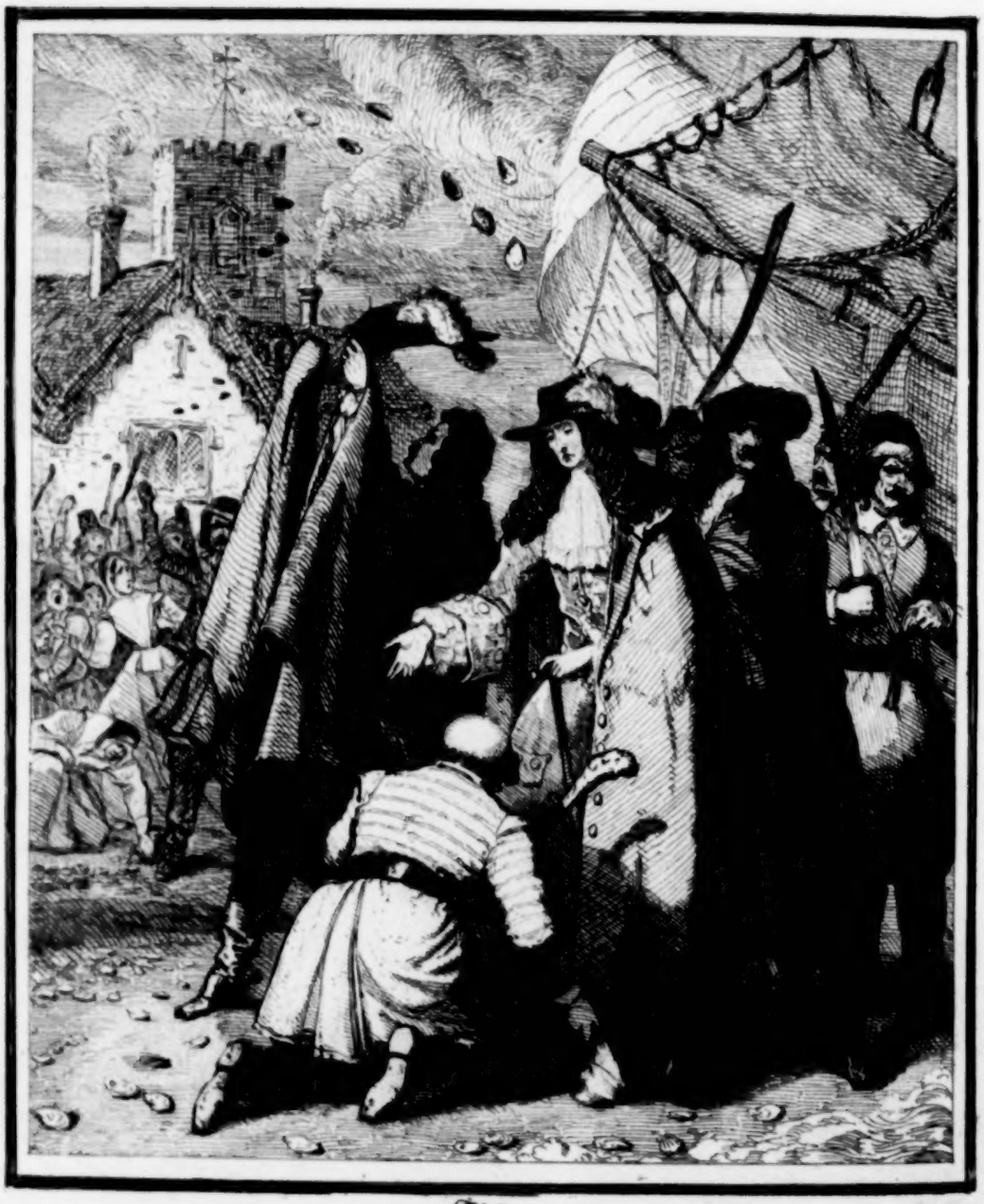
"They won't let you go," he said to Sir Edward, whom he still mistook for the principal personage. "I gave 'em all the money, but it wouldn't do. They says as how you must be took afore the mayor."

Both his auditors heard this intelligence with consternation, but before they could reply they were joined by Moor, who, on the intercession of Ames had been allowed to leave the deck.

"They have brought us back to Feversham," he whispered to James. "It is impossible to resist, and it will be better to appear resolute and unconcerned."

James made a gesture of assent, and they all followed Ames to the deck. Here they found about thirty fellows, half-fishermen, half-smugglers, who received them with jeers and laughter, but on a word from Ames, they became more orderly. A boat was alongside, manned with an armed force, and Ames, directing the three prisoners to jump into it, they obeyed, and their captor following, the boat instantly pulled for the shore.

A great crowd had collected here, embracing a mixture of the townsfolk and country people, with many fishermen and their wives, who set up a shout as the boat drew nigh, calling for instant vengeance on the Papists. As the boat touched the beach, the mob made a rush forward, intending to drag the prisoners out, but they were kept back by the crew; and



James brought a prisoner to Feversham.

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thus protected, James and his companions stepped a-shore. But they were now assailed with a shower af oyster shells, and other missiles, mixed with mud, while the most virulent abuse was poured in their ears, and so violent did the rabble become, that they expected every moment to be torn in pieces.

Moor kept close to the king, ready to sacrifice his life in his defence. Strange to say, James was quite composed. His face was, indeed, pale as marble, but his look and step were resolute, and Moor thought he had never looked so much a king as at the present moment.

At this juncture an old sailor, making his way through the crowd, caught a glimpse of the monarch, and, uttering a loud cry, he burst between two of his captors, and threw himself at his feet.

"It is, it is my gracious sovereign," he cried. "Oh! my liege, what can have brought you to such a pass as this?"

The effect of this incident was as surprising as it was instantaneous. A confused murmur arose from the mob, and then they all became hushed. The men who had captured the king fell respectfully back. James himself was so touched by the sailor's loyalty, that his eyes filled with tears.

"Thank Heaven!" he exclaimed, after a pause, "I have one faithful subject left."

He had more than one. No sooner was he recognised, than the mob became ashamed of their violence; and when it was perceived that he was in tears, no words can describe the reaction that took place. Every one instantly uncovered; many burst into tears; others threw themselves on their knees, and implored his pardon; and not a few fervently commended him to the protection of Heaven.

"As for me, your majesty," cried Ames, who was much affected, "I hope you'll order me to be hung; but I'll take my bible oath, that if I'd know'd it was your majesty, I'd never have touch'd a penny of your money. Howsumdever, there it is all back again."

And drawing forth the purse, he laid it at the king's feet.

"No, no; keep it," replied James, "and divide it with your men here; and I hope you'll all drink my health."

"That we will, and success to your majesty," cried a dozen voices. And loud cheers arose.

James cast a wistful look at the hoy; but a moment's reflection assured him, that in his present situation, it would be extremely hazardous to show any intention of resuming his flight. Walking up the street, he came to a small inn, the landlord of which was standing at the door, together with the hostess, and their buxom daughter, and as the king was worn out with anxiety and fatigue, he entered the little hostelry, while the landlord remained as a sentinel at the door. But the latter was not called upon for any exercise of his authority; for, though the people remained in front of the house, no one attempted to enter. All seemed to respect the temporary asylum of the monarch.

James at once retired to a bedchamber, and having had little repose during the whole of the two preceding nights, soon fell asleep. Sir Edward Hales stationed himself on a chair at the door, and, after repeated efforts to keep awake, became as unconscious as his master.

It was noon before the king arose, when his first inquiry was for Moor,

who was nowhere to be found. James became uneasy, and after a conference with Sir Edward Hales as to how they should proceed, it was determined that they should repair to Sir Edward's seat, Hales Place, near Canterbury, and thence make their way to some other part of the coast, where they could procure a passage to France.

Leaving James in his chamber, Sir Edward proceeded in search of the host, with the view of procuring some means of conveyance to their contemplated asylum, but he shortly afterwards returned, and informed the king that they were prisoners.

"Alas!" exclaimed James, "what small dependence can be placed on a mob!"

"The mob are not to blame in this instance, my liege," cried Sir Edward. "I believe they are not aware you are under restraint. But the mayor is a violent partisan of the invader, and he has surrounded the house with militia, and will not allow any one to go forth."

At this moment the door opened, and a burly, vulgar-looking man stepped in. He was pushing rudely forward, without showing any respect for the king's presence, when a severe look from James arrested him.

"Very sorry, your majesty, but I can't let you go away," he said, surprised into a degree of deference. "But I've sent to tell the Prince of Orange you're here, and directly his highness's orders comes I'll bring 'em to you."

"How, sir," cried James, angrily, "do you dare to talk of the prince's orders to me? Do you forget that I am the king?"

Exasperated at the assumed superiority of the fallen monarch, whom he had expected to find all submission, the mayor's face became purple with rage.

"No, I don't recognise you, James Stuart, as king," he said. "At any rate, you're not going to order here. You'll be kept in custody till the prince sends directions about you—strict custody."

"Ha, dog! ha, traitor!" cried a fierce voice behind him.

And Moor seized him by the throat, and hurled him backwards.

"Base-minded wretch!" he exclaimed, "I arrest you for high treason." And turning to the king, he added, "I have brought Lord Winchelsea, the lord-lieutenant of the county, to your majesty's assistance. His lordship is now below with a strong force of the yeomanry, who have taken possession of the town."

On hearing these words, the miserable mayor, terrified out of his senses, crept on his knees towards James, and abjectly implored pardon. James reprimanded him severely, but though Sir Edward Hales recommended him to send the offender to prison, he inflicted no further punishment on him than dismissal from his office. At this juncture, the Earl of Winchelsea entered, and hurrying forward, was about to fall at the king's feet, but James caught him by both his hands, and embraced him.

"Your majesty is at liberty to go whither you please," said Winchelsea. "But," he added, lowering his voice, "I implore you not to leave the kingdom."

"For Heaven's sake, my liege, listen to his lordship's advice," entreated Moor. "Let us return to Whitehall."

"I dare not!" cried James, with a look of distraction. "I shall be torn in pieces by the mob."

"At least let me ride up to town, and ascertain the feelings of the people," urged Moor. "I will undertake to be back by to-morrow night."

"Go, then," said the king, "and inform the lord-mayor how I am situated. Farewell!"

Repressing his emotion, Moor hastened from the room, and found his horse at the inn-door. Making his way through a knot of militia officers, and a mixed throng of yeomanry and civilians, he galloped off in the direction of London.

VIII.

THE FATE OF MAUVESIN.

Wild House, the residence of the Spanish ambassador, was a spacious and stately mansion, a little removed from Drury-lane, whence it was approached by a great gateway and court.

In an upper chamber of this mansion, on a bed of state, lay a wounded man, whose face, inflamed from fever, was rendered yet more unsightly by an expression of rage and disappointment.

"Fool!" he exclaimed, to a short, sullen-looking man, seated at the bed-side; "how could you suffer them to escape you? You might have been sure it was the queen and her child."

"I'm no more to blame than Johnstone," answered Snewin—for he it was. "He had two better chances than I had—one at the Horse Ferry and t'other at London Bridge. But he let 'em slip, and Moor too."

"Curses on you both for your clumsiness," groaned Lord Mauvesin. "But for my wound, I should have been on the spot myself, and she would not have escaped *me*. Perdition seize the hand that fired the shot against me. My veins seem on fire, and racking pains shoot through every joint, if I move."

"Then why don't you keep quiet?" said Snewin, brutally.

"Ha! do you dare to caution me, villain?" cried Mauvesin, his eyes kindling with fury.

"Wot if I do?" returned Snewin, leaning forward in his chair, with an air of defiance. "Wot if I do?"

"You presume upon my helpless situation, you cowardly hound," cried Mauvesin, gnashing his teeth with impotent rage.

"I shan't have long to be feared of you," jeered Snewin; "not long."

"What do you mean, villain?" shrieked Mauvesin, starting up in the bed, but instantly falling back on his pillow. "I know what you would insinuate. But it's false! I can't—I wont die."

"Keep quiet, and it'll be better for you," said Snewin. "But, to make all square and right, you'd better settle your worldly accounts. You recollect the letter I stole for you from Lord Nottingham. That job wasn't half paid for, and if I was to tell, you'd lose all—that is, if you recover."

"That letter was burnt," said Mauvesin.

"No, it warn't," cried Snewin. "No, it warn't."

Mauvesin looked hard at him for a moment, and then burst into a

hoarse laugh, but the excitement renewing the pain of his wound, his laughter gave way to execrations, and he became so furious, and shouted so loud, that the noise was heard in the adjoining room by his valet, who rushed in alarm into the chamber, just as Snewin, perceiving that he had become delirious, was about to summon assistance.

With a half-suppressed smile of great significance, the constable quitted the room, leaving the sufferer in care of his valet. On his way out of the house, Snewin found the various chambers and passages crowded with packages and boxes, and on inquiry learned from an incautious domestic, that they contained plate and other valuable property, belonging to certain wealthy Catholics, who, fearing that their houses might be attacked by the populace, had brought all their moveable treasure to Wild House, and confided it to the care of the ambassador. Snewin's eyes sparkled as he thought of the vast plunder which these stores would furnish. The city was in the hands of the mob, and as Don Pedro was a Catholic, and an infuriated rabble were not very likely to pay respect to his sacred character of ambassador, it would be easy to incite them to attack his house. Full of this scheme he hastened forth, and proceeded in search of Kit Clench.

Night had now closed in. There were few persons in the street, and those few hurried along as if they were in momentary expectation of being stopped and plundered. Calling a link-boy, who was loitering near the mansion, Snewin made his way to Duke-street, and thence to Lincoln's-inn-fields.

As he approached the latter locality, a loud clamour saluted his ear. A red reflection in the sky denoted an extensive conflagration; and presently he came in sight of a Catholic chapel enveloped in flames. An infuriated mob collected in front of the structure shouted with frantic joy as they watched the progress of the destroying element; and as Snewin drew nigh, two stuffed effigies, swinging from a gibbet, fixed on a long pole, and representing the Pope and Father Petre, were exhibited to the mob, and then, amidst demoniacal yells, cast into the flames. Scarcely had this been done, when the roof fell in with a tremendous crash, while the interior of the building presented one body of fire.

Making his way with difficulty through the crowd, Snewin found Clench in the foremost rank, and when he had informed him of the treasures deposited in the house of the Spanish ambassador, it required but little persuasion to win the Duke of Alsatia to his scheme. His intentions were promptly communicated to the various ringleaders, and in a few minutes the whole multitude were bending their steps up Drury-lane.

A fearful shout warned the inmates of Wild House of their intention to attack it. Resolving not to yield without a blow, Don Pedro Ronquillo called his household together, and leaving the lower part of the house, which was well secured by doors and shutters, posted them on the upper floor, whence they could use their fire-arms with more effect. Scarcely had he completed this arrangement when a shower of stones and brickbats were poured on the house, demolishing every window, and, at the same time a general rush was made at the door, during which several of the rioters were knocked down and trampled to death. In the midst of the horrid yells uttered by these sufferers, and the vociferations of those around them, Don Pedro presented himself at an upper window, intending to exhort the mob to retire. But he was no sooner discerned than a tremendous outcry arose, while missiles were hurled at him from every quarter,

forcing him to make a hasty retreat through the window. But still unwilling to resort to violence, and hoping to intimidate the besiegers, the good-natured ambassador ordered his servants to use only blank cartridges, and a volley was accordingly fired, which was received by the mob with derision. Don Pedro then reluctantly changed his plan, and a shower of bullets was rained among the besiegers. But it soon became apparent that their vastly superior force must overcome all resistance. The gallant Spaniard, however, held out as long as possible, and only at the last moment he gave orders for a retreat, and his little corps made their escape by an outlet at the back of the house, leading to Covent Garden.*

The mob rushed in a body into the house. The costly furniture, the rich hangings of the windows, the rare paintings, the statues, bronzes, vases, porcelain, shells, and articles of *vertu*, of which the ambassador had an unrivalled collection, were torn down, trodden under foot, broken, and scattered about. Some rushed with wild outcries to the cellars, where, while they drained the produce of some of the choicest vintages of Spain, they suffered the rich wine to flow in streams over the ground. Others ransacked closets and cabinets, fighting for the contents ; but the majority busied themselves with the boxes and packages in the various rooms, and which disappeared with surprising rapidity.

Lying powerless in bed, Lord Mauvesin had been an astounded auditor of this extraordinary tumult. Unable at first to account for it, he rang for his valet, and then shouted till he was hoarse, but without receiving an answer. In the confusion, he was forgotten, and Don Pedro left the house without him.

The appalling din which followed the capture of the mansion left him in no doubt as to what had happened, and he expected every moment to be visited by the mob. But his expectations were not realised. The clamour drew nearer and nearer ; he even heard voices in the adjoining room ; but no one penetrated further. Nearly half-an-hour passed, and his suspense was becoming intolerable, when he became sensible that the apartment was filling with smoke. A fearful suspicion flashed across his mind, and the next moment it was confirmed. A tremendous outcry was raised below ; a sharp, crackling noise was heard ; the mansion was on fire !

Aghast at the idea, he made a desperate effort to rise. A bright red glare now shone through the window, rendering the chamber as light as day for an instant, when a volume of smoke rolled up, involving every thing in darkness. The flames were heard raging in the room beneath ; the atmosphere became suffocating ; and gasping for breath, with his hair on end, and almost mad with terror, Mauvesin tottered forward to the door. Crossing the ante-chamber, he reached a corridor, running along the summit of the ground-staircase, from which he could look down into the hall. It was completely lined with fire. The roar of the flames was terrific. They encircled the staircase, burst through the windows, and glided along the ceiling. Affrighted and confused, Mauvesin turned again towards his chamber, determined to leap from the window. But his strength failed him. He caught at the banisters, already on fire ; they gave way ; and uttering a loud cry, Mauvesin fell headlong into the burning gulf below.

* Don Pedro Ronquillo was afterwards indemnified for his loss by a grant from Parliament.

MANFRED THE USURPER; OR, THE SICILIAN BATTLE-FIELD.

By Thomas Roscoe, Esq.

I.

The Church in Jeopardy—A Pilgrim Prime Minister—How to find Royal Husbands—Promise of a Crown—Grand Expedition under Charles of Anjou.

That arch-enemy of the Holy Church, and proud queller of the Guelphs all over Italy, bastard though he was, sprang from the loins of the imperial Frederick, had just consolidated his power by the terrific rout of the Florentines at Monte Aperto. It was then he felt himself indeed a king, scorning longer to preserve the character of a guardian and representative of the imperial and unhappy heir, and trampling the pride of the Papal See and its allies as if he belonged to the most ancient, legitimate, and mighty dynasty on the face of the earth. The humiliation and persecutions suffered by Pope Alexander, in place of his enjoying the power of inflicting them, became so intolerable that he at length died out of pure chagrin in his retreat at Viterbo; nor did a single cardinal venture to take possession of St. Peter's vacant chair for upwards of five months, when the conclave began to breathe and look about them, electing a French citizen, the son of a poor cobbler, but of great worth and wisdom, who not inappropriately took the name of Urban, being the fourth pontiff so designated.

The triple-crowned son of the shoemaker found the bastard scion of a foreign imperial stem in occupation of the Papal and other surrounding states—an imposing force in the heart of the sacred city holding the conquered in awe. Never was the patrimony of the church at so low an ebb; nothing short of a crusade could save it; and it was preached with greater earnestness and unction now against usurping Christians than ever it was against the pagans themselves.

Though yielding to the popular storm of pulpit eloquence and hard knocks, Manfred vacated the holy seat, he ceased not the less to harass the church and its Guelphic supporters from his strong possessions in Apulia and Sicily. But success, inducing overweening confidence, he relaxed in his warlike efforts, gave himself up to pleasure, and resigning the sword for the spindle, is believed to have maintained a courtezan establishment more numerous than that of Solomon or any modern pacha. This is specially dwelt upon by the Guelph writers as the clearest proof of the wrath of God, as by throwing him off his guard, it gave the new pontiff the advantage of a home thrust or two, which soon brought the bold usurper of the crown of Naples and Sicily to a true sense of his position and the indulgence of less audacious views.

It was now Urban's policy to engage one or both of the reigning emperors (of Spain and Hungary), to embark in the great cause of restoring its full rights to the church. But neither were in a situation to so embroil themselves, and Conradino, the lawful claimant, was still too young to champion his own, by an appeal to the God of battles. But other and powerful substitutes might be found, and at the repeated instance of the Guelphic chiefs, His Holiness was induced to summon a grand council, at which it was strongly debated by what means Manfred might most

speedily be driven from the states of the church. Here Urban first proposed the name of Charles, Count of Anjou and Provence, and the son of the king of France, already distinguished for prowess in arms, as leader of the Papal army, and if victorious, the successor of Manfred in Apulia and Sicily.

A decree to that effect was unanimously passed (1263), tidings of which were instantly conveyed to the count by Simon dal Torre, with secret instructions to use despatch. Charles consulted with his royal brother and the barons bold of France and of his own provinces, who each and all declared that "in the name of God he ought to undertake the crusade in defence of Holy Church, and to achieve a royal crown—an honour due to himself, to their regal house. and to the country of his birth."

The king proffered him gallant aid and treasure at will, all the heroic peers and paladins emulating at once so brave an example.

Now the consort of the fearless champion of St. Peter's, was a fair daughter of the good Raymond of Provence. It was in his court were held those far-famed sessions—assemblies of the noble and the fair, and minstrel votaries of the gentle art and "gaye science," which attracted their chivalrous youth and their beauty from almost every surrounding state.

Among other strangers arrived a poor pilgrim returning from Compostello, and, strongly impressed by the kindness and the gentle virtues of Count Raymond, he was induced to sojourn in his pleasant love-capital for a season. The esteem was mutual, till, at length, so great was the veneration felt by the prince for the rare wisdom, surpassing eloquence—even in love theses—and learned lore, of the unknown wanderer, that he engaged him to fill the first office of his ministry—a step which he had no reason to repent. By the pilgrim's singular talent and assiduity the revenue from his states was more than doubled—not the least pleasing bond of friendship;—every one then began to honour the poor pilgrim, though he retained the simplicity of his habit, and, ere long, to gaze upon him with a secret and unusual kind of reverence. In a sharp and active warfare, which fell out with his most powerful neighbour, the Count of Toulouse, so ably concerted were the measures of the new prime minister, that Raymond came off victorious, and compelled the worsted earl to sue for pardon with a saddle upon his back, and an invitation to take an airing on his donkeyship. Well might Count Raymond prize a first minister who could bring his enemies to such terms; and having now put every thing for his master upon a pleasant and prosperous footing, he thought it time, as first lord of the treasury, to direct his attention to that good master's daughters. Of these were there four, whose single establishments at so small a court formed by no means a trivial item in the annual budget—and which it concerned his ministerial wisdom to get rid of. With the help of the love-courts, he found this no very Herculean task; he sounded their various tastes, and the "ways and means" were quickly forthcoming. With due regard to majority, he obtained for the hand of the eldest, the monarch of France himself; and when the count looked very grave at the amount of the noble dower which left his treasury, his minister remarked with a smile:

"Pray do not be in the least uneasy on that head; for the eldest daughter well married, her sisters will have little trouble in forming even more advantageous arrangements, if their parents do their part, and without costing them more than a mere trifle."

Accordingly, the King of Hungary made proposals for the second;

the young King of the Romans chose the third; and when he had got thus far, the able minister again observed,

"Your excellency has now established three daughters, married to crowned heads, all ranking high in the list of royalty. You have done enough for rank and title; I should now like to see you choose, for a fourth son, a man—a man of sense, sound judgment, and discretion. As you have no sons, choose him for your successor; he will look well to your hereditary dominions, and, for their sake, to your daughter, be assured. That is now your only business: let your other sons take care of their own, and you will then be as free and happy as if you had neither family nor title, and can set out on a pleasant pilgrimage whenever you so please."

"But who is he," inquired Count Raymond, "or where shall we find such a man? Sense and judgment, especially in those of high and noble character, are a sort of fruit that grows on few trees of the human species *I* ever met with."

"True," replied the minister, "but it is to be found;" and while they were thus conversing, a page entered hastily, and announced the Duke of Anjou. "Behold the man; the brother of the King of France!" exclaimed the minister, as he made his obeisance to a tall, noble-looking man, of middle age, with dark, piercing eyes, and strongly-marked features. He had also the firm tread, commanding look, calm air, and distinct decisive manner, all of which serve to indicate the spirit of a hero, of a great general as well as a true soldier.

"If I err not," pursued the pilgrim, "there will be little difficulty; it is not in woman to refuse the bravest of the brave."

"But, stop," interrupted Count Raymond, laughing; "there are two sides of the question—as we have it in our amatory court—you are going too fast."

"Not a whit," replied the minister; "on the contrary, I will prove it by the sequence—as our learned love-judge doth opine—and the *con*-sequence will follow of itself."

The count, laughingly, clapped his hand over the prime-minister's mouth, while the duke very naïvely inquired "Of what consequence he spoke?"

"Let me proceed to my sequence; nor is it in man—if he be such—to refuse the fairest of the fair, with a fine dominion, in the finest of all countries, in prospect."

As the pilgrim had truly predicted, the warrior-duke made little difficulty of receiving the hand of the by no means least charming princess of delightful Provence, and a rich earldom in remainder, with a submission and resignation truly exemplary. But "Envy will merit like its shade pursue," and the lords of the land, jealous of the good minister's power, accused him of divers tricks and experiments, which *he* called reforms, with regard to the currency; removing the old well-working imposts, which he sacrilegiously called taxing toil and industry; and, what was worse, of attempting to fix, in lieu of all, one only, which he strangely called an equitable one, in proportion to each person's property, on an ascending scale, till, on its reaching a given point, the per centage bore on it the heaviest. So bold, so bare-faced an innovation, they declared, upon the rights of respectable persons, and the privileges of lords and masters, was not to be endured in a Christian land, and they raised so fierce a storm about the statesman's ears, that he was glad to tender his resignation and resume his travels.

"I have now," he said, addressing the count, "remained in your service long enough; I have made your little province a rich and great state, and that is just the time when cold looks begin to warn wise men how dangerous it is for benefactors to remain too long among a people whom they have served. I came here a poor pilgrim; let me resume my scrip and staff; and as like the winds, which no one knows whence they come and whither they go, I came, so will I depart."

It was in vain that Count Raymond opposed his resolution; and thus he went on his way, as Dante so nobly expresses it in his great poem—

Like one whom other thoughts employ
Than those of aught around him.

Nor was it ever known from what part of the world the stranger came, or whither he went to. "*Stat nominis umbra.*"

It so fell out, that the three crowned sisters of the fair duchess, when they met upon some special occasion, took marked precedence of her, assigning to her a lower seat,—and, what was more, a seat without a back to it (the usual distinction, which she conceived sisterly affection might have dispensed with), while the three queens could lean back, were high enough to have a footstool, and could even rest their elbows a little, though not at all approaching to our ideas of the perfection of a modern arm-chair. The unhappy duchess felt so deeply hurt, that she made a complaint to her husband, with tears in her eyes, declaring that she could never survive so great an ignominy, unless she had some redress.

"Do not distress yourself, my love," replied the duke; "I will soon make you a queen! Aye—and a greater than any of them."

"Oh, I am quite delighted to hear you say so!" exclaimed the poor lady, recovering all her wonted vivacity and good spirits. "To be that, I would part with every thing—to the last coin or jewel I have got."

"All is in preparation," replied Charles. "A noble host, commanded by the first chiefs and barons of Christendom, will soon hail me as its commander; and, consequently, ere many months elapse, as a sovereign of more countries than one, and thou, my pretty drooping bird, as their queen. You can then invite your sovereign sisters into Italy, and, as it is possible I may, with the Pope's help, obtain as many crowns as the holy father himself wears, you will take precedence with a vengeance, and inflict whatever humiliations you think proper; only, pray, remember to temper your justice with mercy."

The holy pontiff and the Guelphs, meantime, were making every effort to give effect to the gigantic expedition already upon foot, under a leader of so much skill and prowess. An exuberance of *fêtes*, and a popular exaltation which threatened serious consequences to the enemies of Rome and the late triumphant faction of the Ghibellines throughout Italy, seemed to herald the approach of the mighty host of strangers, and rudely aroused King Manfred from his dream of security and ease.

Once awoke, however, to the danger, the usurping monarch did all that behoved a consummate commander, worthy of competing for empire with the heroic brother of a king. Every Ghibelline, and a great part of Lombardy and Tuscany were up in arms; while Swiss, Germans, and mercenaries from all parts, were invited to gather round the standard of the bold King Manfred.

(*To be continued.*)

M. DE LA MARTINE AT MACON.

By Thomas Roscoe, Esq.

Thou Israel of the nations! dark
As her's thy self-wrought doom;
Warn'd, threaten'd, saved, Thou would'st not hark
Her voice, though from the tomb.
Thy freedom's Ark still lost when won—
Thro' slavery's desert-march, thy sun,
The pillar'd fire of God—
Illumed the dread nights' pathless way;
Yet not e'en Heaven *thy* spirit's stay!

So bow'd unto the very dust
That neck thro' time's career,
That rose against his sacred trust—
His word awe-wing'd with fear;
Which oft as vain bade thee repair
To freedom's tents—to wake her war—
Not dress her funeral bier
For idol chiefs who quench'd their breath
Of fire who broke your bonds of death.

Slave! must it speak and speak again
In language such as he
On Horeb's rock* heard not in vain?
Types of Divinity—
Soul-warnings sent men's hearts to try,
Who fight 'neath the Omnipotent eye
When kings their bondsmen flee;—
When freemen own their living God,
And empires vanish at his nod.

But thou! taught not the hurricane
First rent their mountain pride;
Their forest-chase of man? till glen,
Rock, tower—on every side,
Rang with that death-hunt's wild halloo—
Bade every royal hunter rue
Dark deeds that Heaven defied—
The sport—the prey of them they bind,
Yet was not God in that waste wind!

'Twas calm! but such a calm as when
Deep broods the ocean's wrath
To plume its tempests' wings; again
Fleets glory o'er thy path;—
That earthquake shook the trembling world—†
Thrones, powers, and princedoms—all are hurl'd
In its consuming scathe:
What shadow darken'd land and flood?
It pass'd;—and brought no God of good.

A pause! 'tis Nature's sleep—then loud
And louder rang the blast;—
The conquer'd crown'd? the palm his shroud?‡

* "And behold the Lord passed by, and a great and strong wind rent the mountains, and brake in pieces the rocks before the Lord; but the Lord was not in the wind; and after the wind an earthquake; but the Lord was not in the earthquake; and after the earthquake a fire; but the Lord was not in the fire; and after the fire a still small voice."—1 *Kings* xix. ver. 11, 12.

† Napoleon's Conquests. ‡ Napoleon's return from Elba.

And art thou free at last?
A fire from Elba's lava-soil—
Rush'd thee to save: kings to despoil—
Not yet proud empire past!
Storm, earthquake, fire met in that shock,*
Nor yet in fire the Godhead spoke.

Bow'd as a weeping slave to meet
Her conqueror's stern embrace,
Thy free shrines trod by tyrant feet,
Whose sandals thou must lace;
Take to thy breast the thrice-spurn'd mate
Who 'spoiled thee through long years of hate;
But meeting face to face,
Thy soul's recoil snapp'd that dread bond,
"A still small voice" was heard beyond.

What did'st thou then?—the voice of God—
The people's voice—was't heard?
Still slave the hand-maid to the rod
Her bleeding body bared:
Still crav'd a master from the race
Through time most treacherous, cruel, base—
Whose mean souls would have scared
E'en Judas, who betray'd the Son—
They—Sire, Son, and that Holy One—

Spirit of life and love, and free,
Heart-sprung religion's sacred ties
That bind a people's sovereignty
In union of no charter'd lies.
Citizen kings! the vain parade
Of freedom—shadow of a shade,
'Neath which truth—virtue dies!
Yet look'st thou for another sign?
'Tis mid the tempests' wrath—to dine:

Now all thou canst! so revel on—
Forewarn'd, foredoom'd—the infidel
That found the hell of tyrants—gone—
To come. Yet him thy master tell
The bit is in his mouth—his throne,
Sand—dynasty no wise states own,—
And on his soul the spell,
Of a doom'd race—intractable,
Whose freedom's hate's their history's tale.

Thrice Slavery's victor—what hadst thou
Again to do with kings?
Faithless to thy free heart's first vow—
Why leave Heaven's sheltering wings?
Thy bright shield then! *thy* conquests *His*—
His empire—*His* thy people's peace:
Heard'st what his prophet sings,
When Israel madly claim'd that curse
To thee far deadlier—darker—worse?

The words of ancient time to read,
Why traitress didst thou fly
Their living truth—to groan—to bleed—
Mock of a royal lie?
"This people have rejected ME—
No more to reign—no more to be

* Waterloo.

Their lord—sole ruler high!
Shew them the manner of the king,
That shall reign o'er them,"—feel'st the sting?

He spoke—" Your sons his slaves shall be,
Some run before his state;
Captains of thousands bend the knee,
And bide his will as fate;
His instruments of toil and war,
To seek the burning zone afar,
And perish ere their date—
Slaying and slain—on torrid sands
Their bleach'd bones true to his commands.

" All thine be his! the iron road—
Town, tower, camp, fortress high,
Thy hands must build—thy heart to goad,
Threatening last liberty.
And when in bitterness of soul
Thou seek'st to spurn his base control,
God will nor hear, nor see,
For thou must expiate all the guilt,
The seas of blood by monarchs spilt."

Expiate? Ah, would that hour were come,
Thy sufferings made thee wise;
His the reversal of thy doom,
Whose truths thou didst despise.
Bow, bow to Him—and then elate,
Erect and fearless—be thou great
As they fond memories prize
Had made thee; hadst thou not consign'd
Their mission to the mad and blind.

And hark, a voice! low murmurs sound—
Is it the voice of God?
Paid price of blood cries from the ground,
That wine-press thou hast trod
Alone,—pleads it? thy patriot bard
Reaps he in joy his rich reward—
Hallow'd each martyr's sod?
Of those the blameless, lofty, bright,
Whose names are thy immortal light.

Their spirits hover round him now,
Inspiring wisdom—love;
Their halo circles his pale brow,
Glorious as saints above—
Brighter than earthly diadem
It sheds its hallow'd light on them
Who hear " that small voice, low,"
Hear to obey—while tears flow fast
O'er crimes and errors of the past.

And one who saw—who wept the fate
Of Gallia's soul-born kings;
In spirit there—grand and elate,
That hymn of triumph sings.
Hark! 'mid heaven's thunder, lightning—storm,
The Girondists' historian—warm,
Expands their glory's wings—
In eloquent words that burn more bright,
Thro' freedom's dark and troubled night.

THE RAILWAY STATION.

By Mrs. White.

It was in the early portion of the spring of 1845, that business led me to the banking-house of an eminent Dublin firm, who carried on at the same time as banking the business of stock-brokers. The motive of my visit was merely to obtain a letter of credit on the correspondents of the firm in a provincial town in England. Whilst waiting without the desk of one of the clerks, to whom I had given the particulars of my demand, for what I required, my attention was arrested by the rapid entrance of a low-sized, fashionably-dressed man, who anxiously demanded if one of the senior partners, whom he named, had yet come in from the country, and being answered in the affirmative, requested an immediate interview with him. The request was conveyed to the banker, and the applicant was introduced without delay to his private office. Some minutes elapsed, and I still remained—the letter of credit not having been yet handed to me—when the door of the private office, which I had seen previously opened to admit the visitor, was re-opened, and the banker and his companion passed into the public office. There was a pause of a moment, before they separated, when the latter, in a low but excited voice, said, "You see I was right in my opinion before I went to Liverpool; no one yet can have had their letters; so you must not fail to sell me the four hundred of each." The prudent banker calmly listened to the order, inculcating caution, but yet expressing his intention of that moment proceeding to fulfil the directions given. The stranger left the office, and, having obtained his hat, the banker followed. I received my letter of credit, proceeded on my business, taking but little notice at the moment of the passing scene I had just witnessed. Afternoon came; and about four o'clock I was entering the Commercial Buildings, where all men of business meet to hear the news of the day, when my eye alighted upon the same figure I had seen in the morning in the banking-house, now forming the centre of a group of gentlemen collected in the hall, engaged in loud, and, it seemed, absorbing conversation. Pausing, I glanced round the party from face to face; some seemed sunk in dejection, expressing not only in their countenance, but by their gestures, the extent of their mental sufferings, whilst the eyes of others actually flashed with pleasure, and the confidence and fulness of their speech expressed a large measure of personal gratification. Again the voice I had heard in the morning fell upon my ear, "Well, now you must be convinced that the time for a fall has arrived; look at the fall yesterday on the Liverpool 'Change, and the panic here to-day; how fortunate I was to sell so much to-day, before the state of the market the other side was known. I actually did not delay an instant before I got to my broker's, who was in town; for the packet did not arrive till near eleven o'clock." "Why," answered another voice, "I hear you will make two thousand by the hit." "Two thousand!" thought I, "by the result of the order I inadvertently overheard in the morning. What a clever fellow this must be! I wonder what his name is." Turning to a

friend, who was at the moment passing through the hall, my curiosity on this point was soon satisfied; I learned the name of the fortunate speculator, who I shall for convenience call Mathews, but identity, with the incidents, cannot fail to be recognised by those at the time in the least acquainted with the party.

Mathews, I learned, was the son of a highly respectable mercantile man of large credit in Dublin, and at the same time assisted his father's partner in the management of a most profitable business. At an early period of the railway mania he had commenced speculation, in which he had partially succeeded, and, at the time I allude to, was supposed to have realised a large sum. Of late, however, his ideas as to the success of railway projects had undergone a change: he had satisfied himself, apparently, that a fall must take place, and in carrying out his opinions, he had become generally known as a confirmed *bear*. It may be necessary to explain to uninitiated readers what a bear or a bull, in Stock Exchange parlance, means. When a speculator, considering that a probable fall will shortly take place, sells stock, or railway shares, which he does not hold, on the chance of being able to rebuy them before the day he has to supply, at a lower price, he then becomes a bear; and when, on the other hand, he buys in the hope of a rise, before the day of delivery to him, he is a bull. Mathews had been of late looked upon as one of the former, and his success, on at least the occasion which gave rise to the conversation I had heard in the Hall of the Commercial Buildings, was so apparent in my idea at the time, as not only to interest me in his subsequent fate, but also to induce me, for the first time, to adventure in speculations of that description myself.

A few weeks passed, and amidst all the bustle and stir of the summer of 1845, I very frequently met Mathews upon the Liverpool 'Change, and had opportunities of knowing that he still continued what I had first heard he was, a *bear*. Not a new or extension line appeared on the railway lists of Liverpool or Dublin but Mathews beared if he could, and this, in the face of rising markets, was supposed, generally, to have had the effect of considerably lightening the previous profits he had accumulated.

But yet it did not seem to affect his determination—every stratagem was tried to depreciate the value of certain lines, particularly Irish ones. Reports of every kind were disseminated, and frequently, in default of other means, resource was had to false quotations, the registry of which on the Stock Exchange list of the day was obtained in an apparently *bonâ fide* manner. For instance, take the Irish Belfast Junction Line—well, Mathews having sold a considerable number of those shares, in the hope of a fall, which was not taking place, directed one of his Liverpool brokers on a particular day, and whilst they were making up the board towards the very end of the market, to sell one hundred and fifty or two hundred of those shares openly, to another broker whom he denoted at a reduced price, on that of the day, and if possible both to make the reduction as large as prudent, and to divide it into two quotations. At the same time he gave directions to another broker, who he named to the first, that he was to buy nominally from that first the Belfast Junctions at the reduced price. Thus, would he have one broker to sell, and another to buy the same shares, or in reality no shares at all, for it was merely a blind, and the brokers would only receive a small commission on the transaction of the fictitious sale.

Next day would see Mathews on the Dublin 'Change, exhibiting by the Liveroool list the sudden fall the previous day in the price of Belfast Junctions towards the close of business. "It must be for some cause," there must be a hitch in the Standing Orders' Committee! or the Board of Trade must be unfavourable ! the news must have come down to Liverpool by the previous morning's mail-train from London, which arrives shortly previous to the closing of the Stock Exchange ; it was quite apparent that something serious occurred to create a fall of one pound per share. Not one interested in railway matters in Dublin but would soon have heard fifty versions of the fall, fifty reasons assigned for it, and yet not one, perhaps, knew the truth.

Stock Exchange hour would come, if there were any number of sellers, further, further, would they fall till Mathews, perhaps, satisfied with the figure at which they had arrived, supplied by purchases his bear account ; and next morning the unhappy sellers would awake, and before long the Liverpool list stared them in the face with the fact, that Belfast Junctions had not only resumed their old price, but gone up a half per share.

Such schemes would at times be resorted to, but at last they became too well known, and the gain on them ceased to check the losses exhibited by the Dr. side of Mathews's broker's accounts. Yet he still continued a bear, "the people must be mad, shares must go down."

They did, but, alas! not soon enough for Mathews's purpose. At the commencement of autumn, 1845, business brought me to London for some time, and I lost sight of him; and, however absorbed in my own business, my thoughts yet at times recurred to the individual whose chance success, inadvertently overheard, had yet been the first cause of myself embarking in the dangerous traffic of railway speculation.

The middle of October came, and with it the thunders of the *Times*— when its warning voice had been unheeded,—and subsequently, rapidly followed the determination of the Bank of England to put the screw on, by raising the price of money. Premiums began to vanish in some parts of the share lists, and the magic letters, *disct*, to appear in some places after names of particular lines. The *Times* was anathematised in all directions, Bank Directors fully abused, brokers began to appear with elongated and anxious visages, whilst their clients flew in all directions for advice, not knowing whether to realise at diminished premiums, or actual discounts, or to wait for better times. Look where you would, all was in confusion ; the banker for his advances on scrip, if not for his own speculations ; the nobleman and gentleman dreaded the responsibility they had incurred, as committee-men and directors, when receiving heavy premiums on the shares allotted them, as such ; the merchant trembled for his ability to meet his acceptances; the tradesmen, for their Christmas bills. The pulse of society throbbed to its centre, for all classes of it, if not immediately interested as speculators, were sure to be affected by it indirectly. As day after day passed away, so vanished premiums from the share-list, till such a word remained seldom and far between on its surface.

Lords and commoners, F.R.S. and aldermen, now came forward rapidly, by advertisement, disavowing the use that had been made of their names, as unauthorised, in prospectuses of new railways; for premiums had vanished, and so did they wish to do, from the face of the

public press. Judges' fiats became numerous, as did also the autumnal emigrants to the ports of the continent, whilst *Punch* cracked his jokes on the rapid departure of various London aldermen to Havre with their anomalous baggage. I need not sketch the progress further, or the results of a mania, the consequences of which yet overshadows the land, none can have forgotten them.

Winter passed, and spring again had come, when once more I trod the airy streets of the metropolis of Ireland; but, alas! how sadly changed; business seemed at a pause, and the tone of society palsied. My thoughts recurred to twelvemonths since; where was now the *bear?* Chance again threw him in my way, but, like all around, how changed! the dress was still respectable, but the equipages I had seen him use were gone, so also was that bold and confident air he had borne. It seemed to me that he wished to avoid the eye of the world, or any one he passed. I afterwards inquired the cause, and learned that he had changed his name, that the *bear* had become the *forger*. Prompted by curiosity, I asked a friend if he could give me any account of him since I had last seen him, and why he was at large with such a charge hanging over him. The tale was soon told. Mathews, in carrying out his ideas, had completely beggared himself, before the fall came in the share market; notwithstanding his father had died, and left him very considerable means, previously, so that, when the fall did come, his want of credit prevented his taking advantage of it. But this was not the worst of his fate. He had been intrusted, after his father's death, with the partial management of his business, for another person, under the superintendence of the deceased's partner; in that position, in order to meet the engagements he had contracted in railway speculations and horse-racing, in which he took refuge after the failure of the first, he embezzled several large sums of money, and ultimately forged the name of the house he served to a bill for a very large amount indeed. Cash he obtained for the bill; and it was not till the very day of its being due that the firm discovered the forgery, and then only by a bank notice being left of the bill at their establishment. After some deliberation, in mercy to his family, and a fond remaining parent becoming security, the firm discharged the amount, on an affidavit that no more forged paper was in circulation; but, at the same time, they immediately discharged him, taking the necessary steps to caution the public against him, which, of course, completed his ruin for ever; and, when I last heard of him, he was still supported and kept from starvation by the charity of his unfortunate widowed parent. These true facts need no comment; few, or none, started in life amongst the mercantile classes of the community, in which he was reared, with such high prospects as the *bear*, yet, in carrying out a spirit of obstinacy and a passion, he sank into a *forger*.

A NEW SONG FOR MY OLD BUDGET;* OR, PROFIT AND LOSS

By John Bull.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALER.

Christmas coming! and rents, shares, consols, all a-falling,—
Zounds! soon I shall look
Like my own great *Blue*-book,
With firms no more firm, 'mid such crashing, share-calling,
Such railing at rails, corn, cotton, bread-stuff—
'Twixt famine and cramming I've got "quantum suff."

Crown, coronets, commons; 'tis no such light job,
Short commons—long pay—
'Tis the d—l to play,
Burning dips at both ends,—cheat myself—let all rob.
These plaguy "Per Cons." make my gold fly like fun,
And leave me bank-rags, bankrupt ragmen and dun.

Now, here's a go! none of your *little ones* neither!
Yankee, Doodle and Co.,
If you send bread-stuffs so,
And won't take stuffs for stuffs, I shan't soon have a stiver;
Then not know your own hand—not pay your own paper?
In such foul, dirty ways, your laws sure want a scraper.

But, Jonathan, mark'e! bonds, bullion, and land,
Slice of rich Oregon,
Texas, Mexico won—
Filching, kidnapping, playing the "strong pirate hand,"
You think "right cute and spry—go a-head, slick away;"
But, though late, call to mind there's a reckoning-day.

Square accounts make long friends; now they're all on *one side*,
Nor Jew, Jesuit, or Turk,
Ever cut out such work
For the harpies of law, howe'er tough be your hide:
Peace is pleasant enough when both sides have a share
In the bargain; but one to take both's hardly fair.

"Entry 2, Letter F"—that is "Monsieur Fripon!"
Needs no partner nor Co.
To teach *him* how to blow
Hot and cold, off and on, till he serves No. one;
Bamboozles and wheedles—smiles most at each thrust—
Gulps the whole Spanish loaf, nor would leave me a crust.

* "Budget, *s.* a pouch, a bag, store; proposal."—*John. Dic.*

Set *him* down! no more credit—just far as I see—so!
But no further a bit;
John's too much mother-wit
To be choused, and play goose to that old Reynard Guizot;
In such accounts current, still running one way all—
The old road to ruin—J. B. has to pay all.

So no more of old "Roy Citoyen," Louis Philippe;
Rather take his gold *louis*,
And his *fillips* as few as
The debts he has paid, though he still keeps his Bill up,
"This Kingdom to Let," for partic'lars inquire
At next door, "The new Quixote"—sign, "Guizot and Squire."

Here's a salve for my money wounds, since I'm come to it!
But how comes Czar the Tartar
In my consols to barter?
"Danaos dona ferentes," some day I may rue it,—
Done, diddled—"A lease of the old Turk's rich mine
When the pay-day comes round. Mine the dross, the gold thine."

Oh, Grab-at-all, Cutusoff, Killmeknout, Chopemoff,
And Co.! with your house
Had I but shown more *nous*,
Been up to your dodges, or taught you to drop 'em off!
Riding rough-shod on Poles you may think very funny,
See your own hemp don't hang you—one *drop* for your money.

Here are entries enough to have turn'd "a man's fortin
Lots of traffic, home, foreign,
On the wrong side—a murrain
On all tariffs "what was by Tam's Doctor" first brought in—
That trade-jibbing jade, like some backsliding sinner,
Who just as he's saved, finds he's cooked the d—l's dinner:

Like a merry-go-round, up, up, and down, down,
But at last to the ground
Goes the merry-go-round,
The whole fall being mine—the rise, rail-lords and crown,
As their kite-flying bills, calls, loans on me, show
Closed mills,—open treadmills,—graves, unions, and Co.

Debit—Pestilence, poor, widows, orphans, king Death,
'Gainst your mountains of wealth,
Built of bones, sinews, health,
Till the last gold-mite's heap'd with man's last dying breath,
And woman devotes at your dread mammon-shrine,
Her famishing young that your idol may shine.

Now mark! I was always a plain-spoken fellow;
Your balance is wrong,
It was struck by the strong
'Gainst the weak; and you can't even say you were mellow,
For 'twas done in cold blood; and warm blood cries to Heaven
Till you take off your *taxes on toil—lay on even.*

TOM TRUEFELLOW.

GLORIOUS Tom Truefellow—my friend and companion in youth and in manhood—may thy life continue to be, as hitherto it has been, a bright and a merry one, and may neither storm nor strife come nigh thy dwelling.

Such a spirit as Tom's was, and I hear still is, (I see much less of him now than I did formerly,) you might very seldom meet with. Nearly all of us have our dismal moments, however light-hearted and cheerful we may generally be, but Tom's sky was never overcast—he never saw sufficient cause for pining or lamenting, but continued journeying boldly onwards through this vale of tears—laughing if the path were smooth, laughing when the way proved rough—glorious Tom Truefellow!

Tom was an orphan; his sole relations were some two or three cousins in whose charge he had been from childhood, and a certain eccentric old uncle—a Captain Barnaby, residing in the West Indies, who had never troubled himself about any relatives that he might have in England till about a twelvemonth before the date of my story, when a communication was received from him, inquiring whether his deceased sister's son (my friend Tom) was still living. An answer in the affirmative was, of course, returned. The circumstance had wonderfully elated Tom, who straightway concluded that the old gentleman was about to make him his heir, and, as the said Captain Barnaby was reported to be very rich, Tom's brain began to be filled with the most delightful anticipations of good fortune to come.

Tom being now fourteen, left school, and "went to business," as it is termed, becoming my fellow clerk, but, for a long time, a queer sort of business he made of it—disgusting grave employers by terrible omissions, frightful blunders, and horrible shamefacedness, betraying no contrition for his numerous misdeeds, but rather glorying in them, so that he received little for his services save sharp reprehensions and severe reproof. Tom's employers thought Tom an idle fellow, and told him so. Tom thought his employers very precise, fidgetty, and absurd old gentlemen, and told *them* so—whereof the consequence was, that it was forthwith intimated to Tom that "he might go about his business," and Tom, declaring that he was much better pleased "to go about his own business than the firm's," forthwith departed—lingering a moment, however, to place correct likenesses of all the old gentlemen on the balance-sheet in the ledger—*that* ledger, which for five-and-twenty years had been kept by one of the most precise and particular of book-keepers, and who, as it was said, on beholding the fearful outrage, fell from his stool in a faint, and was not recovered for some time.

But Tom's cousins drew long faces on hearing of their charge's sad behaviour; and Tom was very gravely admonished that this was by no means the way "to get on in the world;" whereat the culprit, with sad and chastened look, as of one who had become sorrowfully convinced of the error of his ways, declared his deep contrition for past misdoings and his resolution to amend.

And, having apologised to his employers, and been kindly reinstated in his situation, he *did* amend, and was reformed—his reformation lasting—

mirabile dictu!—six days and three-quarters exactly. Alas, alas, in the afternoon of the seventh day, thus it came to pass.

It was somewhat late, the members of the firm and the chief clerks had departed, but there being extra work to do, the unfortunate juniors had to remain to execute that labour from which their elder brethren were exempt. It was a dark, dismal afternoon in November, the rain pattered against the office windows, candles were on the desks, casting a very insufficient and very dismal light around the dirty, dingy, counting-house, and there was a large amount of work to be done,—all very depressing circumstances, and bearing heavily upon the spirits.

"I tell you what," said one of the clerks, deliberately collecting his papers, "it's my opinion that it's a great shame we should be kept here after hours in this way, and it's my determination, gentlemen, to do no more work to-night, come what will of it."

"Hear, hear, hear," cried we all.

"Approving highly of the sentiment just expressed by our friend Tomkins, with respect to the injustice of late working, gentlemen," said another of the party, "I beg to put the resolution formally, that no more work be done to-night."

The resolution being seconded and carried, Mr. Thomas Truefellow rose,—

"Gentlemen," he said, "I hardly think it'll do to leave the office at this early hour (disapprobation). I think we ought to remain, at all events, an hour longer (great murmuring), but I propose that we should stop working at once, and that a subscription should be entered into for the purchase of a couple of bottles of wine with which to make ourselves merry on this particularly dismal evening."

There was vast cheering at the conclusion of this juvenile orator's speech; the money was furnished, the wine was procured, the drinking thereof begun, continued, finished. The spirits of the party rose wonderfully. Alas! that Tom! He must needs move for the purchase of three more bottles of wine, which were likewise soon obtained, and also soon disposed of.

Now the major part of the party had betaken themselves off at the conclusion of the two first bottles, and only four (including Tom and myself) remained to despatch the second supply. The natural consequence of this was, that, as youngsters, when the three last bottles had been drained, we found ourselves in a state of considerable exhilaration, and just in the humour for any thing in the shape of fun or frolic. The rain had ceased, so out we started for the undisguised purpose of making as much noise, doing as much mischief, and creating as much alarm, and getting into as many perils and dangers as we possibly could. And certainly, in the course of our scamper, we *did* acquit ourselves to our own unqualified satisfaction, if not much to the gratification of quieter mortals within doors and without, who were made the subjects of our spirited practical jokes. Having at last regularly tired ourselves out, we were about to part, when there passed by us a young lady escorted by an elderly gentleman. The said young lady did Tom Truefellow, as a concluding exquisite bit of fun, quietly and gently seize, and before he could be prevented, boldly and audaciously salute. Whereupon a small scream was raised, and we all fled with much precipitation. In an instant the elderly gentleman, leaving the young lady to fare as best she might,

was in full chase after us. Alas, poor Smythe, he had strained his ancle in the course of the evening, and was speedily captured.

"You—you—young vagabond," gasped the elderly gentleman, "I've —I've—got you, I have, now; what have you to say for yourself?"

"Why, have the goodness to let me go directly," replied the youngster, "or I'll give you into custody."

"Oho!" cried his captor, "rather I'll give you into custody, young scapegrace. What business had you to touch my daughter, eh?"

"I didn't touch your daughter."

"Which of you was it, then? Tell me his name, or, by Heaven, I'll squeeze the breath—" and here he gave the unfortunate Smythe such a hug, that of a verity he almost thought his last hour was come.

"Mr. John Jones," gasped the youngster.

"Oh! Mr. John Jones—ah!—now, where is he to be found, eh?—be quick;" and here he administered another such awful squeeze, that poor Smythe, who had a false address on the tip of his tongue, in his agony shrieked out the right one, "Bibbleton and Co.'s, Tilbury Buildings, City."

"Very well—there—now you may go," said his captor, loosing his hold, "and tell your friend, Mr. John Jones, that I will not fail to wait upon him to-morrow in Tilbury Buildings, to give him the horse-whipping he deserves. Be off with you."

Away fled Smythe, and quickly joined us, who, having missed him, and discovered his capture, were coming in a body to the rescue. We were a little frightened at the right address having been given to the irritated old fellow, but as he had not also the right name, the circumstance did not alarm us much.

Next morning, there was a very great hubbub at the office of Bibbleton and Co., about the neglect of duty the preceding night on the part of the juniors; and the blame fell more particularly on Tom Truefellow, as the eldest of the party. So severely was Tom censured, in fact, that he quite lost his temper, and, returning from the elder Mr. Bibbleton's room, declared, with much emphasis, that he would be revenged. After cogitating for ten minutes or so, he exclaimed, with exultation,

"I have it! I have it! Look here; if that old fellow should come to-day, he shall be sent into the governors' room, and told that there he'll find Mr. Jones; then let him use his horsewhip as much as he likes —the more the better."

"A fine plan," we agreed; "but who was to perform the ticklish part of pointing out the room of Mr. Bibbleton as the room of Mr. John Jones; a proceeding concerning which rather an inconvenient explanation would probably be required hereafter?"

"I'll manage that," answered Tom; "leave that to me."

About the middle of the day, Tom, who had been just going out, re-entered the office in a hurry, with the information that he had spied, coming down the street, an odd-looking elderly individual, armed actually and positively with a horsewhip of really appalling dimensions.

Smythe vanished in an instant.

Tom thrust his head out of a side-window of the office, that looked into a court, and called to a dirty little urchin, who answered immediately; and, being directed so to do, came round into the office.

"Now," said Tom to the boy, "when an old gentleman, with a horse-

whip, opens this door in a minute or so, put yourself in his way, and stop him, as well as you can, from coming into the office. He will probably ask you for Mr. John Jones, and you will point to that door opposite, and say that he will find Mr. Jones in there."

Tom retired to his seat. Presently the outer door banged, and in another moment a gruff voice was heard just outside the door of the office, which was partly open, inquiring of the boy for "Mr. John Jones," and the answer given thereto was, that if he, the querist, "went in at yonder door there," he would find the said Mr. Jones.

We listened attentively.

The elderly gentleman opening the door opposite, as directed, was heard to reiterate his inquiry for Mr. Jones, and Mr. Bibbleton, who was fearfully out of humour that morning, for the reason named, was heard to reply with much vehemence that there was no such person in that office, and to demand of the inquirer "what the devil he meant by intruding in a private room?"

To this the elderly gentleman made answer that "he wasn't to be treated in that way, not he—that he believed he saw Mr. John Jones before him, though certainly he could hardly understand how a gentleman of his (Mr. Bibbleton's) years could have so misconducted himself as he had done last night," and was proceeding, when Mr. Bibbleton, who probably imagined from his somewhat odd appearance, the huge horsewhip he carried, and the singular speech he was commencing, that his visitor must be somewhat, or wholly insane, with loud haughty voice bade "the fellow to walk out instantly or he would be given in charge."

This settled the matter. If the impudent individual was not the person who had last night insulted his (the old gentleman's) daughter, he had that morning insulted—grossly insulted him—the old gentleman—and in either case deserved to be horsewhipped. So in another moment we heard with feelings indescribable, the sound of tremendous scuffling, quick and heavy blows of the whip, and loud cries from the unfortunate Mr. Bibbleton for "help—help—help!"

It was irresistible. For the moment we all gave way to unrestrained mirth—but it was only for the moment—for the worthy governor must be rescued, and up we started for the purpose. Away we rushed pell-mell into the room. The horsewhipping was being continued with unabated vigour, and poor Bibbleton was writhing horribly under the infliction. Though but boys we did not hesitate manfully to seize the chastiser, and put a finish to the operation.

"Fetch a policeman," gasped Bibbleton.

"Aye, aye, fetch a policeman, if you like," replied his opponent; "I've taught you how dangerous a thing it is to insult a gentleman, and play tricks with his daughter, in the open street, too—aye, aye." And here he made a prodigious effort to release himself from us, for the purpose of resuming the castigation in which he had been interrupted.

"What in the world do you mean?" cried Bibbleton, retreating as far as possible from the infuriated old gentleman. "I never saw your daughter, man."

But the entrance of the policeman prevented an answer.

"Take this man into custody on a charge of assault," said Bibbleton.

"I'm ready," cried the old gentleman, bluffly; "quite ready—yet stay—I had better send to a friend. I suppose they'll want bail, or

something of the sort.—Youngster," to Tom, "you'll do me a service, I see by the look of you. Just run to No. 4, Hilton-street, Mr. Tomkins's, and say that Captain Thomas Barnaby, from the West Indies—"

"Captain Thomas Barnaby, from the West Indies!" shouted Tom, "why—why—you're my uncle—I'm Tom Truefellow; your nephew, Tom!"

"Tom, my nephew!" cried the old gentleman, placing his hands on Tom's shoulders, and looking at him with manifest approbation; "Bravo! you're just the sort of lad I shall like, I see; and you ought to be, for here have I come, Tom, all the way from the West Indies for your sake—shake hands, my boy."

How was it possible to give the old gentleman into custody after the occurrence of this affecting incident? Mr. Bibbleton had not the heart to do it; so the captain made a handsome apology, and departed with his nephew, who was seen no more that day, and whose appearance next morning clearly indicated that there had been a due celebration of his uncle's return the preceding evening.

The captain, when he died, left Tom (who had previously married his cousin) 500*l.* a year, which was of great service, though the old gentleman had proved not near so rich as had been reported. And Tom, as I have said, lives on, still happy, merry, cheerful, as of old, never sighing, never sorrowing—glorious Tom Truefellow!

A CHAPTER ON SHOP WINDOWS.

Good reader, I am one of those poor unfortunate people you sometimes meet with in the streets—a perambulating board-man. I have dined at good men's tables and seen better days; but what matter, I am now reduced to carry a board and wander the streets from morning till night. Being always of an observing turn of mind, notwithstanding the sleepy, half-vegetable kind of life I lead, I amuse myself with studying the physiognomies of shop-fronts, and a deal there is to be learnt from them of human nature, without doubt. Of all the shop-windows, tailors afford me the most matter for speculation; they are such a fine, demonstrative race these tailors, so artful, get on so by slipping to the blind side of poor human nature. What can be more enchanting than an East-end "emporium of fashion?"—the smaller the shop the bigger the name they give it—no angler knows better the right kind of bait to suit the water. I hate "splendacious" pantaloons, with cheques big enough for the wearer to play draughts upon his knees. How temptingly it hangs from its hook, and that "superior vest," with a pattern that would require a Daniel Lambert to display it. What a thorough aggravater it is! Sometimes, as I rest my board for a minute and look about me, I see the "gents" flock round such windows, and then pass on as though they had got some new idea, some vision of a future killing cut, such as at Cremorne or Vauxhall would

Startle, waylay, and betray.

Poor girls! thinks I to myself, turn them from this deadly state of

mind, or the peace of some of you is lost for ever. And then these city tailors, how artfully they play upon the feelings of affectionate mothers—what genteel looking little boys with the bluest eyes—that stare so long, one feels disgusted they do not wink—and the most golden-coloured hair and the most genteel features, all done in the best waxwork, are fixed to the side of the doorways, and show off their tight-fitting tunics. Pretty darlings, guiltless of tops and of soap-alleys, how many Billies and Bobbies, revelling in all the glorious ease of frockhood, have you not reduced to the cruel purgatory of breeches and button-down; but as I have said before, these tailors play upon the feelings of the human race with such remorseless vivacity. There is one feature, however, in the tailor's shop, mind, worthy of observation, and that is the facility with which it can throw off its character of a philanthropist anxious to clothe the whole brotherhood of mankind at the lowest possible figure, and assume an aristocratic reserve quite chilling to a common spirit. Sackville-street, for instance, is the head-quarters of the West-end tailors, and yet not a vestige of shop-front is to be seen. A well-built pair of trousers might sometimes be observed thrown carelessly over some window-blind,—of course with no idea of show—and this is all the trace to be seen of the refined Schneider within. In the tailoring trade, as in electricity, there are, as regards public favour, poles of attraction and repulsion. At the one end Moses, Doudney, &c., with their band of poets, hold the sway, at the other Buckmaster and other West-enders of the craft preside with a self-sustained dignity and a chilling *hauteur*.

What tailors' shops are to men, linendrapers' are to women. In all my experience—and I have trudged up and down the world a good bit—I never saw a woman pass a mercer's without taking a good long draught with her eyes at the silks, satins, and muslins within. They may be going for their half-ounce of tea, their pat of butter, or the tops and bottoms for the "babbies," or for any thing else farthest in the world from a "warranted fast colour," but just peep in they must, and in my belief 'tis the happiest five minutes in a woman's life; and for an idle half-hour what a mine of wealth is the mercer's window. How many ideal dresses do they not possess in the course of an afternoon's walk;—how many shabby Leghorns revive with illusory ribbons? As the sculptor sees the statue in the block of marble, a woman perceives a full-trimmed body in the simple goods piece; and as she goes from window to window, a whole wardrobe passes through her mind like so many dissolving views, as she glances from the flaunting and profligate satins to the staid and sober-minded stuffs. But it is to "bankrupts' stocks" that women "most do congregate." The taste ladies have for "fifty per cent. under prime cost" is extraordinary. There is one shop in St. Paul's Churchyard, that with laudible gallantry makes "a frightful sacrifice" of itself every autumn for their especial pleasure. For a few days previously it puts up its shutters and retires into itself to contemplate the great act of devotion it is about to perform. Then at an appointed time the shutters are withdrawn, and the mental agony the stock has endured, at the thought of its approaching dissolution, is observable. The ribbons lie dishevelled in every corner; the "5000 dozen of muslins" precipitately pitch themselves into the window as though in despair at not being able to get rid of themselves before the wet weather sets in; lace visites implore you by their emphatic tickets to save them from the wreck, and glossy

satins coax to be removed from the vulgar neighbourhood of "warranted washing colours." There should be a bill brought in by Lord Ashley to put down the infamous manner in which mercers thus agitate the feelings of the softer sex. A selling-off throws them always into a state of excitement, the consequences of which there is no telling. If any one would take the trouble to examine my off blade-bone (reckoning from my board-shoulder) a testimony to what I am saying would be found there in the mark of a red D'oyley in "fast colours," that I have borne there since my birth.

And next to the linendraper's in interest to the women, is the stay-maker's shop; or corset establishment, as they call it at the West-end. If I were not a married man, never a word should escape me about these establishments, for, indeed, they are dreadful, and even I sometimes in my modesty veil my sight with my board as I pass them. I don't allude to the stays, the world has got used to these, like many other enormities. They have grown up with the great institutions of the country; but, then, those suspicious-looking things, like coachmen's coat-capes in glazed calico, sewn on to pincushions, and, again, the dress improvers! why the women might as well transform themselves into Pose Plastiques, as thus expose the way in which they build themselves up; indeed, I blush to say, that one shop in Coventry-street has gone to the extreme length of exhibiting a chaste female, in three-quartered length, coolly unlacing her patent corset with bustle extenuation, the spectator being enabled to take a leisurely view of every point of the operation, as she slowly revolves by means of a meat-jack placed in her interior, dreadful exposé! between it and modesty let me draw a shadowing veil.

And now for a word or two upon the chemist and druggist's shop, and I hope it is not offended at being, however inadvertently, placed after the linendraper's. The chemist establishment is such a rare dandy, that one scarcely likes to talk of it as a shop, and one feels quite ashamed to step in among so much looking-glass, polished mahogany, and gilding, for a pen'orth of salts; and then the gentlemen behind the counter, they don't seem quite to have made up their minds whether they are professionals, or only tradesmen. What have they got those queer conjuror's letters on the big bottles for? 'tis only to "impose" upon poor ignorant people; and what's the meaning of the big bottles? Many times I've asked that question, as I have gone past and seen myself walking as cool as mustard upon my head, round the great globes of blue;—how disgusting 'tis at night to see them glare out upon you like great goblin's eyes—glaring right out into the dark night, across the road, along the pavement, and up the wall, giving every passer-by, alternately, the scarlet-fever, or the last stage of cholera. One feels the chemist's shop is a great sham, the real stock in trade is the French polish, and the gilt, and the bottles, and the "bounce" of the proprietors—all the rest is "leather and prunella." Contrasted with the affected gentility of the druggist is the harness-maker's, a good honest shop, where the master is a real working tradesman, who stitches away in his shirt-sleeves among his apprentices without an atom of pride; look in when you will at the harness-maker's, there is the master and his men cutting and sewing away in that slow methodical manner so fitted to one of our great Saxon staples, as yet guiltless of any of the improvements of the "go a-head" world. A saddler's shop appears chiefly furnished with the honest-looking craftsmen you see pur-

suing their labours through the loops of pendant bridles, the glistening steel bits, and the ranks of whips.

I scarcely like to begin about pawnbrokers, over the thresholds of whose doors the footsteps of misfortune so furtively glide. What an old museum the window of mine "uncle" presents! From the flat-iron of the drunken laundress to the wedding-ring of the starving widow, every thing is ticketed and has its price. If each article could give its story, what despair, what misery, would be laid bare to the world! A little tray in the window is filled with articles of jewellery: there lies a locket containing hair—the hair of some dead lover—and many a summer evening has its owner sat in the twilight kissing it with unavailing tears, she would not have parted with it for her life's blood; but the poor pinched face of that poor little sister, through which starvation gauntly glares, how can she resist its mute appeal? Can you not fancy the shame, the revolting pride of the poor creature, as she nears the dreaded door. Now she passes, as though she did not intend to enter, now she returns and looks about her, as though she were about to commit a dreadful crime, and how, at last, she plunges in, and gives up for ever a portion of her heart for a sister's meal. The next article in the tray is the gold pin plucked by a street-walker from the breast of a drunken man. Then again we see a silver pencil-case, it bought the last meal for a ruined merchant, ere the fatal leap was taken from the bridge. A desperate history stares you in the face in each trinket of the group. The prison, the deep water, the mad-house, and the midnight grave, hold possession of their late owners, and here they all lie huddled together, marked "any thing in this tray for 4*s.* 6*d.*" The pawnbroker's shop puts on a different complexion, according to the neighbourhood in which it is situated. At the West-end, the old battered plate, the choice cabinet picture, the signet-ring of value, show the necessities that exist in the upper as well as the lower circles. In the meaner neighbourhoods, old clothes, counterpanes, sheets hung up at full length by the dozens, flat irons, and workmen's tools, tell the straits to which the poor are driven sometimes for a meal. There is, at all times, a dignity in misfortune and suffering, which we cannot but respect, let us pass on then, from the pawnbroker's window without any ill-timed jest.

The book-stalls are, perhaps, the only really picturesque shops reminding one of the olden time, extant. There is a keeping about these stalls which is quite delightful, all the books seem to have acquired by companionship such a family-likeness, such a dingy old world appearance; it would be too great a stretch for the brain to imagine the time when they were wet from the press, and guiltless of those old mouldy stains, like maps of out-of-the-way countries scattered over their pages. And then the stall-keepers—they say that foxes and other wild animals of the desert grow to the colour of the sand; so it is with the old stall-keeper, there he stands, his face the colour of a vellum MS., and his body bound in cloth, the hue of that musty volume of "Hervey's Meditation among the Tombs." The only thing out of keeping with the book-stall is, that sharp little face peering out of a peep-hole between the books, like a spider watching for a heedless fly. There is a cunningness about the book-stall boy unworthy of the old-fashioned, trustful, respectable dullness of the presiding spirit in ancient spectacles. And then the old pinched-up faces that daily poke over the books, withered men in camlet cloaks,

up to their knees, with great bunching umbrellas under their arms, poking out to the infinite danger of passers-by. How they moon over the ragged, dirty surface of the book-range,—"Any thing new to-day, Mr. Maggot?" "Nothing particular, Mr. Wormy." The same question and the same answer have been exchanged every day these last twenty years. "Any thing new to-day?" Lord love you, none of those camlet gentry would look at any thing that was not drilled through like a honeycomb, and as old as the parish steeple. But, alas! the genuine old bookstall is getting rarer and rarer; the gloomy, hollow space in the dim distance of which the old tomes were faintly discovered, have been parted off from us by glaring plate-glass. The very books in some of the new shops seem to have suffered a resurrection, old editions, published "at ye Sunne, overagainst ye Conduit, in Fleete-street," issue fresh from the press at Clowes's; the genuine originals that have lain on dusty shelves for a couple of centuries are aghast at seeing the very counterparts of themselves arise in all the pristine beauty of youth, and push them from their stools; it is a wonder to me, that Tonson, and other ancient publishers, don't bustle out of their graves at the sight of their old copyrights revived again, and kicking, in this low degenerate age, when cabmen, and others of the vulgar, can command the books that in their time were soiled by no thumbs meaner than dukes and duchesses.

I have well-nigh gone through my beat for the day, but I have a word or two to say about butchers, and an odd change that comes over them towards night time on Saturdays. We all know what a jolly good-natured race they seem, as they smile at their well-to-do customers through the ranks of legs of mutton and the carcases of sheep, whose bloody noses drip into the heaps of saw-dust: good reader, you would never think that that bland breadth of beef-like cheek could do any thing but laugh; if you think so, come along with me one Saturday night, and I will show you what a changed man he can make of himself. There he sits in his empty shop; the hooks all guiltless of sweltering legs and ruddy sirloins; the great block scraped up clean for the week; the gas flaring out in a stream from the open neck of the pipe, now only in a blue stream of light, now in a flaming sword of fire, as the wind plays with it, and alternately plunges the shop into intense light and deep shadow; the board before the window is spread about with a hundred miserable scraps of meat—it is the feast of the poor. A dozen wretched women, with their little baskets, hang about the board, and turn the scraps over, one by one, whilst the butcher sullenly looks on.

"What's the price of this, Mr.?" one of them demands.

"Sixpence," is the reply, without the moving of a muscle.

"What for that bit?"

"There, if you don't like it, missis, you can move on;" and here the attempted barter ends. Another and another eager pair of eyes scrutinise the miserable flaps of meat, but they never seem to buy, but pass on, whilst the butcher steadily keeps his seat. And in the next and next street, the gas flares, and a butcher sits in plethoric insensibility keeping guard over his scanty scraps, and the pale crowd of women wander from shop to shop, and covet the offal their means cannot obtain. Reader, if you wish to believe in the jollity of the butcher, don't go out on a Saturday night and watch his dealings with the poor.

And now I will conclude with a word or two upon doomed shops. The

doomed shop is originally some respectable old concern that has outlived its neighbourhood. How often in some bygone street do we see some such gloomy establishment, wearing the same aspect it did fifty years ago, when it was first opened by the firm. Fashion and the town has moved on long ago, but no change is to be seen in its dismal windows filled with articles of a quality and nature which have reference to out-of-date times. It is looked up to by the meaner class of shops, which have sprung up around it, to suit the fallen fortunes of the locality, with deep respect. The very stillness and absence of vulgar bustle which distinguishes it, gives a certain dignity, and implies a certain wealth in its proprietors. At last the concern, which every body looks upon as a fixture as much as the parish church, becomes bankrupt, or the partners die and it is closed. Shortly afterwards it re-opens with a dash as a cheap tea-mart, the whole place is transformed and becomes the talk of all the old women of the courts round, who make a trial of its "good strong congo at 2*s*. 9*d*." Its dazzle is of short continuance, however; the bailiff some fine morning walks in and makes a clear sweep of the whole stock for rent, and so it is closed again. The next time the shutters are taken down 'tis by some meek-minded individual from the country, who sets up a cigar shop, and calls it a divan, upon the strength of a few bundles of home-made Havannahs, a dozen Dutch pipes, and two jars of "shag," the whole stock being kept guard over by a painted plaster-of-Paris brigand, with a cigar in his mouth half as big as himself. One can always foretell what such concerns will come to; the proprietor some night putting the key under the door and decamping. At this stage of the doomed shop's disease its symptoms of change are very rapid, a milliner is succeeded by a slang print-seller, who shows indecent engravings within, then comes a sweetmeat shop; the shifting of tenants taking place almost as quickly as in a pantomime. At last the place is closed for a long, long time, but, for dear existence, it makes one more struggle, divides itself up the middle, and opens as two distinct establishments, the original door serving for both concerns. A boot and shoemaker takes possession of one window, and a fancy baker and confectioner the other; the most opposite trades always thus falling cheek by jowl. One wonders how they manage to live, nobody ever goes in to buy any thing, and what becomes of the stale pastry is a puzzle; the boots, 'tis true, will keep themselves, but not their proprietor. The children of the respective establishments—dirty and squalid—fraternise upon the door-step. At last the two firms are reduced to a system of barter, a pair of children's shoes being considered an equivalent for a baked meat pie, but, alas! two people can't go on living upon each other in this way, and the place is finally closed, the shutters after a vain struggle give themselves up to the billsticker, and an old apple-woman, with her stall, takes possession of the doorway. It might open years hence, perhaps, as a miserable broker's, when an old meat screen, two or three Windsor chairs, a few saucepans, some odd pieces of crockery, and a buggy-looking bedstead, swathed like a mummy in its own sacking, will form the whole stock-in-trade, and to serve which a woman in a dirty cap and a gown freely opening, will rush out from some back slum at the sight of a customer. But this picture I must leave for another time to bring to perfection.

ANSALDO AND DIANORA.

FROM BOCCACCIO.

By Robert Snow, Esq.

Argument.

Dianora promises to grant Ansaldo's request on condition of his first presenting her with a fruit and flower-garden in the depth of winter. He fulfils the conditions; but, at her entreaty, releases her from her engagement.

In Frioli, where many an upland plain
Slopes from ungenial mountains to the main,
Winter his garb of icicles puts on,
Though 'tis a region favour'd by the sun,
As through the average year the seasons run.
There dwelt Gilberto, one of blameless life,
And he, fair Dianora, had to wife.
Yet was there one (Ansaldo was his name),
Sued Dianora with a lawless flame.
A man exalted far above the crowd,
Renown'd for wealth, and ties of noble blood;
Whose praises were resounded far and near,
For courtly guise at home, and gallant feats in war.
He, that his amorous pains he best might prove,
Exhausted the whole armoury of love;
With oaths of fealty did the lady ply;
How might a woman hear them, and deny?
His supplicating form her eyes would meet
At church, or in the promenade, or street:
And when at length for safety and repose,
Against his battery she her doors would close,
By a young Ethiop slave in gold brocade,
And shoes with Oriental pearl o'erlaid,
A thousand burning *Billet-doux* he sent,
Emboss'd with emblematic ornament;
And jewels tarnish'd with his misty sighs;
And sonnets rounded off with handsome lies;
For her alone he lives! for her an hourly death he dies!
'Twas fruitless all; he wept, he wrote, he burned
In vain; his passion not a whit return'd.
In ill-success he still besieged her door;
Her growing colder, fann'd his flame the more.

Half-vex'd, half-flattered, with the vehemence
Of his pursuit, yet needing some defence;
For she was still by virtue's dictates swayed,
Nor with deliberation would have strayed:
Still proud of heart to see her beauty's power,
She framed an answer in unguarded hour;
In words ambiguous, yet pleasing, drest;
Pointed with something of a scornful jest.
Though pure in will, sex-like, she thus replied,
"One point fulfill'd, you shall not be denied.
You tell me that you love me; nay, have sworn;
But oaths are air, and leave their dupes forlorn.

This much I will admit; of you I deem,
If that your vows are genuine as they seem,
You have a heart too great to sit and pen
The common-places of enamour'd men.
Give me then earnest proof, that I may know
On real worth my favours I bestow.
'Tis now mid-winter, and the torpid year
Up-gather'd lies, nor fruits nor flowers appear.
Let them within this three days space be found,
Adjacent to my barren vineyard ground,
A Garden rich with all the fruits and flowers
That earth sees usher'd in with summer suns and showers,
And I am yours! 'Tis not for gallant youth
Fulfilling tasks too slight to show their truth.
Fail you in this, my husband shall relieve
My ears from vows pour'd forth but to deceive."

Ansaldo heard; nor grieved, nor tore his hair,
Nor fell into a passionate despair.
Past human means the price; but to his mind
'Twas gain to hear some certain price assign'd;
So that the field lay open still, with scope
For his devoirs, full-fed by flattering hope.
So he exulted in his pleasing pain;
For though he saw full well the dame would fain
Of him and importunity be rid;
She might come down at last, and take what he might bid.

Meanwhile the Lover and his friends conspire
By anxious means to further his desire.
Nor was it long before the case took air,
And the prescribed conditions of the fair.
At length Ansaldo came to speech of one
Who first drew breath beneath a tropic sun;
And long had studied in profound Chaldee,
And mystic Egypt, and dark Araby:
And learning had pursued through all degrees
In hidden and mysterious colleges.
All charms of minerals and herbs he knew;
Poisons from this, cordials from that, he drew:
And not alone all written scrolls could read;
But could decipher inward thoughts, 'twas said;
And a foreshadowing of crude events
Find in the volume of the elements;
Or spell the destinies of earth and heaven
In language of the planetary Seven.
The order of the seasons to invert
Fell not beyond the compass of his art.
Powers of the air he summon'd to his aid;
And the round moon herself his word obeyed.
He looked nor young nor old; his words were few;
If poor or wealthy was he, no one knew:
His comings and his goings none descried;
He was an accident personified.

Ansaldo, for a mighty sum, agreed
With this Ally his failing cause to speed:
At least some apparition to devise,
To dazzle and delude his lady's eyes.

Nay, his whole wealth he would have staked, and more;
Content to live in all, except in loving, poor.

True to the day prescribed, so wondrous well
The Necromancer wrought with charm and spell,
That news was early in the morning brought;
Ansaldo now possess'd the Gift he sought.
Joyful he rose, and hurried to the place;
And saw the Garden in its novel grace:
But stay'd no longer than sufficed to cull
A nosegay for the idol of his soul;
And in a basket of fine silver wrought,
Piled a choice sample of the magic fruit,
These, with a note, which on the spur he framed,
And more than hinted at the prize he claim'd,
He by his slave to Dianora sent:
She on the gift her eyes in wonder bent,
Yet not displeased; for whatsoe'er its drift,
A nosegay is an ever-welcome gift.
But mingled sorrow and dismay she felt,
When on her bargain seriously she dwelt.
Can it be true? she thought: and then she smelt
The flowers, and pressed the fruit, that cast perfumes,
And hues of paradise, about her rooms;
And knew not what to think: but spite of all
Her penitence, and what might next befal,
She summon'd straight a female company,
And the new Marvel hurried forth to see.

But deep in snow the country's face lay hid,
And tuneful birds and brooks were by the frost forbid.
The season such, the Ladies went not forth
Except in furs, from forests of the north.
So o'er the snow they tripp'd with eager haste:
But when the magic Garden gates they pass'd,
Where two contending climates raised a mist,
That just with rosy hues its limits kiss'd,
Their heavy cloaks of fur away they threw,
With such mild luxury the zephyrs blew;
As though the sun, to grace their holiday,
Had leap'd in heaven from January to May.
Although above was no pavilion spread,
But only open sky rose overhead,
They felt the sudden change, as though it were
A flush of artificial hothouse air,
Inhaled on entering where rich frames of glass
Shut out the cold, but let the sunbeams pass.
Their feet on turf of matted flowers they set,
That with a seed-pearl dew was gemm'd, and yet unwet.
Dew that to gather up they did address
Themselves, like manna in the wilderness.
There you might see nor worm nor snail obscene;
Nor ugly toadstool, dock, nor darnel near:
But every walk, and labyrinthine dell,
Disposed in orders it were long to tell;
Festooning avenues, and arching bowers,
Teem'd with exuberance of fruits and flowers;
Kinds which the ladies nursed at home with care;
But they felt not familiar with them there:

For not without a sentiment of awe
Their present wondrous comeliness they saw,
To which all other produce show'd like weeds,
By virtue of enchanted plants and seeds,
That drew their juices from no common mould,
With lumps of amber strewn, and particles of gold.
All that our months of autumn, summer, spring,
Of fruits, and blooms, and buddings, duly bring,
Burst on the sense at once, by fairy gardening.
And flowering aloes rose in endless files,
With more than luxury of tropic isles:
Exotic things, with us that barely live,
Of natures delicate and sensitive.
Nay more; bright tulips of the richest scent,
And thornless roses, were together blent,
With a miraculous effect of taste
In the resplendent borders interlaced.
But though the flowers their eager fingers woo'd,
That pluck'd, and pluck'd, the sprigs with bloom and bud
Brake forth, and not an instant naked stood.
And, grand as ever kindling poet won
From fancied realms, in planets next the sun,
Tower'd strange varieties of growths sublime,
That to describe would too severely tax my rhyme.
Upon a rising ground a Temple stood;
And full in sight arose a fountain-flood
Of golden water, wondrous, self-renew'd,
That spring aloft, and made a chrystal dome;
Then in its basin fell with tuneful foam;
To which from every fragrant thicket nigh
A choir of painted birds made melody;
And as the bowl received the magic rills,
Held their dear heads aside, fondling their pearly bills,
And as they chirruped loud, their struggling throats
Changed colour with the changes of their notes.
Here were all joys of sense, in rich consent,
With delicates of cunning witchery blent,
By powers invoked his attributes to prove,
And vindicate the omnipotence of Love.

The train long solace in the Garden sought;
Nor on the lapse of time bestowed a thought.
But when at home, a sharp reacting grief
Struck Dianora; tears gave no relief.
By her own reckoning she must quit the field;
The lover's task is done, and she is bound to yield.
That evening, with her Husband by her side,
With many a pent-up sigh, the mourner tried
In vain her melancholy looks to hide.
At length with blandishments of soft address,
Gilberto brought his Wife her sorrows to confess.
She unripp'd all, he listening aghast—
Ansaldo's love—the promise she had pass'd:
Show'd the cut flowers that in the Garden grew,
And still from hour to hour fresh blossoms threw—
The work of Magic—then she rail'd at fate,
That by enchantment drove her to such strait.

The pause which thence ensued Gilberto broke:
"Oh! Dianora" (it was thus he spoke),

" But that indeed I think thee honest, I
Would scorn such oversight to remedy.
Yes, thou art chaste; no taint is on thy mind;
Though thou hast err'd, to consequences blind,
By entertaining his lewd embassy,
And condescending to a rash reply.
Thy part in this in folly did begin;
But in not breaking off thou didst compound the sin.
Such promises as from the lips depart
In weakness, with strong meaning touch the heart
Of lovers, whom, when thereon hangs their fate,
Impossible behests will not make desperate.
I could not preach; but as when men are sick,
Skilful chirurgeons tent them to the quick,
I must discover what excuse for thee
Remains, and what deliverance is for me.
Wrought then the supernatural engineer
For this foul purpose?—came the snare so near?
Here is, indeed, a subject for remorse:
But, Heaven be praised! the mischief might be worse.
Still, in half measures will our safety lie;
For, should I choose Ansaldo to defy,
His pander, the magician, might compel
Thee to whate'er he chose, by witchcrafts framed in hell.
My counsel to you is, though it may show
But doubtfully, straight to Ansaldo go,
For he is generous; urge him to release
You from your bond, and render back your peace.
But if he will not, I can add no more—
Of all suggestion further I am poor.
You've shown from inward blot your soul is free,
By the confession you have made to me.
Back in your hands I now the matter cast:
And joyfully would I o'erlook the past,
Saved, by my wife's discretion, at the last."

The conference ended, wonder not the dame
Was tempest-toss'd in mind with fear and shame.
But to Ansaldo's door, at break of day,
In doleful weeds disguis'd, she took her way.
Her he received more gladly than a queen;
Though unresolved what might her presence mean:
And much the lover did the Sage commend,
For seeming so disposed to stand his friend.
She look'd both pale and cold; to thaw her blood,
He heap'd his hearth with logs of blazing wood:
And for his dear and unexpected Guest
He would have made a joyous morning feast.
This she refused by signs; then silence broke;
And to the purport of her coming spoke.
" Doubtless I move, Ansaldo, your surprise,
Here at this hour, alone, in this disguise.
But not so gross my conduct will appear
When I proclaim my Husband sent me here.
You start? his is indeed a title to revere.
Then think not as a wanton I am come;
But rather, as it were, to hear my doom.
For you are free love's dictates to obey;
Beneath your talons lies the flutt'ring prey.
The day is yours; and I, the price I owe
Will pay; nor with what Powers you deal care I to know.

But how redeem my pledge, and after, thrive?
Dishonour'd I could not submit to live.
Therefore, before you on my knees I swear,
By these convulsive sobs, and this dishevell'd hair,
If that you strip me of this robe of shame,
And all the rigour of the forfeit claim,
No power could set a period to my grief,
But violent death, the wretch's sole relief.
Choose then, yourself; I have adventured here,
Nerved for the worst, without reserve or fear.
Do as you list; but if you would retain,
As heretofore, your honour without stain;
If thy fair laurels to thy soul are dear,
Purchased with blood and sweat through many a year;
O! fall not on a Suppliant, like a blot
Of ink, unsullied chastity to spot!
But vindicate the soundness of your heart,
And dauntless tear away its leprous part.
The deadly tide of passion dare defy;
So climb the road to noblest victory!"
Thus Dianora: and at her rebuke,
With alter'd purpose thus Ansaldo spoke.
"Rise, angel of thy sex! who could alone
Have brought me thus my folly to disown.
Yet stay; wilt thou not laugh, if I am moved
So easily with words, like one that never loved?
But no; thou hast held up a glass wherein
I look with detestation on my sin.
Return unsullied to thy Husband's arms;
And sacred be the temple of thy charms
By this chaste kiss!"—but as he spoke, the ground
Was rock'd beneath them with a hollow sound;
A cloud descended like a sudden storm,
On which was borne the Enchanter's awful form;
Who beckon'd three times through the magic gloom,
And lo! Gilberto stood within the room;
Whom towards the others by the hand he led:
Then gravely to the wond'ring three he said:
"What ye have done amiss, I spare to blame;
But ye have well escaped the peril and the shame.
I testify to Dianora's truth:—
Gilberto and Ansaldo, let your youth
Be knit in friendship, and a sweet content
With gen'rous honour in your lives be blent.
And since he has resign'd his claim, 'tis fit
Ansaldo of his debt to me I quit.
And now I take my leave; for I must go
To Realms, of which ye mortals nothing know.
Nor shall you any more my Garden view;
The Vision is dissolved like morning dew.
But since I fly at pleasure through the air,
And take unnumber'd Beings to my care,
I often hither shall my progress bend,
And as I see your merits, will befriend."
He said, and vanish'd. For his hearers, they
Sat bosom'd in discourse, until the close of day.
Parting, we trust, with resolutions cast
In virtue's mould, and meant for life to last.

LAUNCELOT WIDGE.

BY CHARLES HOOTON, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "COLIN CLINK," "BILBERRY THURLAND," &c.

Chapter the Fortieth.

IN WHICH MR. SANDHILL AND MR. HOLLIS ARE INTERRUPTED BY LAUNCELOT WIDGE BRINGING HIS NEWS.

"On maturely considering the question in all its bearings," observed Mr. Sandhill to his young friend Mr. Hollis, after the latter had communicated to him such information respecting Saul and Thoroton, as Mr. Launcelot Widge had, at the interview recorded in a former chapter, supplied; "after weighing it point by point, and comparing one thing with another, I am decidedly of opinion that a more timely and fortunate circumstance could scarcely have been expected, than is this proposed portrait, by you, of the very man we now most wish to see. For the information given by this Mr. Widge, most effectually settles any question that might have arisen as to the identity of Saul with the man whom I overheard utter such strange language to Mr. Thoroton. He is the same person, beyond doubt. Though, even if any such doubt could have existed, it would have been set aside by the additional fact that Mr. Thoroton was himself the very individual through whom the proposition for the portrait was made. And though I would by all means have you accept the commission for the picture, as affording an excellent introduction, and ample opportunity also for correct observation, I yet half suspect that some sinister design *may* be disguised beneath this plausible pretext. Those two individuals plainly have been—if they are not now—banded together in some illegal and unholy combination, for purposes which shun the light of day, and the face of honesty. I *know* one of them to be a designing, plotting, and ambitious man; ambitious, at least, of those distinctions,—such as worldly rank and pecuniary abundance,—which, when put in juxta-position with principle, with honour and honesty, a well-regulated mind would treat with aversion and contempt. The other, I can readily suppose to be of a similar stamp. Together, our more simple human natures can have no faith against whatever, of which man is capable, they might not attempt to do. Still, the power of the laws is so vastly great and comprehensive in this country, that, though we lose our confidence in men as individuals, we feel secure against great excesses in the almost certainty of detection, and the terrors of legal retribution."

At this moment a tap was heard at the door of the room,—which was an apartment of Mr. Hollis's house,—and a servant entered, and presented a card to the last-named gentleman. He glanced his eye over it, and, turning to Mr. Sandhill, said,—

"Mr. Launcelot Widge. The very young fellow I have been speaking to you about. Shall he be asked up?"

"Oh, by all means!" replied the barrister; "I should like to see him."

"Ask Mr. Widge up stairs," said Hollis, and the servant disappeared. Scarcely a minute elapsed before Launcelot entered the apartment; and was formally introduced by Mr. Hollis to his friend and adviser, Mr. Sandhill.

It must here be confessed that, when properly *tooled* at his toilette, Mr. Launcelot made a much better figure as a man, than he did as an artist. He was tall and well-formed, by no means ill-featured, and lacked not at all in that very essential commodity, personal assurance. When dressed, his perfect self-complacency became remarkable. But then he really did *look* well, and thus carried his excuse upon his own exterior. Like most other great men, he appeared greatest when seen through the mist outside; but lessened materially on closer acquaintance. On the occasion in question, however, Launcelot exerted all his efforts to appear as gentlemanlike as he possibly could.

"I should have made you a call before now, Mr. Hollis," said Widge, as he took his seat; "only circumstances beyond my own control prevented me, as they do many gentlemen besides me. But now I am come, I've brought you some great news."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Hollis, "I shall be happy to hear it, especially if it be to your own advantage."

"No, no," rejoined Launcy, "I'm born to bad luck, and a wooden spoon in a porringer. It is all about yourself; for, in fact, I have come on purpose to tell you that you are likely to be a baronet, or a lord, or something of that sort, with a large estate, before long."

Mr. Sandhill, who sat with his elbow resting upon an arm of his chair, and his chin slightly bearing between the forefinger and tip of the thumb, suddenly darted his eyes horizontally upon the speaker, and kept them fixed in that direction, but made no other sign that he particularly regarded what was said.

"I suppose I may speak before your friend?" asked Launcy, in a lower tone.

"Oh, yes, most certainly! He is the very gentleman before whom I would wish you to say any thing and every thing that concerns me."

"Thank you—quite right," observed Widge, in his usual lively manner; "then just listen attentively, please, because the lady who let it all out told my pa that it was of first-rate importance."

And here Mr. Widge, junior, gave, without a single interruption from either of his auditors, a circumstantial, and, in many cases, literally verbal report of all with which the reader was made acquainted in the last preceding chapter.

"Do favour us, sir," observed Mr. Sandhill, calmly addressing Launcelot; "with a repetition of the last commands which this lady is said to have given."

"With pleasure, sir," he replied. "As nearly as I and pa can recollect, she said, 'Tell him, on the authority of a lady who knows more than she dares make known, and who had him in her arms soon after he was born, that his life is in danger from two persons that he thinks friends. Tell him they want the artist and not the picture, and he must be careful in crossing the Thames, because them wherries are dangerous.' And, lastly, she said, 'Tell him there is one behind the scenes,' I suppose she

meant herself, in course; 'who will learn all she can, and clear up the mystery of his birth, and restore him to his title, his own, and the lady his mother.'"

Though, throughout this relation, Mr. Hollis had observed a profound silence, it had not passed the observant eye of the attorney, that his emotions had been gradually rising into strength—a fact, intimated to the ear, also, by occasional spasmodic catchings of the breath, the sure prelude to that silent gathering in the deep recesses of the heart and brain, which eventually terminates in open sorrow. When the strange narrative was concluded, the eyes of Mr. Sandhill and of Mr. Hollis met, and were fixed an instant or two upon each other. It was more than, in his then state of feeling, the latter gentleman could bear. He burst into a flood of tears. This incident was so little understood, and so strikingly unexpected by Mr. Launcelot Widge, that he seemed, for some moments, to be absolutely petrified on the spot.

"Come, come, Mr. Hollis," said the attorney, rising, "you had better retire a few minutes. Mr. Widge, excuse us a short time." And he led Hollis from the room, as Launcy found just tongue enough to exclaim,

"Certainly, sir, with the greatest ——" But there he stopped short, as he suddenly reflected that to say, "with the greatest pleasure," would be to infer very plainly no less than that he was glad to get rid of them. At the same instant, the door closed again, and Mr. Widge was left to contemplate, as he mentally expressed it, "the great hole he had so very nearly made in his manners." And, indeed, so he had; since it may here be said, for the especial benefit of all assuming and ignorant people, that when "good manners" are put on only like a Sunday suit, instead of being worn generally, they are in almost inevitable danger of being spoiled. Just by the same rule—which every body must have remarked to be pretty universal amongst certain classes of society—that the best and most carefully regarded garments are sure to get more soiled than if they had been "one's every-day things." The philosophy of this perverseness in nature may be too profound to be thoroughly investigated, but the accuracy of the results will not admit of a question.

"Mr. Sandhill," said Hollis, as the two entered another apartment, "I feel literally overcome with this strange accumulation of unaccountable events—it seems almost more than merely natural."

"Not at all—not in the least so! Only under your present necessarily excited state of mind, you feel prone to entertain superstitious feelings and imagine agencies which have but, at best, a doubtful existence. Besides, to yield thus, at the remote prospect of a *dénouement* which may never come, is very contrary to the ordinary philosophy of men, who, under circumstances similar to yours, would, in general launch out into the opposite extravagance, and create a world of delight, without knowing whether or not they had air to swing it in when created. These things are odd enough, to be sure, but nothing more."

"Does not the singular statement we have just heard alter your opinion, sir, as to the course to be pursued?"

"If it be true—perhaps so;—very possibly. But inquiry is necessary, and we must take time to consider. Dismiss the subject from your mind as much as possible for the present, and pray endeavour to calm yourself. I will leave you for a short period and return to Mr. Widge,

since there are a few questions which I am desirous of putting to him. What an owl in parrot's feathers the creature is!"

And Mr. Sandhill and Launcelot were soon again seated together.

"And so, Mr. Widge," began the attorney, "some unknown lady related this gipsy's fortune-telling tale to your respectable father?"

"Yes, sir,—but I did not hear him say she looked like a gipsy."

"Why no—probably not; but it would not be the only instance on record in which appearances very much deceive. What, now, is your own impression of the story—do you see any particular meaning it?"

"I flatter myself I see a good deal in it," answered Launcy; "for any one man can see as far into a stone wall as any other."

"Indisputably. But as your opinion might materially help to enlighten us, I should feel flattered by its communication. What may you consider are its allusions?"

"Well, sir," replied Launcelot, "though I say I can see a good deal in it, yet it is a good deal of that sort which I don't know exactly how to explain. I fancy this lady in the background, though she is a good deal in deep shadow, knows, as she says, a good deal more than—than—she says she does. But the main point is, those two men that threaten Mr. Hollis's life. Now when I come to consider, sir, that old Turkey Rhu—I mean Saul le Blanc, has given him a commission for a picture, when we know that he lives on the other side the river, that *she* says they want the painter and not the picture, and warns him not to cross the water, when we come to consider—a—I know what I want to say, but I can't hit on the right words, somehow."

"Ay—yes—but I understand you. It is your opinion that Saul is one of those two persons."

"Exactly! You've hit the right nail on the head in a moment. I believe he is one of them; for I know him to be an old rascal; but who the other is, unless it be his daughter, I cannot tell."

"He has a daughter, then?"

"To be sure he has, and a fine woman she is—just the one I should like for a model, but she's as proud as Lucifer; and when she sat to me for her portrait, was covered almost up to her chin. I ventured to hint in a delicate way how many fashionable and high ladies—at least who consider themselves so—like to have *their* portraits painted; but she bridled up like a tiger, her olive complexion flushed like summer on a russet apple, and I felt half annihilated by the glance of her eyes. So I sharply hid myself behind my canvass, and fiddled away at my background. I heard her get up and sweep off like the rush of a wind; and my sittings were for ever finished, though the picture was not. But 'pon my honour, it was the finest bit of study of a woman that I ever saw—it was worth any thing."

Mr. Sandhill smiled, as he again asked,

"Then your father knows neither this strange lady's name, nor her address, nor, in short, any thing whatever of her personally?"

"Nothing at all," answered Launcelot; "no more than he knows what is at the bottom of the Thames."

"Does his description of her at all meet your ideas of Saul's daughter, whom you have just been speaking about?"

"Ah! now you mention it, I think it does. He said she was a fine

figure, and so *she* is. But then, that don't amount to much, for the same may be said of thousands besides."

"Then you think this lady cannot be the same?"

"Very unlikely—very. Madam Agatha lives with her father; she is all the world in his eyes; he dotes upon her more than on his own life; and she regards him much in the same manner. I know this, because I have been with them often, and seen it. In fact, I never knew father and daughter more attached. It seems to me, then, that if Saul *is* the man who meditates this mischief, Agatha is the last person in the world to warn any body against him. From what that lady said to pa, it might bring him to the gallows. But I am sure, sir, if you had seen as much of Madam Agatha as I have, you would say she has spirit enough much sooner to kill herself than be the death of her father. The last sitting business would have settled that point, to any man's satisfaction."

Mr. Sandhill appeared lost in thought during a few moments, and then added, as he gently rose from his chair,

"I thank you, Mr. Widge, in the name of Mr. Hollis, for your excessive kindness. Every attention shall be paid to your information which it deserves; and—perhaps in case of any further little service being required, you would not think it too much trouble—"

"Oh! don't mention it—no trouble at all, sir—a pleasure—a decided pleasure," said Launcy.

"If we drop you a line at any time—"

"Quite enough, sir; you will find me ready."

Mr. Sandhill rang the bell, and bowed Mr. Launcelot Widge out of the room. He then returned to Mr. Hollis. A long conversation ensued between them, concerning this most material change in the aspect of affairs; for, whatever might have been Mr. Sandhill's manner of treating the subject before Launcelot, both he, and the young man so deeply interested in this discovery, felt more seriously impressed with the vast importance of this new and extraordinary, as well as unexpected, evidence, than either, at that moment, deemed proper to make known before the messenger who brought it.

Launcelot himself, however, was not half so well satisfied. According to the code of politeness which he had studied, he had been treated remarkably ill; and, no sooner had he reached the street, than he vented a low imprecation upon "their shabbiness;" called a cab, with an expression of severity that awed the driver, and returned furiously home, impatient to declare to his wife how "they had not even had the decency to ask him to a glass of wine, much more to a champagne supper, which was the least he had expected;" and to express his firm conviction, that at the moment people began to fancy they had a chance of rising in the world, they forgot all decency, and did not care how they behaved to the very best friends they had.

"But this I can tell my lord," concluded Launcy, "whether he is going to be a nobleman or a plain knight, I consider myself quite as good as him, if not a trifle or two better. No man shall keep his corks undrawn against me, with impunity; and 'specially in a case like this. If they send twenty notes, Mealy, I'm determined I'll never go again. But that is how it always is. Do but run after people about their own business, and I'll bet ten to one against their thanking you for your trouble. Perhaps they may in words, because words cost nothing. But

if you have to wait for a glass or two of wine till they invite you, you may stand till you crumble into dust, and get blown away by the next wind as whistles round the corner."

Chapter the Forty-first.

Mr. Thoroton grows thoughtful, and discourses with his wife upon an unexpected and curious subject—a catastrophe.

We must now beg the reader to accompany us, for a short time, to the house on the right of the Hampstead-road, occupied by Walter Thoroton.

Dirty, desolate, and dreary, its exterior exhibited all those marks of neglect and abandonment, which almost always bespeak a house long untenanted, almost unowned, and as though destined never to be tenanted again. It looked as looks the web of some solitary spider, spun long ago, in a sunny hour of happiness, and industry, and hope, but now buried in dust, and borne down by the weight of its own impending ruin. Yet the scanty and thin smoke which now and then arose from its chimney-stacks, seemed to say, though faintly and sadly, that life was still to be found within its walls, although the happiest of the household gods had long since departed from its hearthstones.

And truly, life—human life—that little gulf into which are poured so many streams of susceptibility, and suffering, and pain, *was* there, though it was life that too well agreed with the fallen and disastrous character of all outside. Within those walls dwelt heartlessness, stony heartlessness, and hypocrisy, in their most painful of all shapes, that of a woman and a sister. And there also cowered, in the form of man, burning but disappointed ambition, pride, hatred, and resentment.

It was night, or nearly so. The shadow of darkness had descended deeply, though not yet darkness itself. A thick sleety rain pattered sharply against the windows, trickled down the panes like tears, and found its way through at the bottom of the casements, where it stood in little pools of cold and dirty water. Still, sufficient light was left by which the eye, accustomed to it, might have discerned a man, Mr. Walter Thoroton, sitting gloomily before a warm but blazeless fire, silent and motionless as the furniture that surrounded him. Near him also sat Mrs. Clarice Thoroton, his wife; and, by her whole expression of equally downcast feelings, plainly betraying the mute unhappiness which comes of deeds done that will not bear being thought upon; of actions without virtue, and a present state of doubt and irresolution, unenlivened save by the last red evening glimmer of that hope which is hastening to its final extinction.

They had recently heard, by some means which it is not now worth our while to inquire into, that the information obtained by the Lady Lavinia respecting her son, daily tended to strengthen and confirm the impression that he was still alive, and would certainly prove eventually to be the individual they had previously been led to suppose; while the total neglect of that lady, for a long time past, to pay her accustomed visits, or even to accept their direct invitations, clearly showed that the gulf had now begun to open which should henceforth stand between them, an impassable pit of separation. Ruin was upon them, and the

great chance of redemption for which they had cast so much of wealth and character into the lottery of crime, was about to prove a total blank. Here indeed was more than enough for moody silence and sad thinking; though even this was not all that disturbed the uneasy breast of Mr. Thoroton, for, notwithstanding his resolute and haughty general character, times were when, in spite of himself, his spirits flagged, his heart failed of its desperate determinations, and his mind became so overborne by melancholy presentiments, that the future presented to his contemplation only shadowy visions of misery,—of successless battling against adverse and predetermined fates,—of struggles ending only in the vanity of their own labour,—of progressive sinkings from stage to stage in the scale of social life, until alone the death of destitution loomed horribly upon the dark horizon, to close this terrifying scene.

After the passion and excitement, which led to the events consequent upon his last interview with Saul, had subsided, and left leisure for calmer thinking,—sentiments similar to those above described very frequently came unbidden into his mind, and, refusing to be driven easily away, made his life miserable, and his conduct gloomy and strange. Such was the case on the night, and at the time of which we are speaking.

"What *are* you thinking about, Thoroton?" said Clarice. "Always silent, always melancholy;—with not a word to exchange with me upon any subject! My life becomes miserable to me—"

"And so does mine to me, Heaven knows!" exclaimed he, interrupting her.

"But why so? Why not at once determine upon some plain course, and pursue it, so as to free us from this unbroken anxiety and continual fear?"

"You ask me what it is I am thinking about. I will tell you, if you wish to know;—if not I can keep my thoughts in their own pit,—in the living hell where they are hatched."

"This is strange talk, Walter, and unfit to be used before me. What is it that so distresses you?"

"I was thinking, Clarice, and the thought has frequently recurred to me of late, that there are—that is, there *may be*, certain conditions upon which a feeling and thinking man might naturally and excusably consider his life not worth retaining any longer. To men in general, life upon any terms is valuable; it is every thing. They regard death as an enemy, and would rather wade through any amount of common misery, than surrender themselves voluntarily to the custody of that universal gaoler who, to-day or to-morrow, this year or the year after, is sure to shut them within his walls. But, for myself, I confess I do not look upon these matters in that light. So far from being an enemy, death is our best friend in extreme distresses;—a ready escape from poverty and disgrace, the very contemplation of which is frightful."

"But why occupy your mind with such wretched as well as evil contemplations? Our poverty can surely never become so great, nor our fall so low."

"Poverty is altogether comparative," said Thoroton, interrupting her, "and is to be measured only according to habits and ideas. While the endurances attending it are keen, or otherwise, in proportion to the mind and the sensibility we bring to them. Practically, it is a very false

philosophy which presumes that what millions bear, any man may be brought to bear in like manner. Harsh custom and deadened faculties, —habitually debased sensibilities, and minds that harbour scarcely one thought above the means of gratifying the brute ;—these indeed reconcile men to any thing, so it be but life, rather than to that lasting release which is only to be had without life. But to change the habit of comfort into want,—a previous existence of respectability into degradation, —to harrow one's sensitive nature amidst the unavoidable associations of vice, and bring down an educated and susceptible mind to commingle with the coarsest, the most vulgar, the very demons of humanity,—to be bodily and mentally amongst them, with them, a part of them,—and to say that such a life to such a man is worth retaining! Faugh! I would not have it for an immortality. No, Clarice. Every kind of possession may be held upon too high a tenure, and life is but a brief possession at best."

"This is a melancholy subject, and I do not see what end is to be attained by discussing it," remarked Mrs. Thoroton ; "but you appear to think only of the present and nothing of the future."

"You mistake me," said Thoroton. "I think much of the future. I was only saying that mere life itself may become worth nothing even in this world; but the future—the future may be every thing. Indeed, take the world of suffering through and you shall find that. *There's* the respect that makes calamity of so long a life. Even with him who commits suicide, it is not because he clings to life, but because he avoids the future that makes him live as long as he does."

"And is not that a proof of criminality, that natural distrust of the future ?"

"It is a proof of doubt, of mental uncertainty, and that such a man worships an 'Unknown God.' Nothing more. And yet such a man it has now become the fashion to call a coward. As though he, who has the courage to meet his own death—to foresee it, to study it, to achieve it, has not courage to meet a far less important thing. Is a man a coward because of two evils he does not choose that which to him appears the greatest ? That would indeed be to admit a most monstrous misapplication of terms, for cowardice, surely, is never more shown than in suffering perpetually, while the certainty of escape is before us, if we dare the attempt. But the fact is, I presume such a man to institute a comparison between the unconquerable miseries of his life, and that life itself. He finds the former materially preponderates, and accordingly gives up the latter. He treats the question only as a balance of evils—the sufferings of life against annihilation. Now, every paltry witling who cannot display his courage in any other manner, fancies he can show it by denouncing suicide. Such a fellow—and there are thousands of the same breed, would rather live the life of a worm, than cut off twenty days of his natural existence."

"But, surely, that man is a coward who runs away from the evils of time by rushing into eternity?"

"No more of a coward than is any other man who seeks to avoid all the evil and misery he can. This is what every body does every day of their lives ; yet the popular philosophy, which is ever framed to flatter its own advocates, never considers this as cowardice."

"Such a man shows that he dare not encounter the prospective difficulties of life, and has not heart to sustain such as already press upon him."

"An ungenerous and gratuitous assumption altogether. Say he *will* not encounter those difficulties, not that he 'dares' not; since he dares to meet whatever is universally held to be a much more fearful thing. You may impugn the soundness of his conclusions, but to impeach his courage, is ridiculous."

"Are we not taught to believe that, in order to avoid a lesser danger, he throws himself upon a greater?"

"If so," replied Thoroton, "your belief involves a direct contradiction. First, it is admitted that he dares not face his difficulties, and consequently is a coward; and then it is again admitted that of two dangers he chooses the most perilous, which is an act the very opposite of cowardice. He can be no coward, who volunteers death in any shape, and the application of such a term in such a case, is only made by the superficial and weak. It cannot be upon slight and frivolous considerations that a sane individual should throw away his existence. And if suicide required only a given amount of cowardice in order to its accomplishment, I have such an opinion of mankind in general as to believe—did no other motives restrain them—that the act would soon become prodigiously common. And in a country like this, where the difficulties of living out of misery are, to thousands, insuperable, would it become the more especially so."

"But great a sin as suicide is against God, is it not also considered a crime against the laws?"

"It is," answered Mr. Thoroton; "and most absurdly and ridiculously so. In general, no body can value a man's life at a higher rate than he values it at himself. Few are the instances, indeed, in which any body else estimates it as highly. But *for himself*, I think we may admit that a man better knows the value of it, than any other person can know it for him. Now, if an individual be in a sane state of mind, and should by circumstances and reflection be brought to the conclusion, that his life—having ceased to yield either profit or pleasure sufficient to balance its sufferings and evils—is no longer answering the purposes of nature, and therefore had better be got rid of; what justice or policy is there in the law that steps before him and says he shall still continue in his purgatory, until, in the course of nature, like an acorn falling to the ground, he drops out of it? If, I say, he be in a sane condition, why propose to punish him? For though it is declared unlawful for a man to attempt to take away his own life, yet it is also declared lawful to take his life away from him. In other words, the law declares itself to have more power over a man's peculiar own, than he himself has. Thus sinking the protected in the protection, and making of man the most perfect slave that the human mind can conceive. For if a man's life be not peculiarly, especially, and essentially his own, what under heaven is? And, on the other hand, if an attempted suicide be considered *not* sane, what a monstrous piece of cruelty and legalised crime it is, to inflict punishment for an act of which the perpetrator is not cognisant? I know it may be alleged that an individual, as a member of society, has no right to deprive that society of his services. Perhaps he finds his services no longer either required by others, or conducive to the means of his own proper subsistence. He may happen to know, and feel, that the world can do quite as well without him, as he without the world, and in that case the objec-

tion amounts to nothing. Besides, when society rewards its unfortunate members so ill that any one of them is driven to the thoughts of suicide as the only refuge left him, obligations are mutually at an end, and the man must feel that he stands—as far as himself is concerned—entirely free and alone. All obligations must be essentially mutual, if they exist at all. Even gratitude itself ceases, when the object of it no longer appreciates the feeling. I think these matters lie altogether between God and a man's own self—not between man and his fellow-man."

"What can you mean by all this, Thoroton?"

"The moral of it, Clarice, is this.—Some men make their defences before they are charged with a crime, and some talk a great deal about what they never intend to perform; by precisely the same rule as others often *do* what they never even speak about."

"These are all enigmas to me," replied the lady.

"But time leaves few things unexplained, sooner or later," rejoined her husband, "and if a man can but remain fixed and steady in a foregone conclusion, he may defy misfortune to bring him much lower than he himself consents to go. We nourish, in general, too much pride; and thus the fluctuations of fortune become our masters. It is this feeling which makes the prospect of sinking into poverty and contempt so unendurable. Nothing that such a life has to offer, can make, to some men, the shadow of a compensation for the mortifications and mental anguish it inevitably entails. To be *looked at* by those who once bowed to us, to become a stranger in the eyes of our former acquaintance, to be made eternally to feel that—the wealth being gone—all consideration is fled, and the man himself sunk into a living nothing. These things, which the bitter, hollow world, invariably teaches the fallen, make many a man a villain, and precipitate many crimes. Who can foretell, for instance, what may yet become of *me?*—What I may not do, and what not be called upon to suffer?"

"And all for the want of one resolute and virtuous determination to abandon this desperate pursuit, now it has plainly become hopeless. For my own part, I can see no better plan than frankly to acknowledge the whole affair to my sister—to do our best towards making reparation for the past, and throw ourselves at once upon her mercy for forgiveness."

"Never, by Heaven!" exclaimed Thoroton, "I'll risk the gallows rather! That would, indeed, be adding folly and madness to——But, Clarice! what noise is that? There are people on the stairs, in the dark!"

And Mr. Thoroton sprang to his feet, with a peculiarity of action which betrayed some latent idea of defending himself. Defending himself against what, or whom? or why should he defend himself at all? Yet, thus unconsciously does the temper of the mind instantaneously diffuse itself over the body, making him who thinks evil, feel sudden fear; as they who read in loneliness and by night of spectres, start convulsively at every sound.

There was no light in the room, but that flashy, uncertain, and reddish one created by the fire; but it sufficed to display sufficiently clear to Mr. Thoroton's view, as the door was unceremoniously opened, the figures of four men; the two foremost of whom could readily be recognised as Mr. Sandhill and Mr. Hollis. Thoroton was about to address them, when a word or two passed between them and their companions; upon the utter-

ance of which, the latter advanced to the table on the other side of which Mr. Thoroton stood, and the words,

"Mr. Thoroton, you are our prisoner!" were distinctly heard.

"No!" he exclaimed, snatching open a drawer of the table before him, "I am no man's prisoner!"

At the same moment, a sharp click, and a loud report, succeeded, one the other, with the rapidity of lightning, and Mr. Thoroton's body fell ponderously upon the carpet. The philosophy of suicide was verified!

The scene that ensued may so easily be imagined, that it were needless to describe it farther, than simply by stating that Mrs. Thoroton shrieked once and loudly—one dire wail of human agony and fright—and fell beside her husband. The servants rushed in with lights, and in the midst of fright and confusion, the body of the unhappy Thoroton was raised from the floor. His pistol had taken effect upon the right side of the face, having fractured the jaw, torn the cheek to pieces, and laid bare the temples. The brain did not appear to be injured, but the right eye was irretrievably lost. He yet had life in him; and, by Mr. Sandhill's orders, was immediately carried down stairs, supported into a coach, and driven away direct to the nearest hospital.

"A dreadful and most unexpected catastrophe!" said the attorney to Mr. Hollis, as the sound of the carriage-wheels died along the street; "but what human foresight could have guarded against such an improbability, or who shall be blamed for not having anticipated an act resulting from either the most perverted reasoning or a temporary delirium?"

"It is truly horrible," replied Hollis, "and if it could but have been foreseen that the object in view was only to be gained by precipitating scenes of blood and terror like this, better, far better, would it have been that I should have remained unknown—lost in the obscurity wherein I have grown up from a child, to the last days of my existence! This will be frightful and bitter news to the Lady of Woodhouselee."

"Yet, my conscience," interrupted Mr. Sandhill, "acquits me of any crime in this matter—error, there may have been, for all men are liable to it at all times. But the course of proceeding which has been the immediate cause of this distressing occurrence, I designed upon mature consideration, and for the best of all purposes. This feigned arrest—for you know it *was* feigned—appeared likely to force that plain confession which was required, and which nothing else, perhaps, would have extorted; but suicide!—self sacrifice!—a man's own blood upon the floor of his own home!—What creature on earth, be his knowledge of human nature what it may, could for an instant have supposed it possible in a case like this?"

"It is very true," replied Hollis, "that, much as we know of human nature, much more remains inexplicable and unknown. Every man is conscious of the processes of his own mind and feelings—he knows by what strange inward courses he arrives at such and such conclusions; but when he attempts to apply the same principles in explanation of the conclusions and acts of other men, he often finds himself baffled and defeated. Individual natures differ so much, and the views which men take of things are regulated by such contrary and opposite processes of thought, coloured, doubtless, by the peculiar quality and kind of their respective knowledges—that though one man finds it imposssible rationally to account for the conclusions to which another may arrive, we are yet bound to believe that that other man no more lacked sufficient reasons of his own, than do we ourselves."

"That is sound reasoning, Mr. Hollis," replied the attorney, "and happy would it be for the liberal spirit of mankind, could all be brought to think of each other's motives with so much Christian charity and good feeling. Then would the ignorant odium which is now cast upon the decidedly (in one form or other) most miserable class of our fellow men, the class of suicides, be turned into pity and sorrow. I was almost about to say, that we ought to sit in sackcloth and ashes, lamenting that, by any means, whatever they be, such calamities should ever befal human beings like ourselves. But the iron-heartedness which, in such cases, rather inclines to punish than to pity, is worthy only of a demon whose delight increases with the greater depths of human misery. Lawyer as I am, Mr. Hollis, and necessarily, perhaps, too much warped in my individual views by my profession, I still think that the magistrate who can rudely insult the hopeless wretchedness of an attempted suicide—throw, coldly and devilishly, his insanity in his face, and tell him that he *is* sentenced to prison, and hopes he will afterwards suffer transportation, deserves—not merely to be dismissed from the bench, but—if the *moral law* could but take the place of the statute law, be himself subjected to sufferings and privations calculated to drive him to the positive and final commission of the same act!"

"The contemplations that crowd upon my mind, Mr. Sandhill," said Hollis, "are painful to an extreme. Let us talk no more upon this subject, and, above all things, let the event of to-night teach us to be less liberal of our own thoughts and proceedings, and more considerate of those of others. That man, Saul, has yet to be dealt with. Heaven grant that there may be no more blood—no desperation—no suicide—no murder! Shall we go to Bermondsey to-night?"

"I intended so doing; but after what has happened——"

"Better, perhaps, defer the visit."

"Well—n—no—no! I think not. It is yet early in the evening; Mr. Thoroton is as well disposed of as possible—his lady is much recovered from the shock she has received, and, perhaps, the earlier we can rid ourselves of this most painful business, the better."

"Be it as you please," answered Hollis, "though I think it very possible that if Mrs. Thoroton is in a condition to be conversed with, she is more likely, in her present state of feeling, to discover the truth, than at another time, when caution has resumed its control over her mind."

"Possibly—very possibly so. The suggestion is well-timed, and worthy of being acted upon. Suppose then, that *I* remain a short time with Mrs. Thoroton, and you proceed to Mr. Le Blanc's, alone? I think you will be better alone. You may see his daughter; and if she be the lady that Mr. Widge mentioned, your being unaccompanied will facilitate any communication she may feel inclined to make to you."

"Very well," answered the young artist, "I have no fear of his offering personal violence."

"You are legally empowered to defend yourself in such a case, and have the means in your hands of so doing. But I do not *now* anticipate anything of the kind. Tell him at once of the act which Mr. Thoroton has committed, and he will see that the conspiracy is at an end."

The two individuals who accompanied them were then dismissed. Mr. Sandhill remained to have an interview with Mrs. Thoroton, and Mr. Hollis proceeded in a coach to Bermondsey.

Chapter the Forty-second.

THE HISTORY OF AGATHA LE BLANC AND HER STUDENT LOVER—CHANGE—DESPAIR—AND CHANGE AGAIN.

Ever since that fatal hour when Agatha chanced to over-hear the horrifying and dreadful conversation which passed between Mr. Thoroton and her father respecting the future disposal of Mr. Hollis, her life had been but a continuance of mental agony and conflict. With the suddenness even of assassination itself, and with no less of its heart-horror and pain, she had unwittingly been led into the knowledge that her only surviving parent was, by his own avowal, capable of conniving at the violent death of a fellow creature, if not of perpetrating it with his own hand.

The effect which this discovery had upon her was almost indescribable. At once to find out that the father whom she reverenced with the most devoted affection might be a murderer, was indeed terrible.

That awful night she passed wholly in tears and prayer, upon her knees, rising only from her prostrate condition with the first beams of the morning sun, which, to her agitated religious spirit, seemed, as they fell through the casement of her room, the visible assurance of the Almighty that the darkness of sin should yet be swept away, and be superseded by the glory of virtue, and the light of justice and truth.

Agatha was a sincere and enthusiastic Catholic. Her God was, in very deed and truth, her God. The world never found footing to step between Him and her own soul, to supplant the infinite and eternal truth, or to divide with it the honours of possession. And yet, under the cloak of that religion had she, when innocently young, and unsuspecting, been made to suffer the deepest and most bitter degradation, the most total wreck of heart and hope, of which the lot of unfortunate woman, in this uncertain state, is susceptible. For less cause would thousands have forsaken their religion, and gone over to what might then have seemed to them a purer and a better faith. But the steadfastness and high intellect of Agatha saved her from the weakness of impeaching a mighty institution because of the old deadly defection of one of its members ; and she only became the more devout, as she found the hollowness and deception, the selfishness and baseness, of mere mortal natures.

"Hypocrisy and falsehood," she thought, "exist under all forms and in all places ; they ruin individuals, and darken to many souls the eternal heavens to which we look for everlasting salvation. But if human crimes, committed contrary to religion, though in the awful semblance of its sacred name, are to be pleaded as against religion itself, whither shall we fly for our dependence and security ? No ;—for though all that frail humanity touches is mingled with corruption and error—though falsehood takes the guise of truth, and wickedness clothes itself in the robe of goodness, yet Truth itself, high above mortal contagion, remains unspotted and all-pure ; and Goodness, unsullied by the vices of her pretended devotees, only sorrows over, but suffers no impeachment from the blind and daring depravity of man."

Such were Agatha's reflections upon that story of early sorrow and shame, which had wrought so much of ruin for herself that the world had become as a blank to her thenceforward to the end ; and a life of repent-

ance and atonement alone appeared to offer the way which she must seek for eternal pardon and salvation.

While Agatha le Blanc was yet scarcely more than sixteen, her personal beauty had become so remarkable as to attract almost general admiration. At that time she was residing in the house of a lady, of the same religious persuasion, situated within the manor of Woodhouselee, for the purposes of receiving her education; her father—who felt the deepest solicitude on that account—having placed Agatha under the care of Madame Crerar, whose ability and piety were well known some years before.

Madame Crerar was upon terms of strict friendship with Sir Stephen Woodhouselee and the Lady Lavinia, then recently married, and residing in the old house of the manor, where the hospitable forefathers of the race had lived and died in honour during the space of several hundred years. The offices of religious duty and friendship which mutually passed between Madame Crerar and her distinguished acquaintance afforded ample opportunities also for the formation of a friendship between the Lady Lavinia and Madame Crerar's beautiful young pupil, Agatha le Blanc. Indeed, the former was soon confessedly charmed at once with the person, the manners, and the wit of the pretty girl of sixteen, while the latter evinced in return for this amiable condescension, a degree of grateful devotion, as beautiful in its purity and strength as it was charming in its development.

To the manor-house of Woodhouselee Agatha was often invited;—a welcome guest beneath a roof which seldom heard aught but welcomes pass between its owners and all who presented themselves at the gate.

Amongst the frequent visitors who at that time enjoyed the friendship of the late Sir Stephen, was a young man named Forrest, the son of a wealthy neighbouring gentleman, who was then pursuing the studies necessary to fit him for the station to which apparently he was born, though without any immediate direction in the way of a particular profession. The young gentleman soon conceived an ardent and sincere attachment to Miss le Blanc, governed by the natural integrity of unsophisticated youth, and such a high sense of honour, as appeared to secure beyond the thought of impeachment, or the possibility of doubt, a happy termination.

Indeed, so little of the ordinary false and temporary passion of the young was observable in the respectful affection which Mr. Forrest displayed, so totally absent were all appearances of hypocrisy and deception in his conduct towards Agatha, that it was not without feelings of secret satisfaction that the Lady Lavinia herself observed the commencement and growth of a love which promised, for a girl in whom she felt considerable interest, a future life of competent ease and domestic happiness. At the same time, and in order to prevent the growth of a too-strongly rooted affection which, when too late for Agatha's peace of mind, might be met by insurmountable objections from Mr. Forrest's father, she caused Sir Stephen to communicate to that gentleman the fact that his son was forming the connexion of which we have spoken. Mr. Forrest was a man of comprehensive mind, and most liberal feeling. He heard the intelligence with seriousness and calmness, and then replied,—

"In matters of this kind, Sir Stephen, which both you and I know to be of the highest earthly importance to the parties immediately concerned,

I shall never attempt in any shape to control any children of mine. To advise them, is at once my duty and my highest pleasure: but to them alone, whose nature it is to act the spiritual as well as bodily tyrant, over their own flesh and blood, do I leave the exercise of that power which presumes to say aye, or no, to the disposal of the affections of the heart. Sir—these things are too deep, too immediately from Heaven and Heaven's hand-maid, Nature, to be slightly treated, or contradicted by us, from motives, whether of mere worldly interest or of individual dislike. Were I to consult the interest of the purse, rather than that of a thinking and feeling being, I might wish that my son had fixed his choice in some more distinguished and wealthy quarter: but to feel, as I do, that the heart, and not the pocket, goes first, is to know that such a wish would —if carried out—prove both sinful and mischievous; and ought, therefore, never to be entertained. Robert must please himself; and, in so doing, may he reap a good harvest of future and permanent satisfaction!"

The Lady Lavinia herself also mentioned the same subject, though with a bias of feeling evidently favourable to the young couple, to Madame Crerar. The latter received the news with an expression of consternation which, had it taken place before Agatha herself, might reasonably have led that young lady to suppose she was guilty of some indescribable crime. But, qualifying her feelings with certain prudent thoughts of her own position, she observed very cautiously,

"I think, my lady, it would be better that I knew nothing whatever about the matter. Let me be considered to remain in ignorance—altogether in ignorance of this affair. Miss Agatha was sent to me to be instructed in sound knowledge and accomplishments—not to be taught, madam, the art of love."

And Madame Crerar forced an artificial laugh at the matter, which she dared not meet in sober earnestness.

Thus supported, or, rather, not opposed, Robert Forrest and Agatha le Blanc became at length confirmed and devoted lovers. Together, they trod the same path by day, mingled their admiration of the same flowers, and wondered in the same extasy of thought at the countless glories of nature through the medium of the same faith. Apart, they gazed upon the same stars by night, watched the same moon in her course through the heavens, but found the extreme of happiness only in the reflection that, though their eyes met not those of each other, they were at the self-same moment fixed upon the same eternal object. Such was their love: and such is the natural language of love under all circumstances, and in every part of the habited world.

But the time at last arrived when Robert Forrest had to return to college and his studies. It was a hard trial, that parting: it cost many tears, and called forth many protestations on his part of affection unalterable, of love more powerful than death, and constancy as incapable of ruin as is the earth of wandering from its path amongst the spheres.

Agatha listened, wept, and believed. The oaths of all mankind could not have shaken her confidence, or forced the slightest doubt upon her trusting mind.

But mark what followed! And see how soon the bright palaces of hope and heart-truth are shattered!

At first he wrote to her, letters that were all delight—words of the

heart alone, which showed that a paradise on earth, nothing less, was opening before him. Months slipped by, and the letters became less frequent and more brief. The closeness of study hindered writing, though it wrought no change in him. But there *was* a change, and Agatha felt it, though without being able to describe to herself how and why. She was lost in the wilderness, and began to know that her feet were wandering amongst briers. She caught glimpses of the serpent gliding under her bed of roses. The bright vision was growing dim! And then twilight came over her little world; and in the midst of this darkness the thunder-clap came, and the bolt fell. It was this. Robert Forrest wrote to Agatha a long, very long, letter. It looked, on the face of it, more like a criminal's defence than a letter; and Agatha trembled and turned pale even as she opened it.

And then poor Agatha raised her eyes from this cruel paper, and with a long-drawn sob that spoke of a breaking heart, fell insensible where she stood It was in her own chamber, and no one heard the noise of her fall. When she came to herself again, she was sitting on the floor, accidentally supported by a couch. Her opening eyes fell upon that dreadful paper which lay spread out upon her lap. She faintly shrieked at the momentary sight of it; but she was disturbed by the voice of Madame Crerar.

"What! praying for the welfare of thy lover?" cried Madame Crerar.

"All souls need prayer, dear madam; but especially those that the Almighty wisdom permits to be afflicted with madness."

"What paper is this, my child, beside you?"

"Pray take it up, madam, for I shall never touch it more, and read it —*read it*. If it is my crime to have loved, I have committed my crime openly and honestly, in the face of day, and without need to blush."

Madame Crerar made no reply to this singular avowal, followed by a no less singular question; for she appeared too intently engaged upon the perusal of the letter, to heed particularly the words which she heard. At length her hands dropped before her, and, with an expression of great sadness and pity, she observed,

"My poor Agatha! this is very cruel, very; and as blind and fanatical as it is cruel. But you must bear up with a stout heart, and strive to be rather thankful than grieve that your future life has escaped the clog and fetter of such a pitiable blockhead. You see by this, my dear, that a young man may spend his life at college and amongst books, and yet never learn the evident truth, that what is personally and morally wrong, cannot be religiously right. A position so evident to us more simple-minded, that we should as soon think of stealing in the name of honesty, or punishing the innocent under the guise of justice, as of associating things so fearfully contradictory to each other."

Agatha felt the force and truth of these remarks, but without deriving comfort from them. Her heart was in no condition to receive such opiates. It was too much and suddenly crushed to admit of instantaneous relief from even the best of mental medicine; and mere truth and fact constitute but an indifferent balm for the wounded and lacerated bosom. High spirited and morally courageous, she would not let the world see all that she inly suffered—at times she appeared even to play with the very subject and occasion of her sorrow, as if purposely to show to those about her, that

she was above the most unworthy treatment she had received, and too high a nature to seek support from pity.

The place where she was, Woodhouselee, and all its beautiful scenery, became desolate and painful to her. Not even the comforts and elegancies of the hospitable manor-house, whither she was invited, nor the delicate kindnesses of its worthy occupants, could palliate materially the effects of that poisoned arrow which had penetrated to her very soul. And eventually, at her own earnest wish, she was removed back to her father's house.

The infatuation which had seized Mr. Forrest was in no wise abated by any feelings of compunction or regret. And as the modern toleration of the religion he professed had of late years stimulated the erection of a new monastery at not more than two miles distance from Woodhouselee, Forrest shortly afterwards joined the fraternity that inhabited it; and thus appeared, as it were, to place the black seal to that covenant of wrong which he had written against Agatha le Blanc.

Revocation was now surely rendered impossible: the wild and unjust enthusiast had cast the world behind him, and, on the wings of superstition, steered his imagined flight for heaven.

But the Eternal Ruler of that heaven decreed things otherwise; and saw that it was good to punish the evil-doer—the venomous destroyer of another's peace. And what punishment more just than that which, in those retreats of solitude and holiness befel him? Or what device of man, what human power could have punished him so bitterly as did outraged Nature, for the wounds he had inflicted in the heart of one of her most innocent and beautiful children?

Hurried away by his fanaticism, Forrest had never even conceived the possibility of a return of his passion, or a slackening of the current which had swept him into that habitation of oblivion, where he had vowed to remain until he should pass to another state of existence. But ere no long time had elapsed, return that passion did, with redoubled ardour; though now converted into the exquisite pain that comes of sensibility without hope. The gloomy shadows of the monastery, which before had inspired—or at least helped to sustain—feelings of religious solemnity and holy calm, now grew forbidding and dreadful. Remorse avoids silence and darkness, which, by favouring reflection, can but enhance its horrors. That once peaceful temple of the enthusiastic mind, now assumed the aspect and sullen dreariness of a dungeon. The services of religion became distasteful and like a mockery to him; he even felt it as a sin additional to continue in the forms and appearances after the spirit had so materially departed.

This wild internal conflict, confined wholly to its own fires, soon wrought so violent a change in the appearance of Father Forrest, that any persons less accustomed to witness the gradual alteration than were his religious brethren, would scarcely, if at all, have recognised him again. Upon their perceptions it fell not suddenly, though still with sufficient force to excite alarm. He, however, determined to keep secret the real cause of his decline, and yet not utter open falsehood, in answer to all the inquiries made, and questions put to him; he replied only, that he was sorely tempted of the Evil One, who perverted his thoughts, and endeavoured to fill him with unholy fears. Religious horror ran through the community, when these words were uttered. Fasts, and mortifications, and continual prayers were enjoined, and duly observed. But the share which Father Forrest himself took in those observances, only added the weaknesses and sufferings of a tormented body to the already too weighty maladies of

the heart and mind. His afflictions increased with the progress of the spiritual remedies resorted to for their amelioration; until Father Forrest discovered, beyond human doubt, that a speedy death alone remained for him within those walls. And what, if he were to leave them?—to abjure his vow, and renounce his religion? What a return to the world of mere pleasure and sin would not that be!—and to what idle and pointless purpose! And yet, again, since he felt it spiritually impossible for him to continue in truth and faithfulness as he then was, and, therefore, in spirit that he was cast out; since he found that he had been misled by a delusive, false zeal, instead of a faith that endureth all things, why make the matter worse by dying a hypocrite, and, as it were, hiding the punishment for his former sin in a monastic grave? Were not the fires that now burned within him almost the point of death, the plain voice of eternal justice, commanding him to depart from a place for which he was unfitted; and return to the world to make atonement to the living, for the miseries he had inflicted? If so, why should he attempt to close his ear against a voice that *will* be obeyed?

Such were a few of the thoughts and broken sentiments which poured, like a flood, upon the mind of Father Forrest, as he lay one evening alone, and sleepless, in his cell.

On the following day, Father Forrest was missing. Every search was made for him, to no effect. Nor could it be discovered how he had made his escape. Hence some of the more pious of the order secretly came to the conclusion that, for some deadly and unexpiated sin, the demon, of whom he had previously complained, must have been permitted finally to carry him off, body and soul.

Chapter the Forty-Third.

Mr. Philip Golightly—A friend in need—Plotting, and its reward.

And whither did Father Forrest go?

Singular as it may appear, cases not unfrequently arise, amidst the complications of human affairs, in which a man prefers to trust an ordinary friend, or common acquaintance, rather than individuals the most nearly related to him, and whose ties are endeared at once by affection and by blood. Thus Father Forrest, instead of flying to the paternal roof as a place of refuge, and seeking his father's counsel in the present extremity, directed his footsteps through the darkness of night towards the residence of a former schoolfellow, Philip Golightly; but who now, in consequence of the premature death of his father, was converted into a country squire, with a large estate, and horses and dogs sufficient to establish an island colony.

Mr. Golightly was a perfect specimen of that peculiar kind of genius and taste which, amongst the annalists of "the turf," of hunting and racing, and fishing, and gunning, inevitably constitute an undoubted hero. Heroism of this, as well as of many other kinds, however, can exist only with money. Hence, the question naturally arises, is the man or the money the true object of the "hero-worship" of country sportsmen, jockies, trainers, and the various human dependents whose existences hang upon the prosperity of stables? Certain it is, that Mr. Golightly was, when combined with his wealth, his horses, his hounds, a good fox, and a first-rate dinner, a hero of no contemptible water.

It was past midnight, and Mr. Golightly was still at the table carousing with a party of his field friends after a steeple-chase, when the strange

apparition of Father Forrest's skeleton figure presented itself at the door of the mansion.

It so happened that in times of old a monastery had stood in a quiet wooded dell within the boundary of Mr. Golightly's estate, and an idle tradition existed amongst the people of the neighbourhood, that occasionally, about midnight, might be seen the dim appearance of a monk traversing the wide fields or skulking about the dark corners of the family residence. In perfect ignorance of all this, Father Forrest knocked at the door pretty loudly. It was opened by a tall man-servant, a fellow whom nature appeared to have especially jointed and screwed together for the due performance of the motions of his office, but who no sooner caught sight of the horrible spectacle of a hood and gown, than he uttered a cry of terror, and ran away shouting, "Oh, the monk, the monk!" Fright spreads faster than flood, fire, or contagion; and, consequently, some half-dozen female voices in the kitchen soon joined that of the hero of the hall, and together produced such a loud and unexpected concert, that the sporting gentlemen in the dining-room jumped suddenly up from their seats. Mr. Golightly rushed out, and the first human object that met his sight was Father Forrest, who, sure of a welcome, had shut the door when the servant took to flight, and advanced in search of the master. Golightly fell into an attitude of momentary fear arising from the unexpected character of the visitor, and uttered a loud exclamation of—

"*Who* are you?"

"Your old schoolfellow, Robert Forrest," said the monk, smiling grimly as he put off his cowl. "I want your protection, and have come to ask it."

"Robert Forrest! Ah, and sure enough it is! Why, man, what a spectacle have you made of yourself. You are all skin and bone, gown and grief. But how came you out? What *has* brought you here at this time of night?"

"You shall know all in good time," observed Forrest, meekly; "but, at present, I most need rest and nourishment."

"To be sure!" Golightly exclaimed, "that is the most sensible thing, I'll swear, you've said ever since you buried yourself in that——But I mustn't say so, I suppose. Why, to tell the truth, you look more like a wolf on his hind legs, after six months' frost, than a true Christian being. Ah! I see you've been fretting about Agatha le Blanc—pooh, pooh—why she was *a poor* girl, wasn't she? And if you did put her feelings about a little, you know all women are like that,—one can't have any thing to do with 'em without that. I never knew a gentleman make a trouble about such a thing in my life before."

So easily may the finest good-nature be smothered beneath the rubbish of fashion, and the polite atrocity of ignorance garnished with wealth.

"And if Agatha were *poor*," replied Forrest, in a gloomy, yet indignant tone; "her poverty in the world ought to have been, so far as I was concerned, the greatest protection of herself. Yet you gentlemen make poverty an excuse for your impudence, and the want of money a plea for your violations of propriety—Philip! And yet you would have me comfort myself with philosophy like that! I know better, my friend; and there is, to-night, at least one man beneath your roof, who looks on poverty and innocence as (if there *can* be any distinction) more sacred, than that wealth and innocence which would not suffer utter wreck, even if converted into wealth and vice. But I know you do not think as I do."

Golightly stood and mused, as though something had been said which he did not exactly comprehend; and yet the truth of which loomed certainly, though dimly, before his mental vision.

"We will not argue that matter now," at length he said, "I'm no hand at that sort of thing. Just leave it all till another time, and make yourself as comfortable as you can at present."

Forrest spoke no more upon the subject that night; and, notwithstanding the most pressing intreaties of his friend, refused again to join the blithesome company below; men whose heads and hearts were, as he thought, alike free from care, because their pockets were full, and their sympathies confined solely to themselves. He partook of Golightly's hospitable supper, and shortly afterwards retired to rest. To rest, but not to sleep. Innumerable confused images flitted amidst the air of that imaginative world, whose scenes are thrown open to the busy brain when the eyelids are shut, and the soul holds unhappy antipathy with sleep. Horrible cowled heads, mingled with visionary gleams of angel women, and frowning yet pitying saints, made up the multitudinous spectres that crowded close upon him, and seemed as though they would terrify and oppress him out of existence.

Thus passed the night with Father Forrest, the apostate. The morrow's dawn seemed as though it would never come. But though so long in arriving, come it did at last. And to him most gladly. Other beings might hail it as a return to living joy and gladness; but to him it was a mighty deliverance from spiritual horrors, too great to be long endured.

Forrest remained at Mr. Golightly's some considerable time. What changes of mind, what variations of sentiment, passed within him, and from what causes, during that period, it would be long to tell. And our story is not so much of him, as of the unfortunate, and yet perilled, Agatha le Blanc.

Let the result suffice us, without inquiring whether he was led to evil by his friend Philip Golightly, or by his own evil passions, or by both in conjunction. That the latter was the fact, would appear most probable: however that be, no doubt exists but that a plot was formed, by means of which Agatha was to be forcibly carried off, and subsequently either frightened or persuaded into a marriage with him. A sudden conclusion this, from so long a beginning; and yet only another sad step towards a terrible finality.

The consummation was thus brought about.

After Agatha's partial recovery from the dreadful shock her sensitive and fine nature had sustained, an invitation, couched in the kindest terms, was transmitted to her father Saul's house, requesting her to pass a month or two at Woodhouselee; in the hope that the kindnesses of friendship, and the enjoyments of country life, would materially assist in the restoration of the health which she had lost in so deplorable a manner. Agatha accepted it, and fixed, in a letter to the Lady Lavinia, the particular day on which she would avail herself of the proffered hospitality.

That fact became known to Mr. Golightly, and through him to Robert Forrest. Together, they determined to make use of the opportunity that would probably be thus offered, to effect the object previously determined upon.

In those days, if people travelled at all, they travelled by common stage coaches after the now by-gone fashion—that is, people who could not keep a carriage of their own. And as Agatha le Blanc aspired to no such dignity, she took the ordinary conveyance from London in that direction, and arrived about seven o'clock—the dusk of the evening—at the end of a narrow lane leading from the high-road to Woodhouselee, where she was "set down." That lane was not three-quarters of a mile long, but it lay between high banks, primrose and violet-decked, and

grandly overarched by stooping trees that now, in the almost leafless spring-time, formed a vast grotesque trellis-work over it like a roof. The coach whirled away, and Agatha stood still a few moments wondering what to do, for the servants who should have met her on that spot were not there. But, though alone, what danger could exist in that remote and innocent pastoral solitude? None. Why should it? Besides, she was as much alone standing still as if she walked onwards, and probably she should meet the servants from Woodhouselee as she proceeded. So, with a too fearless, because most innocent heart, she proceeded along the earthen causeway, sighing now and then as the recollections of the past, and the memory of her faithless lover, grew fresher and more irresistible. It was in that very lane they had passed their happiest hours.

She stopped before a great overhanging willow, whose boughs seemed to clasp midnight beneath their arms.

"Yes," she said, mentally, "here it was that he last uttered those thoughts to me."

"My love!" exclaimed at that instant a voice from out the darkness beneath the willow, "be mine for ever and ever!"

And immediately Agatha beheld standing before her, with outstretched arms, the figure of a man—a man in a monk's gown and cowl!

Agatha shrieked, and again and again, but the monk seized her round the waist with one arm, while with the hand of the other he endeavoured to stifle her cries. But combined with this, his object appeared to be to drag her within the impenetrable shadow of that fatal willow. She resisted almost with more than a woman's strength, and a fierce, unnatural struggle ensued. In the course of a few seconds the sounds of carriage-wheels were heard approaching—a token of coming deliverance, which supplied the affrighted young woman with additional nerve and determination. At the same time, she heightened, if possible, her cries for help, and shrieks of affright. The carriage rolled rapidly up, stopped, and hastily a gentleman, who appeared to be travelling, jumped out. The monk forsook his hold of Agatha, and aided at once by the darkness of the evening and of the dress he wore, rapidly vanished from sight and effected his escape.

Agatha lay insensible upon the road. The gentleman hastily raised her in his arms, placed her in the coach, took his seat beside her, and ordered the coachman to drive on at his utmost speed. The gentleman then drew a bottle from a pocket of the carriage and applied it to her lips. Unconsciously, and by a purely natural effort, she swallowed some of its contents. She seemed to revive, but every thing appeared in confusion—her own thoughts as well as the things about her. She strove to thank her deliverer, and begged to know whither she was going.

"To the nearest house, madam," he said, in a hollow voice, which made her tremble, for it seemed to her that at some time she had heard that voice, or some one like it before. But that must be a mere phantasy,—a result of her affrighted and disturbed imagination. Strangely enough, however, the gentleman made no inquiries, he seemed anxious not to speak more than possible. But Agatha again addressed him,—

"Take me to Woodhouselee!" she said; "I was going to Woodhouselee!"

"It is too far, madam," replied the hollow voice, "in your present state. We are going in another direction. I knew not which way you were bound when I saved you from some villain, who yet will find the gallows. You could not tell me, and, therefore, I took you along with me, intending, if you thought proper, to leave you at the first respectable inn."

"Oh! thank you, sir; thank you!"

"Be at rest, good lady! You are safe in this carriage. Calm yourself. Do not talk, let me beg of you. The inn is not far off."

Poor Agatha knew little more. She was overpowered. She sank into a deep and lasting sleep. A sleep it must have been of many hours' duration, many. For when she awoke again, it was broad daylight; and she was lying in an elegant bed, in a smartly furnished and ample room. Her first thought was, that she must be deranged, and incapable of taking correct cognizance of things; her second, that she certainly was not at Woodhouselee, for there she knew the whole house, and familiar things in almost every room.

What need to prolong this tale? Agatha was made the victim of the plot between her former lover and his reckless friend.

In order to throw her surely and securely into the hands of Robert Forrest, Philip Golightly had consented to act the monk in the former's dress; while the deliverer, the gentleman, was no other than Forrest himself.

Agatha recovered her senses again, only to feel more bitterly the extent of her ruin. She ordered herself to be conveyed directly (and in spite of the earnest advice of a physician who had been called in) to her father's house. There she kept her bed for months. But not many days elapsed after her arrival before Saul was made acquainted with every thing that had transpired. What effect such a story from such a mouth might have upon such a man, may easily be imagined. No sooner had he become acquainted with it, than leaving his daughter in the care of her mother, he suddenly disappeared from his habitation. On the evening of the same day, a tall, sallow, determined-looking man, mounted on an excellent steed, arrived at the public-house of the village of Woodhouselee. He ordered a room to be prepared for him, and said his stay would probably be of two or three days duration. He did not appear to have any particular business on hand, but made himself remarkably agreeable and familiar in his conversation with all. By this means he soon ascertained all he wished to know respecting Forrest and Golightly, with which the neighbourhood happened to be acquainted. His next step was to ride to the house of Mr. Golightly, and with his own hand present a note addressed to Robert Forrest. It was as follows:—

"The conduct of Robert Forrest, in an affair which he will too well understand without explanation, has placed him utterly beneath the contempt of the meanest soul that crawls the earth. But if he has courage to vindicate his actions, he will not fail to appear, accompanied by a friend, at the gate of Mr. Golightly's park at sunrise to-morrow, where one will be prepared to meet him, who, though he knows not how to ruin innocence, knows how to avenge it when insulted.

"Any evasion will only involve Robert Forrest in probably worse consequences."

Saul did not wait for a reply, but rode back to the inn.

Forrest showed this unusual challenge to Golightly.

"No more than I anticipated, Bob, not a bit. If you love out of order you must fight for it, though this rigmarole holds no conformity with the code of honour; why did not the fellow send his friend? Never mind, meet him, that's my advice. It is clear from the note he sends, that he is no gentleman; and equally clear, on the same authority, that you are none. So there at least you are equal. Depend on it, Bob, he is some ignorant mongrel of a fellow that'll either beg your pardon for his inso-

lence, or run away when he sees the muzzle of a pistol. Go out, my lad, and I'll stand second."

Accordingly, at sunrise on the following day, Golightly and Forrest repaired to the appointed spot. Instead of some merchant's clerk or draper's assistant, as Mr. Golightly's fancy had pictured the night before, they beheld a man on a black horse, whose looks at once declared him no trifler and no trembler. The apostate monk shrunk from his demoniacal gaze. Saul dismounted, and tied his horse to the palings.

"Now, gentlemen," he said, "I am happy to see you, and quite at your service. Which is the principal?"

"I am the second," said Golightly. "Have you no friend?"

"Many," answered the other, "but none here. I want none—we can do just as well with one between us."

"No. We cannot fight so. I withdraw my friend until preliminaries are properly settled," said Golightly.

"Not so!" exclaimed Saul, savagely. "If any one is under disadvantage, it is I. Please to select your ground, for I hate trifling, and shall not suffer *any* gentleman to leave the spot until satisfaction is given."

At this deliberate insult Golightly reddened with rage. "You shall answer to me for this, sir. Pray, who are you, fellow?"

"That is exactly what I intended," replied Saul, sarcastically, "when the principal is disposed of I shall invite his supporter."

Philip measured the ground, but said nothing.

"These are my weapons," remarked Saul, as he handed Golightly two brace of pistols; "if you approve them, load, and proceed to business. If not, select your own; they will doubtless be satisfactory to me, for I am not difficult to please."

The squire examined them,—pronounced them excellent, but, for a private reason of his own, refused to use them, and selected from three brace which he had brought in a box.

Golightly placed the men, and gave the signal. Saul stood untouched, but Forrest fell,—speechless—dead.

"Now, sir," observed Saul, "remove your friend, and take his place."

Golightly was unnerved, as well he might be, and would have adjourned the meeting. But his desperate antagonist very coolly informed him that time was precious when revenge stood waiting, and that he (Golightly) must either exchange shots, or receive a sound chastisement. This decided the point. They stood to the marks, and Golightly received a ball in his leg. Saul was again unhurt.

The latter then shook hands with his fallen foe, wished him a speedy recovery,—bade him good morning,—mounted his horse, and in the afternoon was again beneath his own roof in Bermondsey.

"I have not seen you these three days, father," said Agatha, languidly, as Saul entered the chamber of his daughter. "Where have you been; what have you been doing?"

"Killing a snake, child. The same serpent won't crush and wound again."

Agatha sighed, and wept. She knew at once what her father had done.

But the duel passed over, though not without great difficulty. Golightly persisted in stating that the three had agreed to fight without seconds, in order that no other parties might be compromised. While Saul had so effectually disguised his appearance on the occasion, and so well contrived his going and return, that all attempts to trace the fighting stranger proved ineffectual, for Golightly gave only a false clue to the cause of the affair.

SOUVENIRS OF THE FRENCH STAGE.

By Charles Hervey, Esq.

SOPHIE ARNOULD.

This celebrated *artiste* and witty woman was born in Paris, February 14, 1740, in a hostelry called the Hôtel de Lisieux, Rue des Fossés Saint Germain l'Auxerrois, of which her father was proprietor.* Sophie was the eldest of three daughters, and received, in common with her sisters, an excellent education ; her natural taste for music having been especially cultivated. At an early age she was taken by her mother to sing in the chapel of the convent of Val de Grâce, and it was there that she attracted the notice of the Princess of Modena, at that time an inmate of the convent, on whom the graceful manners and prepossessing countenance of the young vocalist made a most favourable impression.†

Shortly after, Sophie Arnould was summoned to sing before Madame de Pompadour, and so delighted the favourite of royalty that the latter, turning to those around her, remarked that the young person would one day make a charming princess. Upon this, Madame Arnould, who had accompanied her daughter, replied, " I hardly understand your meaning, madame ; my child is not rich enough to marry a prince, and she has been too well brought up to become a stage-princess." Indeed, had Sophie's mother been consulted, she would on no account have consented to her appearing at the Opera ; but the young lady herself was not so scrupulous, and it was at her own desire that an *ordre de début* was procured for her, much to the regret of Madame Arnould, who, however, neglected no means of preserving her from the snares and temptations to which every *fille de l'Opéra*, and more especially so pretty a one as Sophie, was certain to be exposed.

Mademoiselle Arnould first appeared at the Académie Royale de Musique, December 15, 1757, in a vocal divertissement in the ballet of *Les Amours des Dieux*. Her success was decisive, and her acting was pronounced by *connoisseurs* to be the most natural that had yet been seen on the stage.‡

Hardly had she appeared at the Opera, when her beauty and delicious voice became the subject of general conversation : every one fell, or pretended to fall, in love with the adorable Sophie, and numberless schemes were devised by her admirers to frustrate the vigilance of Madame Arnould. Among her votaries none were more ardent than the Comte de Lauraguais, a handsome and wealthy young nobleman, who, having already contrived to interest in his favour the *heart* of the fair songstress, attempted the no less difficult task of making himself master of her person.

* It was in this very Hôtel de Lisieux that the Admiral de Coligny was assassinated during the massacre of St. Bartholomew.

† Sophie was at that time described as being about the middle height, with an admirably proportioned figure, magnificent eyes, and a face as expressive as it was beautiful.

‡ She had received lessons in acting from Mademoiselle Clairon, and in singing from Mademoiselle Fel.

Disguising himself as a provincial poet of the name of Dorval, and assigning as his motive for visiting Paris his wish to offer a tragedy of his composition to the Théâtre Français, he installed himself in the Hôtel de Lisieux, and in a very short time so perfectly convinced Sophie that an elopement with him was essential to her happiness, that she consented to accompany him from her mother's house.

This affair made a great deal of noise at the time, and though both the count and Sophie subsequently considered it by no means binding on them to be invariably faithful to each other, yet their mutual attachment, if it did occasionally subside into mere friendship, was too firmly based to undergo any material diminution.

Being not only an actress and singer of undoubted talent, but also a most witty and clever woman, Sophie Arnould possessed far higher claims to celebrity than any of her *camarades*. Naturally acute and caustic in her remarks, she was ever ready with a repartee, and her lively and pungent sallies were universally cited.

Dorat, Marmontel, Favart, and many other writers, were among the countless admirers of this charming actress: the last-named author dedicated to her the following lines:

Pourquoi, divine enchanteresse,
Me troubles-tu par tes accens?
Tu me fais sentir une ivresse
Qui ne va pas jusqu'à tes sens.
Peut-être que dans ma jeunesse
Mon bonheur eût été le tien:
Je t'aime, et le temps ne me laisse
Que le désir . . . . Désir n'est rien.
Ah! tais-toi; mais non, chante encore;
Qu'avec tes sons voluptueux
Mon reste d'âme s'évapore,
Et je me croirai trop heureux.

Nor did she lack graver companions, being more or less intimately acquainted with D'Alembert, Diderot, Helvetius, J. J. Rousseau, and, indeed, most of the philosophical writers of that day.

In 1761, Sophie, piqued by the constant jealousies of the Comte de Lauraguais, formed a temporary *liaison* with a *financier* of the name of Bertin; but their intimacy was of short duration, a reconciliation with her original admirer being soon effected. In the following year, the count having read, at a general meeting of the Académie des Sciences, of which he was a member, a paper on inoculation, which contained some objectionable allusions to a ministerial decree lately passed on that subject, he was arrested by the king's order, and imprisoned in the citadel of Metz. Sophie, greatly annoyed by her lover's absence, took advantage of the general enthusiasm excited by her performance of *Céphise*, in the opera of *Dardanus*, to throw herself at the feet of the Duc de Choiseul, and implore the count's pardon, which with some difficulty she obtained. Lauraguais, however, was hardly sufficiently grateful for this act of kindness, for we find him, four or five years after, lavishing immense sums on Mademoiselle Heynel, a German *danseuse*, to whom, in addition to a gift of 15,000 livres bestowed on her brother, he gave 60,000 livres, besides a handsome equipage and a quantity of jewels.

In 1769, Mademoiselle Arnould, while at Fontainebleau, narrowly escaped being sent to prison for some alleged want of respect towards

Madame Dubarry; the favourite, however, interceded with the king for her pardon, which his majesty accorded, but with no very good grace. In the same year Sophie declared her intention of retiring from the stage, but was eventually prevailed upon to remain at the Opera, although from her frequent absences and other caprices, she was, notwithstanding her attraction, rather a burden than a benefit to the management.

After a short-lived *liaison* with the Prince d'Hessin, against whom Lauraguais, in one of his facetious humours, made a formal complaint that, as it was very possible to die of *ennui*, he (the prince), being the most *ennuyeux* person he knew, was killing Sophie by inches, Mademoiselle Arnould took it into her head to turn devotee. She was soon cured, however, of this fancy by the wearisome importunity of her ghostly advisers, who vied with each other in urging her to relieve her conscience by confession, and so tormented her that she dismissed them all, saying that a spiritual director was infinitely more troublesome than an operatic one.

Subsequently to 1776, Sophie gradually lost her influence over the *habitués* of the Académie Royale: her voice no longer possessed its magic sweetness, and a lisp, which in her youth had been considered rather an ornament than a defect, became positively disagreeable. The Abbé Galiani, being present at a representation in which she sang, was asked what he thought of Mademoiselle Arnould's voice.

"It is," said he, "the finest asthma I ever heard."

Previously to this, she had received more than one hint from the public with regard to the necessity that existed for her speedy retirement; on one occasion, especially, when playing *Iphigénie*, she thus addressed Achilles:—

"Vous brûlez que je sois partie."

The pit immediately took hold of the allusion, and applauded her in a very significant manner. At length, yielding to the advice of her friends, she retired from the stage in 1778, with a pension of two thousand livres.

For some years before the Revolution she lived in a country-house at Clichy la Garenne, which she sold in 1790, and bought the ancient Franciscan convent at Luzarches, over the door of which she caused the following inscription to be engraved

ITE MISSA EST.

Which has been thus translated,

Allez-vous-en; la messe est dite.

She also fixed upon a spot in a remote part of the cloisters, which she destined for her own grave, and on it was inscribed the following verse from Scripture,

"Beaucoup de péchés lui seront remis, parcequ'elle a beaucoup aimé."

On her being visited soon after by the revolutionary committee of Luzarches, who had some suspicions of her being an *aristocrate*, she said to them, "My good friends, I have always been a very actively employed citizen, and I know the rights of man by heart." One of the members of the committee then happening to glance at a marble bust which stood on a *console* near him representing Sophie in the character of *Iphigénie* imagined it to be intended for Marat, and retired with his companions highly edified with the actress's patriotism.

The Reign of Terror was a disastrous epoch in Sophie's life; her annual income, which at one period amounted to nearly 30,000 livres, was con-

siderably reduced owing to the non-payment of pensions, &c., to which she had been long entitled. Nevertheless, enough still remained to have enabled her to pass the rest of her days in comparative affluence, had she not imprudently entrusted the entire management of her affairs to a worthless individual, whose subsequent mal-practices eventually deprived her of her last resources.

For a year or two her position was precarious indeed, her time being mostly occupied in vainly imploring aid from the different powers, who by turns carried on the government. At length, in 1797, the news reached her of the appointment to a high magisterial office of one of her oldest and kindest friends, and she rightly imagined that he would not allow her to starve. The event fully answered her expectations, a pension of 2400 francs, and an apartment in the Hôtel d'Angevilliers, near the Louvre, being accorded to her early in the ensuing year. There she passed the remainder of her days in undisturbed tranquillity, and notwithstanding the decay of her personal charms, her intelligence and wit, over which Time had no destructive power, rendered her while she lived the idol of a large circle of friends. She died near the end of 1802, aged sixty-two ; her only epitaph being the following lines, written by one of her ancient admirers ;

Ainsi tout passe sur la terre,
Esprit, beauté, grâces, talens,
Et, comme une fleur éphémère,
Tout ne brille que peu d'instans !

The subjoined extract from a letter of this celebrated woman in my possession, may perhaps interest the reader. It will be seen that, notwithstanding her talents and *esprit*, Sophie's orthography was not always academical. The circumstance referred to is the explosion of the infernal machine directed against Napoleon when First Consul.

"Je ne vous demande autres nouvelles que les vôstres. Et, s'il ne vous est rien arrivé, si le hazard ne vous a pas attiré, ainsi que vos affaires, dans le quartier où est arrivée cette abbominable catastrophe, s'il n'est personnes de mes amis, des vôstres, de victimes ! Ah ! bon Dieu, quel gens abbominables ! quel expédient contre un seul homme, et quel homme encorre ! au quel nous devons la paix, le bonheur de (dont) nous jouissons : tenez, mes amis ! j'enrage de mon impuissance contre de tel célérats."

The letter ends thus :

"Madame B—— devrait bien me donner plus souvent de ses nouvelles ! Elle que a si bon cœur, ne doit pas oublier les malheureux !"

* * * * * *

Some years after Mademoiselle Arnould's death, a collection of her *bons mots* and repartees was published under the title of "Arnouldiana." Most of these savour too strongly of the licence of the times to bear translation ; I have, however, selected a few specimens of her table-talk which, if not the wittiest that might have been chosen, are at all events among the least objectionable.

The Marquis de Letorière, immortalised in our own day by Déjazet, was considered the handsomest man of his time. Being smitten with the charms of a fair actress, whose rapacity was equal to her beauty, he presented her with his portrait, first showing it, however, to Sophie.

"You are as handsome as Cupid," said Mademoiselle Arnould ; "but your Danaë would rather have the king's picture than yours."

Sedaine happening to pay her a visit after the failure of one of his pieces, this disaster was alluded to in the course of conversation. The

poet blamed himself for having chosen an unlucky moment for its production, and concluded by saying figuratively, that "the pear was not ripe."

"That has not hindered it from falling," replied Sophie.

One day, while walking in the Bois de Boulogne, she met a physician of her acquaintance, carrying a gun.

"Which way are you going, you and your gun?" asked Sophie.

"To see a patient at Longchamp," replied he.

"That looks," said she, "as if you were afraid of missing him."

A very pretty woman, but without the slightest pretension to wit, or even common sense, was once complaining of the importunity of her numerous admirers.

"Nothing is easier," remarked Sophie, "than to get rid of them altogether; you have only to speak to them."

Clairval, the celebrated singer, of the Opéra Comique, was extremely popular with the fair sex, a distinction he owed not more to his handsome face than to his fascinating manners. He was less fortunate, however, at the gaming-table, having lost as much as 30,000 livres at the game called *la belle*. Sophie, on hearing this, remarked that "he could well afford *one belle's* proving unkind to him."

A certain marquis having received a sound caning, and not appearing disposed to resent the insult,—

"How can he allow the matter to rest there?" asked some one.

"Bah!" said Sophie, "don't you see that he has good sense enough not to care about what passes behind his back."

A medical man being among the visitors to the *foyer* of the Opera, a young *figurante* began jestingly to draw off his wig.

"Be quiet, foolish creature," said Mademoiselle Arnould; "would you deprive the gentleman of all his reputation!"

Poinsinet, whose poetic talents were of a very mediocre order, embraced every opportunity of reading aloud his own verses, whenever he could find any one to listen to them. Sophie, seeing the soporific effect these compositions generally produced, observed that "Poinsinet's verses resembled spoiled children, no one liked them but their own father."

Chévrier, in his *Colporteur*, published a severe satire on the morals of the leading Parisian actresses of his time. This writer died in Holland, in 1762. On its being reported that he had poisoned himself, Mademoiselle Arnould remarked, that "he had probably sucked his own pen."

In 1763 was published an almanac, containing twenty-six satirical couplets on the same number of *danseuses de l'Opera* and their protectors. Mademoiselle Lang, who at that period was considered the best dancer in Europe, was the first mentioned, and on her appearing greatly annoyed at the distinction, Sophie said to her,—

"What have you to complain of, my dear Lang? The author has done justice to your talents by selecting you to open the ball."

The Abbé Terray, who was made *contrôleur-général des finances*, in 1769, did not scruple to sacrifice, when necessary, the interests of private individuals to those of the state. This procured him many enemies, one of the most violent of whom was Sophie. On the abbé's appearing in public in the depth of winter, carrying a magnificent muff, she exclaimed:

"What does he want with a muff? His hands are always in our pockets!"

ITALY.

BY NICHOLAS MICHELL, AUTHOR OF "THE EVENTFUL EPOCH," &c.

SWEET Italy! we bend our eyes on thee,
Thou land of bloom, yet hoary majesty!
Where Ruin's iron foot doth tread on flowers,
And blood-stain'd Murder prowls in Love's own bowers;
Where every gale is balm, and sapphire skies
Outmatch in softness all save Beauty's eyes.
Oh! who can press thy myrtle-shaded strand,
Nor feel his fancy glow, his soul expand?
Who breathe thy air of passion, who behold
Thy daughters formed in Love's divinest mould?
Nor yield to dreams of bliss? nor, sighing, own
The spell of sorcery round thy beauty thrown?
Thou art the haunt of loveliness, howe'er
Above thy fall we drop the pitying tear;
The land of valour, genius, deathless fame,
Howe'er we lightly hold thy modern name.
Thou beam'st like Night's last star above the hill,
Half veil'd by mists of earth, yet glorious still;
And though we mourn thy faint and dying ray,
We gaze admiring on, nor ask for day.

Etruria greets us with her long-drawn vales,
Her wandering streams which tell their by-gone tales,
Her mountains hoar—dread Nature's barrier-wall—
Sending from peak to peak the thunder's call:
These yet remain, but dark Oblivion's night
Shadows the land of arts and ancient might.
Of all her strong-walled cities nought is shown
Save here a buttress, there a giant stone.
Like the lost tribes on far Columbia's shore,
Whose language, laws, and creeds, are known no more,
Th' Etruscan race hath vanished from the land,
With all their science wrought, their genius plann'd;
Their painted tombs which urns and vases deck,
Alone survive that dark and sweeping wreck.*

Southward we speed, for many a ruin lies
To prompt deep thought beneath Italian skies.
Yet sweet each scene that well may banish care,
So sad, yet solemn, desolate, yet fair!
Campagna spreads before us, but not now
The summer winds waft poison to our brow;
The woods wave greenly on the Alban hill,
And health is gushing in the moss-fringed rill;
The breeze each mead with wings of fragrance sweeps,
In showers of pearl the silver Anio leaps;
At Tusculum where Tully mused; along
The Sabine hills where Horace weaved his song,
The birds sing blithe, the wether shakes his bells,
And youth his tale to blushing Beauty tells.

* The origin of the extraordinary people, named the Etruscans, is still involved in great obscurity. But whether they emigrated from Greece, being an offset of the great Hellenic family; or whether they were learned and polished Egyptian exiles who left their country on its invasion by the Shepherd Kings, certain it is, they were a highly civilised and powerful people many centuries before the rise of Rome. They assisted in civilising the subjects of Romulus; they taught them the arts and sciences, and initiated them in many of their religious rites. Of their twelve great cities in the valley of the Po, and between the Arno and the Tiber, the very sites of some are lost; but Cortona, Clusium, Fesulæ, and Tarquinii, have been very fertile in Etruscan curiosities.

ALL SOULS' EVE.

By W. Hughes, Esq.

The Bretons, like the rest of the world, are the children of sin, but they love their dead, they take compassion upon those who burn in purgatory, and they endeavour to redeem them from the trial of fire. Each Sunday after service they pray for the souls of the dead upon the earth where their poor bodies lie rotting away.

It is in the Mizdu,* more particularly, that they perform this Christian duty. When the *goël an oll sent*,† the messenger of winter arrives, every one thinks of those who are departed to meet the justice of God; they say masses at the altars of the dead, they light wax candles, make vows to the principal saints, go with their little children upon their tombstones, and after vespers the rector proceeds from the church to bless the graves.

It is upon that night, too, that Christ grants to the dead some relief, and permits the chained souls to visit the hearths where they had lived. The dead are then as numerous in the houses of the living as withered yellow leaves upon the cross roads in autumn; it is on this account that true Christians always leave the table-cloth spread and the fire burning on the hearth, that the spirits of the dead may take their annual meal and warm their benumbed limbs after the chilliness of the churchyards.

But if there are true worshippers of the Virgin and her Son, there are also children of *an eol kornek*,‡ who forget those who have been nearest to their heart. Wilherm Postik was one of those. His father had died without receiving absolution, and as the proverb says, "*Map e tad eo Kadion.*"§ He was always engaged in forbidden pleasures, dancing during the church service when he could, and drinking during the mass with the *Gardinn*‖ horse-dealers: God, however, did not fail to send him warnings. He saw in one year, his mother, his sisters, and Kantel, his wife, struck with the *avel fal*;¶ but he was consoled by the death of the former in reaping their inheritances, and as to Kantel he had said, like all debauched widowers,—

> If I have no longer a wife of my own,
> The wives of my neighbours I will bone.**

and he acted according to his vow.

* November, the Black Month.

† All Saints' Day, in Welsh, *Gwyl yr holl Saint*, the superstition would be more applicable to All Souls' Day, *Goël an anaoun*. *W. Gwyl yr eneidian*.

‡ The horned angel.

§ Kadion is the son of the father, or in Welsh, *Mab ei dad yw Cadion*; the Breton proverb is—

> Map e tad eo Kadion;

that is—

> Nemmed e vamm a lavarc' gaou.
> The son of the father is Kadion, at least if his mother told no lie.

‖ The name familiarly given by the people of Leon to the Norman horse-dealers who come to buy horses in Lower Brittany.

¶ The term used for every misfortune or malign influence.

**
> Pa ne meus muy dimé unan
> E, man va lod e peb unan.

literally,—

> Since I have no longer one to myself, my lot is with every one.

The rector had given him a good admonition in his public lecture, that he was a mark of scandal for the whole parish:—far from correcting Wilherm, this public announcement had no other result than to make him desert the church, as it was easy to foresee, for "*it is not in smacking a whip that one can bring back an escaped horse.*"

Ober strakgla e scourgezik
Na dishim quet kesek sponntik;

then he began to live more according to his ease than ever, without any more faith than the law of the fox in the underwood.

But he found about this time that the fine summer days were coming to an end, and the festival of the dead arrived. All the christened people put on their mourning and proceeded to the church to pray for the souls of the departed; but Wilherm, he kept on his holiday suit, and took the road to the neighbouring village, where all the sailors without religion and girls without honour assembled.

All the time that others were employed in relieving souls in pain, he spent in that place drinking *gwin ardant*, playing with the sailors, and singing rhymes made by the millers* to the girls. He continued thus until the others became tired of sinning. His was a body of iron for pleasure, and he quitted the public-house the last, but as steady and active as in the very moment when he entered, only he had his heart hot with drink. He sang very loud along the roads, songs which the most impudent generally sing very low, he passed by the cross without lowering his voice, and without taking off his hat, and he struck right and left the clumps of broom with his *peu bas,* without being afraid of hurting the souls which filled the roads on that day.

He arrived thus at a four-cross road, where two ways presented themselves leading to his village. The longest was guarded by the protection of God, whilst the shortest was haunted by the dead. Many people in passing along in the night had heard noises and seen things which they only spoke of when there were many persons present, and within reach of holy water, but Wilherm only dreaded thirst and ugly women; he accordingly took the shortest way, and made his shoes resound upon the stones of the road.

Nevertheless, the night was without a moon, and without stars, the dry leaves bounded along, carried away by the wind, and the water from the springs trickled mournfully down the slopes, the bushes shivered like a man who feared, and in the midst of the stillness, the steps of Wilherm echoed in the night like the paces of a giant; but nothing frightened him, and he continued to walk on.

In passing near the ruins of the manor-house he heard the weather-cock saying to him—

"Return! return! return!"

Wilherm pursued his way. He arrived before the cascade, and the water murmured,—

"Pass not! pass not! pass not!"

He poised his feet upon the polished slippery stones in the river, and crossed the ford. As he reached a worm-eaten old oak, the wind whistled through the branches, repeating—

"Remain here! remain here! remain here!"

* The millers have generally the credit of being the authors of licentious songs.

But Wilherm struck the dead tree with his stick in passing and hurried on.

At length he entered the haunted valley—the hour of midnight sounded in three different parishes. Wilherm began to whistle the air of *Marionek.**

But at the moment when he had whistled the fourth stanza he heard the noise of a *Karr meulon*,† and he observed, when it overtook him, that it was covered with a pall.

Wilherm recognised the hearse. It was drawn by six black horses, and driven by the *Ankou*,‡ who carried a whip of iron and repeated without ceasing—

"Turn oft, or I shall turn thee !"

Wilherm made way for him, but without disconcerting himself.

"What dost thou here, then, Mestr Ker Gwen ?"§ he demanded of him, impudently.

"I take, and I take by surprise," replied the Ankou.

"Thou art, then, a thief and a traitor," continued Wilherm.

"I am the striker without regard and without respect," said the phantom.

"That is to say, a fool and a brute. Then I am no longer astonished, my darling, that thou belongest to the four bishoprics, for I can apply to thee the whole proverb,

A thief like the Leonard,
A traitor like a Treywergadd,
A sot like the Gwennedadd,
A brute like the Kernevadd.‖

"But where are you going in such a hurry ?"

"I am going to fetch Wilherm Postik," replied the phantom, carelessly.

The jolly fellow burst out laughing, and walked rapidly on.

As he arrived near the little blackthorn-hedge which led to the *Douéz*,¶ he 'saw two washerwomen, who were spreading linen upon the rushes.

"Upon my life! there are young women who do not fear the night-air," said he. "Why are you so late in the meadows, my little doves ?"

"We wash, we dry, we stitch !" replied the two women, at the same time.

"How do you mean ?" demanded the young man.

"The winding-sheet of a corpse who speaks and still walks."

* A well-known song—

Koantik ro marionik
Koantik a delikadd
Ru evel eur rosennik,
A glas a daou lagad.

† A cart without iron tires, distinguished from karr hoûarnet with iron.

‡ Death: in Welsh Angau.

§ A joke upon the paleness of the spectre of death. Literally, Mr. Fitzwhite. Ker answers to the French De ; German, Von.

‖ Laër evel ul Leonard,
Traytour evel un Treywergadd,
Sod evel ur Gwennedadd,
Brusk evel ur Kernevadd.

¶ *Douéz* properly signifies the ditch of a fortified town, but as these were formerly filled with water and used by the washerwomen to wash in, the regular washing-place, which we have already described, became distinguished by that name in the course of time.

"A corpse! pardieu! tell me his name."

"Wilherm Postik."

The young man laughed louder than he did the first time, and descended the little rough way.

But by degrees, as he advanced, he heard more distinctly the blows of the bats of the midnight washerwomen upon the stones of the *douéz*, and he soon perceived them beating their shrouds and singing this sad burden—

In wind, in rain, in snow, in sleet,
Have we to scour our winding-sheet,
From night to night until all meet
At Christ the Saviour's judgment-seat.*

As soon as they saw their joyous companion, both ran with loud cries, and presented to him their sheets, begging him to help them to wring the water out.

"A small service is not to be refused between friends," answered Wilherm, gaily; "but each one in her turn, lovely washerwomen. A man has but two hands to wring with as well as to embrace."

He put down his *peu bas*, and took the end of the winding-sheet which one of the phantoms presented to him, taking care to twist it towards the same side as herself, for he had learnt of old that it was the only means to avoid tearing it.

Whilst the sheet was being thus wrenched, other washerwomen made their appearance, and surrounded Wilherm, among whom he recognised his aunt and his wife, his mother and his sisters. They all cried out,

"A thousand misfortunes to him who allows his own relations to burn in hell; a thousand misfortunes!"

And they shook their dishevelled hair and raised their white bats, and at all the douéz of the valley, along all the hedges, high upon the heaths, the voices repeated, "A thousand misfortunes! a thousand misfortunes!"

Wilherm, alarmed, felt his hair standing on end upon his head; in his trouble he forgot the precaution taken until then, and he proceeded to wring the linen in the opposite direction. At that instant the winding-sheet caught his hand like a vice, and he was felled to the earth by the iron arm of the ghostly washerwoman.

In passing by at the break of day near the *Douéz*, a young girl of Henvik, named Fantik ar Fur, stopped to put a branch of holly into her jug of new milk, and perceived Wilherm stretched upon the blue stones of the *Douéz*. She believed that *gwin ardant* had knocked him down there, and she approached him with a rush to tickle his ear and wake him, but seeing that he remained immovable, the girl became frightened, and ran to the village to give warning. The folks came with the rector, the sexton, and the notary, who was the mayor of the commune. The corpse was raised, and placed upon an ox-cart, but the consecrated wax candles, which they wished to light, were instantly extinguished, which showed very clearly that Wilherm Postik had become damned, and so his body was placed outside the cemetery under the stone fence which stopped dogs and miscreants from entering the consecrated ground.

* We have slightly departed from the Breton—

Quen na zui kristen salver,
Rede goëlc'hi hon liçer,
Didan an earc'h ag an aër.

THE GASCONS OF 1585;

OR,

THE "FORTY-FIVE."

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

BOOK II.

V.—THE PRIORY OF THE JACOBINS.

The priory which the king had presented to Gorenflot, chiefly for his supposed services at the death and burial of Chicot, was situated at about two musket shots from the gate of Saint Antoine. At that time the road to Vincennes was to fashionable Paris what the Champs Elysées are now; and many mansions with magnificent court-yards, and villas with charming gardens lined the road or constituted so many appendages to the castle of Vincennes. The priory rose up proudly on the right of the road. It was a group of buildings, quadrilaterally disposed, enclosing a vast court-yard planted with trees and backed by gardens and out-buildings and other dependencies, which gave to the priory the extent of a village.

Two hundred monks dwelt within the walls of this priory. Fifty cows, ninety-nine sheep, and ninety-nine pigs of a particular breed, for round numbers were especially avoided, fed on the pastures or fattened in the farm-yards amidst poultry innumerable. Nor were the gardens less abundantly stocked with delicacies of the fruit and vegetable description. The peaches, apricots, and grapes of the priory were incomparable, added to which conserves and sweet pastes of those delicate fruits were prepared by a certain brother Eusèbe, who was the author of the famous rock of confectionery which the Hotel de Ville of Paris had offered to the two queens on the occasion of the last banquet of which they partook. It is unnecessary to speak of the cellar. Gorenflot had superintended the completion of that department himself, when he had removed from Burgundy a supply adequate for the consumption of many years of the renowned vintage of 1550.

In the bosom of the Priory, real Paradise of idlers and gourmands, and in a sumptuous apartment on the first story, sat Gorenflot, in an armchair stuffed with down, and with that expression of venerable gravity, which habitual comfort communicates even to the most vulgar countenances. It had just struck half-past seven, and the prior had risen the latest, taking advantage of the rule, which allows the chief an hour's sleep more than the other monks.

The door of the room opened, and two monks walked in. The first was a man of from thirty to thirty-five years of age, thin, but athletic, with a proud brow and eagle eye, only somewhat softened down by long white eye-lashes. He was called brother Borromeo, and had been for six weeks the treasurer of the convent. The other was a young man,

seventeen or eighteen years of age, of short but well-set figure, with black and lively eyes, and sharp, expressive, and energetic features. This was brother Jacques.

"My lord prior," said brother Borromeo, "pardon us if we disturb your pious meditations, we come to take your orders."

"What orders?" inquired the prior, wagging his double chin, and opening his eyes with surprise.

"Your lordship, eight days ago, ordered me to provide arms and armour for the monks, and I have hastened to accomplish your orders; every thing is now in readiness."

"I ordered arms and armour!" grunted Dom Modeste Gorenflot.

"Yes, reverend prior, you said, brother Borromeo, it would be well to arm our brethren; gymnastic exercises develop the strength of the body, as pious exhortations do that of the mind. You even added, reverend prior, the text, '*Militat spiritu, militat gladio.*'"

"If I did so," said Gorenflot, "I must have had my reasons. It must, brother Borromeo, have been an inspiration from above. You can commence your exercises."

Brother Jacques, trembling with joy at the idea of being trained to the use of arms, was pulling his brother monk by the skirt of his robe, and gently beating his foot with impatience, when the latter turned round.

"I beg your reverence's pardon, but I forgot, there is a friend waiting in the parlatory to speak to your lordship. Master Robert Briquet."

"Master Robert Briquet is not a friend, brother Borromeo, he is only an acquaintance, but you may show him up."

The monks disappeared. Brother Jacques only made one bound to the armoury. In five minutes Chicot was admitted.

VI.—A REPAST IN A CONVENT.

Chicot advanced across the room towards the prior, who contented himself with moving his head, as if in acknowledgment of his presence.

"Good morning, Sir Prior," said Chicot.

"Ah, is that you?" answered the prior; "come to breakfast, M. Chicot."

"Perhaps, my Lord Prior."

"You must excuse me, M. Briquet, if it is out of my power to grant you all the time that I might wish."

"My Lord Prior, it appears that the habit of greatness sits upon you well; your pride and your incivility increase apace; but I am going."

"M. Briquet, do not get angry; stop here and breakfast with me."

"My journey cannot be delayed."

"What, are you going to travel?"

"I have a mission from the king."

"A mission from the king—and I proud, rude, and uncivil!" exclaimed the prior, whose heart began to collapse like a balloon which has been punctured at various points. "Come, let us explain ourselves; wherefore are you so susceptible to-day?"

"I susceptible! I am merely the mirror of others. If they smile, I smile; if they talk, I look serious."

"Well, you must excuse me, this priory gives me so much anxiety.

Two hundred men to govern. I have to be superintendent, architect, every thing at once; not to mention my spiritual functions."

"Your difficulties, my Lord Prior, have no other origin than in your excessive pride and your habitual idleness."

"I will humble myself, M. Chicot; and from to-morrow forwards I will mortify myself by exercising the monks every day."

"Exercising the monks!" said Chicot, opening his eyes; "what, with their knives and forks?"

"No, but with arms. It appears that I gave orders to that effect to brother Borromeo."

"You gave orders! Rather, you mean, brother Borromeo suggested it to you. Who is this brother Borromeo?"

"He is our treasurer. He came here recommended by the Cardinal de Guise. I am not certain if the idea came from him or from me, but I think from myself; for I made on the occasion a very judicious and *àpropos* Latin quotation."

"A Latin quotation, my dear Lord Prior!" said Chicot, as he approached his friend in surprise. "Do you remember it?"

"*Militat spiritu, militat gladio,*" answered the prior, with great dignity.

"Well," said Chicot, "you excuse yourself so satisfactorily, that I pardon you; you are still my friend; we will breakfast together."

"My dear Chicot, let me embrace you! I will speak to brother Eusebius, and if the repast is not to your liking, he shall be sent to a dungeon."

Ten minutes afterwards the two friends were seated in easy armchairs, at a table covered with a cloth of linen of the finest texture, and opposite to one another, knife and fork in hand, like two duelists. The air was perfumed with the odour of truffles, mushrooms, and sweet herbs. The table was covered with delicate viands, potted meats, and essences, and with decanters filled with various kinds of wine, and wines of various vintages.

Chicot began with impetuosity, the prior with more caution. But soon the parts were changed, Gorenflot became more assiduous and earnest, and Chicot had more time to observe. The Bourgogne of 1550 had been tasted, and a hermitage of unknown date had been made an object of discussion when the prior ventured to recommend a wine sent as a present by a fair penitent, whose name he professed to be unacquainted with. It was a fragrant Sicilian wine, and met with decided approbation.

"Not know the name of your penitent!" said Chicot, thoughtfully; "that is curious."

"No, as yet we have only communicated through the medium of an ambassador. But take another glass of the fair penitent's wine, Chicot."

"I have the honour to drink the health of the general of an army," observed Chicot, bowing.

"Alas! yes," answered the prior, sighing; "it is a fatiguing duty; and imagine, dear Chicot, the exercise made the monks so hungry, that I was obliged to order a dish less to be served up at their repasts, and this having produced a bad feeling, I followed it up by a diminution in the quantity of wine."

"That was very ingenious," observed Chicot; "the monks were made

hungry and thirsty by their drilling, so you diminished the allowance of meat and drink."

"Precisely so: they have their spiritual as well as their temporal duties to perform," added the prior, as he helped himself to another slice of ham; "but imagine the result. I had intended lecturing them upon their intemperance, when, after the evening's exercise, I should find them wearied and exhausted; and, with that view, I had repaired to the court-yard, where I found the rebels jumping about like grasshoppers, and the yard filled with a very perceptible odour of wine."

"Wine! Had brother Borromeo been treacherous, then?"

"Oh, not Borromeo; he is passive obedience itself. I am sure of him. I observed to him that the monks were red as lobsters; his answer was ingenious. 'Exceeding hunger,' he observed, 'has the same effect as perfect satisfaction.'"

"Your Borromeo," observed Chicot, "is a clever man. I am not surprised that he has such thin lips and so sharp a nose. But drink, my Lord Prior, you will strangle yourself. Your face is growing scarlet."

"It is with indignation at the rebellious conduct of the monks," observed the prior, as he emptied his tumbler, which held half a pint.

"So," continued Chicot, "your convent is converted into a barrack?"

"Yes, friend, that is the word; a real barrack. The other day, two novitiates were actually fighting with swords. I pursued them, to castigate their violence, but they ran away. Borromeo, however, caught them, and punished them so severely, that they have not recovered yet."

"I should like to be able to appreciate with my own eyes the vigour of brother Borromeo's arm," observed Chicot. "But what is that noise?"

"Oh, the exercise is about to commence," answered the prior; "I hear brother Borromeo coming to receive orders."

And, at the same moment, the brother in question came in, casting an oblique look at Chicot, which was not lost upon the latter.

"My Lord Prior," said Borromeo, "you are wanted, in order that the cuirasses and arms may be distributed."

"Cuirasses!" muttered Chicot, to himself; "I must see to this, or here is a kite that will rob me of my plumage."

"You will be present at the exercise?" said the prior, as he rose, with difficulty, to take Chicot's extended arm.

"The exercise will give you satisfaction," observed brother Borromeo, as he scanned the visitor's placid physiognomy. "The Lord Prior is a profound tactician."

"Dom Modeste is a superior man in all things," replied Chicot, with a low bow.

VII.—A TRIAL AT ARMS.

When Chicot, upholding the reverend prior, arrived in the court-yard, the aspect, as before said, was precisely that of a barrack-yard. Divided into two bodies of a hundred men each, most variously accoutred, but each armed with pikes, halberts, or muskets, the monks awaited, like so many soldiers, the appearance of their prior. Brother Borromeo, at the same time, took a helmet from the hands of a novitiate, and placed it on his head, with a movement that at once betrayed a perfect familiarity with the use of arms.

"You have a good useful helmet there, brother Borromeo," observed Chicot; and, turning to the prior, he added, "Where, my Lord Prior, did you buy that helmet?"

But the prior could not answer, for at that moment the novitiates were endeavouring to fit on a breast-plate, which operation deprived him of his voice and almost of his breath. So Chicot contented himself with inwardly remarking that his helmet certainly showed a wondrous degree of affection for its old master, since, after following it himself to the Hotel des Guises, he was destined to meet it again, so immediately afterwards, at the Priory of the Jacobins.

"Attention!" whispered brother Borromeo to the reverend prior.

Dom Modeste drew a gigantic sword from its scabbard, and brandishing it in the air, while he balanced himself upon his legs as if they had been two posts, he cried out, with a stentorian voice,

"Attention!"

"Your reverence will, I am sure, fatigue yourself in giving the orders," observed brother Borromeo, with a kindly foresight. "Your reverence was complaining this morning. If he will spare his precious health, I will give the orders."

"True," observed Dom Modeste, "I do not feel very well; do you give the orders."

"What a considerate man!" remarked Chicot, to the prior, as they retired to an adjacent seat. "I have no doubt but that he does the same kindly office for you every day; so that you have, in reality, nothing to do here but to eat and sleep, while Borromeo acts for you."

"Precisely so. I told you he was a most kind and considerate brother. He actually takes all the labour off my hands."

"I thought so," said Chicot.

The monks now went through the exercise, which Borromeo superintended with the zeal and skill of a master. This over, the prior said to his friend Chicot,

"I must introduce you to my little Jacques; a youth whom I have attached to my person, because, to a modest demeanour, he adds a vigorous hand, and the sharpness of saltpetre."

"Where is your little Jacques?" inquired Chicot.

"That is him," observed the prior, "the brother who holds a musket in his hand, and is about to fire first at the target."

Chicot looked in the direction indicated, and recognised at once a familiar face, in that of the person whom the prior designated as little Jacques.

"And does he shoot well, your little Jacques?" inquired Chicot of the prior.

"Never misses the bull's eye at a hundred yards," answered the latter; "but it is particularly in the sword-exercise that he excels, he practises from morning to night."

"How admirably the youth must be adapted for serving you at mass. I should like to make trial of his skill in the sword-exercise," said Chicot.

"Oh!" interrupted brother Borromeo, "no one can match him here, except myself. I would not recommend you to try, unless you are a proficient in the art."

"I am a mere citizen," answered Chicot, "and not much versed in the

use of arms. Do you be kind enough, brother Borromeo, therefore, to stand up, and let me see brother Jacques' accomplishments."

The prior having seconded Chicot's wish, the two antagonists took up their position, the monks forming a circle round them. The combat was carried on with vigour and skill on both sides; and, in the interval of a pause, Chicot remarked,—

"Jacques touched his antagonist six times, brother Borromeo nine. That is very pretty for the scholar, but it is not enough for the master."

The treasurer of the priory darted a look at Chicot, in which pride and anger were so manifest, that the latter congratulated himself that his new acquaintance possessed two ingredients in his character, one of which alone was sufficient to lose an ordinary man.

"Monsieur Briquet, who appears to be so versed in the use of arms," observed Borromeo, with an insidious smile, "had better try his hand himself against brother Jacques."

"I have no objection," said Chicot; "but I am an old man, and it must be understood that we only exchange three passes."

"As you like, sir," said Jacques.

Chicot took his station with the greatest composure, concealing, by the state of repose in which he kept his arms and legs, the advantages which he derived from their prodigious length. Chicot appeared, by his position and manner, rather to have anticipated the school and practice of the present day, than that adopted in the time we are now speaking of; when each antagonist, armed with a two-edged sword in one hand, and a dagger in the other, used to jump from one side to the other, and go through an infinite variety of evolutions. Brother Jacques grew impatient at being thus opposed to a man of bronze, whose whole strength appeared to lie in his wrist. He rushed like a cat on his adversary, and then sprang aside with the agility of a snake, bounding to the right and left; sometimes fencing, at others, striking with the broad sword. But it was all in vain. Chicot turned his weapon aside with the greatest facility, and his long arm being pushed forward at least three feet, it sent every now and then a home-thrust to the bosom of the monk, as methodically as if it came from some piece of mechanism, instead of from an arm of flesh.

Jacques, red with passion and excitement, bounded back a step each time he received one of these thrusts. Brother Borromeo was biting his lips till they bled.

"You did not tell us," observed the treasurer, "that you was a master in the art of fencing."

"I, a humble citizen, master of the art of fencing! you flatter me, brother Borromeo."

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed brother Jacques, "do you try your skill with brother Borromeo."

"No, thank you," interrupted the treasurer. "I should be beaten."

"Well, then, I hope you will give me lessons," added the young man, his admiration overcoming his feelings of shame at being defeated. "I have another master besides brother Borromeo—Master Bussy Le-Clerc! lately professor of the art of fencing at Brussels; an admirable blade, but not to be compared for judgment, coolness, and tact, with Master Briquet."

"Oh, Master Bussy Le-Clerc!" exclaimed Chicot; "an excellent swordsman, truly."

"The name is familiar, apparently, to your lordship," observed brother Borromeo.

"Slightly so," Chicot contented himself with answering.

VIII.—PREPARATIONS FOR THE JOURNEY.

The exercises of the church-militant having been brought to a close, the prior retraced his steps to his apartment, escorted by the admiration of all. Once more alone, Chicot addressed his reverend friend.

"My dear prior," he said, "I must have a messenger to send to the king."

"To the king!" exclaimed Dom Modeste. "You correspond with the king! You shall have one of the swiftest-limbed monks in the monastery. When you see his majesty, I hope you will tell him of all that is done here in his interest."

"I will not fail, my dear prior; you may depend upon me. But I have two things more to ask from you. In the first place, money—which the king will return to you."

"Money!" ejaculated Gorenflot. "I have coffers full. How much do you want? Will a thousand crowns do?"

"A great deal too much, my dear prior; a hundred crowns will suffice for my humble wants. The second request I have to make is for a squire. I should like to be accompanied by little brother Jacques."

"You shall have him," replied the prior; and he rose to strike a gong, and to the servant who answered, he bade instantly to send up brother Jacques and the brother who acted as town messenger. In a few minutes both made their appearance. Brother Jacques' delight, when he heard that he was to accompany Chicot in his mission was unbounded.

"Shall I travel with M. Briquet!" he exclaimed, overjoyed at the idea of liberty, and the prospect of seeing the world. "We will practise the sword exercise every day, will we not, my dear M. Briquet?"

"Yes, my child, if you like it; and now for the messenger," observed Chicot. The prior called forward a little man whom he designated as Panurge, but who, with his ferret's eyes, pointed nose, and prominent jaws, resembled a fox more than the animal which has been dramatically consecrated by the above name. Chicot looked at Panurge, and in a second appreciated the character of his emissary.

"Mr. Messenger," he said to him; "you must go to the Louvre, and ask to speak to the valet of the King Henry. You will tell the valet that you are sent by the ghost."

"By what ghost?"

"Curiosity in an emissary, my brother, is a capital sin. You will say that you come for the letter, and that the ghost will await its delivery on the high-road to Charenton."

"I must join you, then, on the high road," observed the monk's messenger.

"Precisely so."

As Panurge retired, Chicot saw that some one was listening outside—some one also who did not appear to care that the monk should see

him, and he was not therefore long in coming to the conclusion that it must be brother Borromeo himself. He determined to regulate his conversation accordingly.

"So you are honoured with a mission by the king," said the prior. "Confidential, no doubt?"

"I am bearer of a letter, but I do not know its contents. But if I were to tell you what I think, it is that the king has at length decided upon assisting the Duke of Anjou. M. de Joyeuse was to start this very evening to convey the intelligence."

"Is it possible! and you, my dear friend, whither are you going?"

"I am going towards Spain, so I must now bid you farewell."

"Well, Jacques will be an excellent companion for you," said the prior. "Jacques! Jacques!"

Panurge opened the door followed by brother Borromeo.

"Brother Jacques is gone to the Louvre," said Borromeo, with a peculiar smile.

Chicot frowned. "It was Panurge that I said was to go," observed the prior.

"How stupid of me," said Borromeo, striking his forehead, "I thought you said Jacques."

"I will wait for Jacques, then," said Chicot, and brother Borromeo frowned in his turn.

"I forgot," continued the latter, "to inform your reverence that the unknown lady is waiting to be admitted to your presence."

"I will wait, then, in the next room," said Chicot, as he turned to the door.

"Not that way, sir, if you please," interrupted Borromeo; "the lady is coming up in that direction. You can go by this door," he added, showing the way to a door that opened upon a room which was encumbered with arms of various descriptions, some piled up in corners, others hanging from the walls. Chicot looked around for some time, till his eye rested upon a mail shirt of remarkably fine workmanship. He took it up and examined it closely. "This mail shirt," he said to himself, "is just the thing I want, I must borrow it from Dom Modeste, and return it when I come back." So saying he quietly removed his doublet, and having slipped on the shirt, he as tranquilly replaced it. Scarcely had he finished this precautionary measure than the door opened, and brother Borromeo entered.

"The lady is with the prior," observed the brother, "so I came to keep you company."

"I have changed my mind," observed Chicot, "and shall go and wait for brother Jacques at the Cross of Faubin. Will you be kind enough to send him to me there?"

"Certainly, with pleasure. So you are going to Spain, are you?"

"I am not aware," observed Chicot, "that I said I was going anywhere. But you are right, brother Borromeo, I am going to Toledo. The king having taken the cloak from Notre Dame de Chartres for the queen, has deputed me to get that of Notre Dame de Toledo to replace it."

Borromeo, who had blushed at the first observation, assumed an aspect of indignant doubt at the second. He saw, however, that nothing was

to be got out of his lay acquaintance, so he showed him to the gate of the convent with as much haste as covered incivility.

No sooner had Chicot reached the Cross of Faubin than he turned the angle of the wall, and keeping along for some distance reached a ditch and hedge, by following which he retraced his steps, and having gained a shrubbery, which formed an excellent central point for observation, he laid down to await that brother Jacques should return to the convent and that the lady should go out.

IX.—AN AMBUSCADE.

Not a human being was moving around the monastery; on the highway there was only one person, and he was engaged in taking measurements with a long pointed stick. Chicot was delighted in having something to look at, so he watched the measurer of the highway, wondering in his own mind for what purpose he was giving himself so much trouble. His attention was, however, abruptly drawn another way; the door leading upon the balcony of the prior's apartment opened, and Dom Modeste advanced, leading forward a lady, almost buried beneath a mantle of velvet, lined with fur, and followed by her esquire.

"It is very curious," said Chicot to himself, after contemplating the group for a few moments, "that I meet with such strong likenesses in every one I see. Most certainly that squire resembles exceedingly the Duke de Mayneville. No less than the lady does the Duchess of Montpensier. I must not lose sight of such illustrious personages."

While the duchess was conversing with the prior, Chicot observed that M. de Mayneville was making signals to the man who had been previously so deeply engaged in taking admeasurements. Chicot turned round, and the latter having his face now towards the priory, he at once recognised his friend, Nicolas Poulain, Lieutenant of the Provostship.

"Hurrah for the League," exclaimed Chicot, "I have seen enough to arrive at the remainder with a little labour. And there is brother Borromeo, too. Mayneville and he are rather earnest. Ah, brother Borromeo is also making signals. Curious, M. Poulain is now running as fast as he can to the gateway of the priory, while M. de Mayneville holds his watch in his hand. The plot is maturing."

At this moment the group withdrew from the balcony, Chicot waited a few minutes in suspense; the duchess reappeared, conducted to the gateway by the prior, followed by her squire. As the gateway opened, brother Jacques made his appearance, coming from the Louvre. He stood for a moment as if rivetted by the charms of Madame de Montpensier.

"I have a moment to spare," muttered Chicot, "the duchess is off in her litter, Nicolas will follow. I must speak to him."

So saying, he hastened from his ambuscade to the highway. When the lieutenant saw Chicot appear so suddenly before him, he shook like a hind startled by a gun-shot.

"So you are taking measurements on the royal road of Vincennes, Mr. Lieutenant?" observed Chicot, "and that in presence of some very illustrious personages."

"Illustrious personages!" exclaimed M. Poulain, "I assure you I do

not know what you mean. Allow me, sir, to observe that I am not accustomed to be addressed thus, nor do I see what right you have to question me."

"My dear M. Poulain, do not lose your temper, and especially do not keep trying to get away. You may compel me to have recourse to that which may be disagreeable to you. If you stir, M. Poulain, you are a dead man."

"What in the name of Heaven, do you require of me, M. Robert Briquet?"

"That you proceed at once to M. D'Epernon's and inform him what you have omitted to state in the daily reports of your lieutenancy, that M. de Mayneville and the Duchess of Montpensier are in Paris. If you do not, hear me well, the man of the cuirasses and the man of the admeasurements shall go to the scaffold to-morrow."

"I will go, sir," said the terrified lieutenant; "but you are too hard upon me. How may M. D'Epernon receive the news?"

"M. D'Epernon will load you with favours. My dear M. Poulain, I am your friend, and take my advice. Five minutes ago, you were a traitor; I have made of you, the saviour of your country."

Nicolas Poulain started as quick as his legs would carry him in the direction of the gate of Saint Antoine. It was time, for the gate of the priory was opened. It was not, however, brother Jacques that came out, but a gigantic monk, a man rude in aspect and strong in limb, of most forbidding physiognomy, and uncouth appearance. This Goliah of Jacobins had little that was monastic in his air or manners. Approaching Chicot, he gave him a military salute, and held forth a letter. Chicot took it and read it. It expressed the prior's regret, but, that upon subsequent reflection, he did not wish to trust brother Jacques, who had been kindly received by the king, to the temptations of the world. He had sent, in his stead, the bearer, whom he had no doubt Chicot would find an agreeable companion.

"I have no doubt of it," said Chicot, contemplating the colossal friar; "but you may take this letter back to he who wrote it—to brother Borromeo—and tell him that I shall travel alone."

"What, sir, and if brother Borromeo did write the letter, do you not intend to take me with you?" inquired the monk, with a threatening look.

"I do not, friend, you are either a gendarme, or a trooper, and a more pious member of society is fitter company for an emissary to Notre Dame de Toledo." So saying, Chicot bowed to the giant, who retraced his steps to the priory, grumbling like a mastiff that is driven to its kennel, while Chicot took his way across the fields to join the road to Charenton.

X.—THE GUISES.

The evening of the same day that Chicot started for Navarre, Madame de Montpensier was seated with the Duke of Mayenne in the great saloon of the Hôtel de Guise. It would have been difficult to have recognised the pretty-eyed page that jumped up behind M. de Carmaignes' horse, or the muffled-up penitent of Dom Gorenflot, in the elegantly-dressed lady who was then conversing so earnestly with her gallant brother.

"But Henry, where is Henry?" murmured the lady, in a rather impa-

tient tone; "do you know that the citizens can no longer be satisfied with procrastinations; they want to see the Duke Henry."

"Henry, sister, can do nothing as yet in Paris, whereas he is strong in the fortified towns of Flanders and Picardy. How does the armament proceed in Paris?"

"Admirably, it is now completed. The city is divided into sixteen quarters, and a chief has been appointed to each. Let us then be satisfied for the time being, sister."

"Impossible, brother, the citizens will not remain quiet. We must begin by seizing the king's person."

"The old plan, easily conceived, but far more difficult of execution."

"Brother, if you will believe me, before three days are over, you shall see the king upon the highway with only two valets to attend upon him."

"What, a new project! Do pray tell it me?"

"It is a woman's conception, and, therefore, you will laugh at it. But here it is in four words."

At this moment, a valet entered, announcing M. de Mayneville. The duke entered hastily behind.

"My lord," he said to the Duke de Mayenne, after kissing his hand; "your arrival is suspected at the Louvre. I am just come thence. I overheard two Gascons mention your name."

"Cap de Bious," said one, "you have a fine doublet there, but it may not render you the same service as your cuirass would have done."

"Bah! bah! M. de Mayenne's sword will no more penetrate this doublet, than it would have done my breast-plate."

"I endeavoured to hear more, but the next moment M. de Loignac came up and whispered to the Gascons, who entered towards the old quarter of the Louvre. It appears that they are quartered there, these Gascons, who come from I know not where. But you must be cautious. I heard sufficient to intimate that they are employed in hostility to your lordship."

"I have only one step to take, then," observed the duke, "and that is to wait upon the king himself this very evening."

"Wait upon the king!" exclaimed the duchess.

"Certainly, sister. If my arrival in Paris is known, I must wait upon the king, convey to him the good wishes of the family, and news of his good towns of Picardy. He cannot but receive me, and after that I am free to see who I like."

"The members of the council, for example," added the duchess, "they are most anxious to see you."

"I will receive them at the Hôtel Saint Denis. You, sister, go there, and await my coming. Mayneville, you come with me to the Louvre."

XI.—BROTHER JACQUES AT THE LOUVRE.

THE same day about noon M. D'Epernon entered the king's cabinet in the Louvre. He found his majesty contemplating with unusual attention a monk who blushed at being so earnestly examined by royalty.

"Is not that a strange figure for a monk?" observed the king to D'Epernon, as he entered.

"It is singular; but it appears to me that either I have seen that face before, or that I shall see it again. What is your name, young man?"

"Brother Jacques Clement."

"Really, sire," observed M. D'Epernon, "you examine the boy till it becomes painful to him. What is his business?"

"Nothing," replied Henry, "a little secret of my own. Boy, you have accomplished your mission, you can go. You shall have ten crowns for your trouble."

"Thank you, sire; but I should prefer one of those beautiful Spanish knives that are hung upon the wall."

The king smiled, and addressing D'Epernon, said, "Let him have his fancy."

The duke selected one, which appeared to him to be the least valuable. It was a Catalonian knife, with a broad blade, and a handsome horn handle. Jacques was delighted at having so beautiful a weapon, and withdrew in high spirits.

"Duke," said the king, the moment the monk had withdrawn, "select two horsemen from your Gascons and let them come here."

M. D'Epernon transmitted the message to M. de Loignac, who repaired to the barracks of the forty-five and called out "M. de Carmaignes! M. de Biran!"

"M. de Biran is gone out," replied the sentry.

"M. de Saint Maline, then," said De Loignac.

The selected two followed their captain to the king's apartment. His majesty dismissing the latter on their entrance, remained alone with the Gascons.

"You belong to my forty-five, gentlemen?" said the king. The Gascons bowed. "You will mount your horses, and take the road to Tours, passing through Charenton in the first place. You will go on till you overtake a traveller who travels alone."

"Will your majesty favour us with some idea of the traveller's appearance?" said Saint Maline.

"A long sword by his side, and another on his back, long arms, and long legs. He calls himself the ghost. When you overtake him you will give him this letter."

The two young men put out their hands at the same time.

The king hesitated a moment and then asked their names. This being answered, he said, "M. de Carmaignes, you shall carry the letter. M. de Saint Maline, you shall give it. Remember, gentlemen, that the letter I trust to you is more precious than the life of a man. You will not lose it at the price of your heads, and when you have given it to the ghost, you must obtain a written acknowledgment to that effect. Now, gentlemen, you may go."

The young men went forth. Ernauton overjoyed; Saint Maline inflamed with jealousy. M. D'Epernon awaited their exit, and would have questioned them, but Ernauton remarked respectfully that the king had not authorised them to speak. The duke would have pressed the inquiry, had not a valet appeared to announce that the lieutenant of the provost wished to speak to him.

"I have not time," said the duke.

"Not even to hear a secret, my lord?" observed the humble voice of a man, who approached in the most submissive manner.

"Secrets! I listen to a hundred every day. Yours will make a hundred and one."

"But if it concerned his majesty's life?" said Nicolas Poulain.

"Ah! ah! let me hear this extraordinary secret then. Come to my cabinet," said the duke.

Nicolas wiped his brow, and followed his noble guide.

XII.—A REVELATION.

In passing to his private cabinet, M. D'Epernon called to M. Pertinax de Montcrabeau, whom he perceived loitering in the gallery, to stand sentinel at his door, and see that no one intruded. M. Pertinax, who was now sumptuously attired in a doublet of blue satin, took up his position accordingly.

"Now let us hear about the conspiracy," said the duke to the trembling lieutenant, as he entered the cabinet, and closed the door after him, "and let your narrative be brief, for if I lose my time listening to you, I would have you beware."

"My lord, a project has been matured to carry off the king, the first time that he shall go to Vincennes in a litter. For that purpose the bearers are to be slain."

"Who is the author of this wonderful project?" inquired the duke, with a supercilious smile.

"Madame de Montpensier."

The duke laughed outright.

"The poor duchess! How many plans and projects are attributed to her. And is it at Soissons that she busies herself with all these conspiracies?"

"Madame de Montpensier is in Paris, my lord."

"In Paris! Is she going then to superintend the execution of this notable project herself? Where is she to preside over the abduction?"

"From a window of the Priory of Jacobins on the road to Vincennes."

"Indeed! And who has taken measures to this effect?"

"I, myself, my lord."

"You!" exclaimed the duke, as he stepped back in surprise; "and you come to denounce yourself! Do you know that you run the risk of being hung?"

"I am aware of that, sir; but I thought that as you are the king's friend, you would not betray me, but might turn the revelation I have made you to your own advantage."

The duke looked at the lieutenant for some time, without answering. At length he said,

"Well, Master Nicolas, you shall refer to me only in this matter. I have zeal enough to meet the difficulty. Give up the secret to me only, and you shall have a thousand crowns to begin with, not to mention the future."

"Thank you, my lord."

"I can rely upon you, then. You may go; and mind you come and report faithfully whatever comes under your notice. You shall be rewarded."

As soon as the lieutenant of the provostship was gone, the duke hastened to the king's apartment.

"Do you know, sire, that your most cruel enemies are encompassing you with their plots?" exclaimed the duke.

"Bah! which of them?" said the king, with the greatest indifference, and continuing to play with his pet dogs.

"The Duchess of Montpensier, to begin with."

"True, she was present at Salcède's execution. M. de Mayenne also arrived last night."

"What, your majesty knows even more than I do. Who could have given you this information?" exclaimed the duke, much annoyed.

"Do you not know that we princes have our spies as well as you? But why need I be apprehensive. Have you not given me a guard? Are your Forty-Five nullities?"

"No, your majesty shall see what they are worth. When does your majesty propose to go into the country?"

"In three days. On Saturday."

"That will suffice in three days, then?"

So saying, the duke retired. As he passed to his apartment he remembered that he had forgotten to relieve Pertinax, but M. Pertinax had relieved himself.

XIII.—THE KING'S MESSENGERS.

Once on horseback, Ernauton and Saint Maline, in their anxiety not to be in the rear the one of the other, were nearly thrown from their horses in passing through the wicket-gate, and their knees struck violently against one another.

"You want to quarrel with me," remarked Ernauton, in a phlegmatic tone; "perhaps you would like to take the letter from me, but you must kill me first."

"Perhaps you have just hit it," replied Saint Maline, crimsoning with passion. "Step down with me to the border of the river, and I will let you see that the wish and the power to do a thing are with me the same thing."

"No, my dear sir, when the king gives me a letter to carry, I carry it. And I hope you will not, by any attempt to take it from me by violence, oblige me to break your head as I would do that of a mad dog. Remember, I have a large pistol and you have none."

"Ah, you will pay me this some other time," said Saint Maline, biting his lips and reining his horse away from his companion. But Ernauton was not even looking at him. A litter which was being borne down the Rue St. Antoine, and conveying a lady, absorbed his whole attention.

"My page of yesterday," he exclaimed, half-aloud.

The lady did not appear to recognise him, but rather seemed as if wishing to avoid recognition.

"I suppose I am to wait all day in the streets for you," said Saint Maline.

"I beg your pardon," replied Ernauton; and the young men continued their journey in no very agreeable mood. Keeping down the Rue du Faubourg Saint Marceau at a good round pace, Saint Maline had no time, however, to make any more unpleasant observations. Passing the Bièvre, the narrow street on the side of Saint Maline was obstructed by a cart: anxious not to be passed by his companion, the Gascon whipped and spurred his horse violently towards the other side. The horse, unaccustomed to such treatment, reared and plunged so that Saint Maline, good horseman as he was, could not prevent it carrying him towards the

river banks, where, missing its footing, it rolled over with its rider. When Saint Maline recovered his feet, wet, covered with mud, and severely bruised, his passion knew no bounds, nor was his fury appeased by seeing his horse with its tail towards him, its head evidently turned towards the Louvre, and Ernauton disappearing by a side-street.

"Well," he said to himself, "if I could not wait for him for a few seconds in the Rue St. Antoine, how can I expect him to wait for me an hour at the Bièvre."

And so vexed was he at the idea that De Carmaignes would be the sole bearer of the king's letter, that for a moment he thought of destroying himself. But his attention was diverted by Ernauton's return, leading his horse by the bridle. Knowing that it would be vain to pursue a horse at its heels, he had taken a side-street, and thus cut off the fugitive steed. Saint Maline felt himself conquered by the young man's generosity, and proffered expressions of gratitude; Ernauton bowed coldly but did not answer.

About half-past two o'clock the messengers overtook a man who travelled on foot accompanied by a dog. He was tall, had a sword by his side, a stick in his hand, and long legs and long arms. The idea struck Saint Maline that he might be in the right and his companion at fault, so instead of passing on with Ernauton, he rode up to the stranger and asked him if he expected any one. To this question, rudely put, the Gascon only got for answer, that if he, the stranger, did expect any one, it was most certainly not him. Glad to have some one on whom to give vent to his anger, Saint Maline raised his whip to strike the stranger, but the latter anticipated his polite intentions with a blow from his stick, administered with such precision as almost to stupify the Gascon, at the same time that the dog attacked his horse so vigorously, that it once more bore his rider onwards against his will.

When some time after Saint Maline had succeeded in quieting his steed, and had rejoined his companion, he was a little more humble than before.

"Decidedly I am in bad luck to-day," he observed, "yet that man answered remarkably to the description given to us by his majesty."

"The person described to us by the king," replied Ernauton, "had neither dog nor stick. But yonder, I think," he continued, rising upon his stirrup, and placing his hand to his eyes, "is he whom we seek, and who appears to be waiting for us."

"You have a remarkably clear sight," said Saint Maline, annoyed at this triumph of his comrade; "I do not see any likeness whatsoever,"—but as they came nearer he was obliged to acknowledge to himself that he was in the wrong; so the idea came into his mind to push on in advance of Ernauton, but a look from the latter satisfied him that he would not be allowed to take that liberty with impunity.

JAMES THE SECOND;

OR,

THE REVOLUTION OF 1688.

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

EDITED BY

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ILLUSTRATED BY R. W. BUSS.

BOOK V.

IX.

HOW JAMES WAS PREVAILED UPON TO RETURN.

WHILE the fire was thus raging, the incendiaries, stimulated by liquor, and made bold by success, watched it from Drury Lane, rending the air with their outcries. But impatient for more pillage, they grew wearied, and were beginning to separate into small knots, when it was proposed to attack the house of the Lord Chancellor.

"Ay, ay, Jeffreys shall have *his* turn now!" cried Clench. "I owes him a grudge, for when he sentenced me to the pillory, where my ears were clipped off close to my head, he told me to take a good look at his face, and never forget him; and curse me, if I ever will."

With this, the ruffian was leading the way towards Duke-street, Westminster, where the chancellor resided, when he accidentally caught sight of a man, who, as it seemed, was trying to avoid him.

"Now, then, who are you, eh master?" growled Clench, roughly seizing the person, and throwing the light of a link on his face.

The man was habited as a coalheaver. His visage was begrimed with coal-dust; his eyebrows were shaved off; and a large black patch covered his left eye. But the disguise could not baffle Clench; and uttering a loud whoop, he announced the individual to be no other than the object of their quest, the Lord Chancellor Jeffreys himself.

Wonderful was the clamour and tumult which this discovery excited. The chancellor stood speechless and motionless, but his terror proved his preservation. Seeing that so exalted a personage had not escaped retribution, Clench was reminded that a day of reckoning might come to himself, and he was suddenly seized with a determination to befriend the chancellor. But it was not easy to save him from the rabble. Such a rush had been made at him, that those immediately around were in danger of being squeezed to death, and for a moment or two it was with the greatest difficulty that they could even preserve themselves. But by a free use of their bludgeons they succeeded in driving back the press, and Clench then declared that to prevent bloodshed he was resolved to carry

their prisoner to the lord mayor. This occasioned another rush at the chancellor, while the most terrible outcries arose, mingled with imprecations on Clench, but being surrounded by a select band of adherents, that personage was again victorious. He now seized the chancellor by the collar and dragged him on at a quick pace, while his men pressed close behind, brandishing their bludgeons, and keeping up a running fight with the rabble. In this way they reached the city, and hurried up Cheapside to Guildhall.

A strong body of constables and the city watch were drawn up in the front of the hall, but as Clench had despatched a messenger to forewarn them of his approach, they suffered him to pass through with the chancellor, attended by three or four of his companions, while the others, uniting with the constables and watchmen, pushed back the mob. A conflict would probably have ensued, but, at this juncture, a horseman made his appearance in the square, and, endeavouring to force his way through the multitude, their fury was diverted to him. Uttering a terrific yell, the nearest ruffians were on the point of tearing him from his horse, but Moor—for he it was—spurred the animal sharply, and its plunges soon cleared a space around him, while he shouted out—"A messenger! a messenger for the lord mayor!"

The constables and guard caught the words, and rushed forward to his aid. Taken by surprise, the mob broke aside, opening a passage for Moor, and the constables instantly surrounding him, he forced his way forward, and in another moment sprung from his horse, and entered the hall.

When the flight of the king became known, Sir John Eyles, the lord mayor, summoned the principal noblemen then in London to Guildhall, to form a committee of public safety; and with this view, the Earls of Nottingham, Ailesbury, Melfort, Arran, Dumbarton, Feversham, and Lichfield, with Lords Mulgrave, Dundee, and Preston, were now assembled in the council-room. The lord mayor was about to join them, when the city chamberlain called him into the great hall. At this moment the door was thrown open, and Clench entered, dragging in Jeffreys, while a knot of ruffians, armed with bludgeons, followed, displaying traces of the recent conflict in their broken heads and bleeding faces.

Much alarmed, the lord mayor demanded the meaning of the interruption.

"I caught him in the street, and he'd have been torn into ten thousand morsels if I hadn't brought him here," cried Clench. "But mayhap you don't know him, my lord. It's the Lord Chancellor Jeffreys."

"The lord chancellor!" cried Sir John Eyles, with a look of dismay; "that strange object, the lord chancellor! Impossible!"

"'Tis he, indeed, my lord mayor," replied Jeffreys, in a woful tone.

"Take him into yon inner room," said the lord mayor, quickly. "I will join you on the instant, my lord, and provide means for your safety. You and your fellows shall be well rewarded," he added to Clench.

As the chancellor disappeared, Moor entered the hall; and having disclosed his mission to the lord mayor, the latter led him to the council-room, where his intelligence was received with transport, and the king's letter was read again and again, drawing tears from the chivalrous Dundee.

"His majesty must be invited to return," said Nottingham, at length. "Had he not left us, all would have been well."

"It is not yet too late," cried Dundee.

"Fortunately it is not," said Feversham. "I will place myself at the head of the guards, and bring him back."

"You must not incur this grave responsibility alone," said Ailesbury. "We will all sign a petition to his majesty, imploring him to return."

The proposition was received with applause, and Nottingham, as president, was instructed to draw up the document, which done, and approved by the assembly, it was signed by each nobleman.

"We must now take measures to disabuse the public mind, and restore order," said Nottingham.

"That will be easily done," said Ailesbury. "I have already sent emissaries among the dissenters, who will refute the slanderous reports raised by his majesty's enemies; and when the truth is known, I am confident there will be a reaction."

"If not, a few dragoons will restore quiet," cried Dundee, whose affrays with the Scottish Covenanters had failed to convey a warning.

"There is no need of bloodshed," said Melfort. "The best way is to refute calumnious reports, and restore the public confidence in his majesty."

"That is the only course we can pursue," observed Nottingham. "The Archbishop of Canterbury shall issue an address on the subject. Meanwhile, Lord Feversham can proceed in quest of the king."

"With your lordships' permission I will precede Lord Feversham, and stay his majesty," cried Moor.

The council approving of his determination, a fresh horse was ordered for him, which was soon in readiness; and having in the interim refreshed himself with a draught of wine and some cold viands, Moor departed secretly from Guildhall, and riding round Basinghall-street to London-bridge, shaped his course towards Feversham.

During his absence James had been labouring under the greatest anxiety. Sensible that those who had been the strenuous opponents of his policy were now in the ascendant, he had little hope that Moor's mission would be attended with satisfactory results. How could he look for favour from his adversaries, when he had been deserted and betrayed by the creatures of his bounty? And how humiliating would it be to return to a capital, where he had ruled with almost despotic power, a suppliant and a prisoner! In his mind's eye, he already saw himself in the hands of the insolent mob, and conjured up, in anticipation, a parallel to the scene described by the poet—

> "When rude, misgoverned hands, from window tops,
> Threw dust and rubbish on King Richard's head."

Revolving such gloomy thoughts throughout the night, without obtaining the least rest, he arose in the morning with the determination of making another attempt to escape.

No less dejected than himself, Sir Edward Hales shared his fears, and agreeing to the project, lost no time in making the necessary preparations. After a brief interval, he returned to the king, and informed him that all was ready; and muffling himself in a cloak, James followed him to the inn-yard, whence they proceeded by a back-way to the road, unquestioned by the sentinel at the gate, who supposed them to be two of the royal attendants.

Passing at the back of some fishermen's cottages, they came to a field,

which they hastily crossed, and emerging on the high-road, found a servant in waiting with two horses, and mounting them, they were about to spur forward, when Moor galloped up, and recognising the king, drew the rein.

"I have brought your majesty good news," he cried, uncovering, and suppressing the surprise he felt at the unexpected encounter. Then, without waiting to be questioned, he briefly informed James of the result of his mission.

"I do not see that the news is so very satisfactory, Mr. Moor," cried Hales. "The council being composed of the Protestant leaders, I cannot recommend his majesty to put himself in their hands."

"No, no," cried James. "Their object is to give me up to the invader. Let us ride on. My only hope is in flight."

"Oh! do not say so, my liege," implored Moor. "The council consists of men noble and loyal-hearted—who opposed you, indeed, in prosperity, but who will be faithful to you in adversity. I entreat you to accede to their petition, and return to Whitehall."

James hesitated.

"You speak of the council as if they possessed supreme power," he said, at length; "but admitting their good intentions, how can they answer for the temper of the people? What impression have you formed from your own observations? Were the citizens anxious for my return?"

"I confess, my liege, that the false reports spread by your enemies have for a time alienated them from you," replied Moor. "Great disorders prevail, and the city is in the hands of the mob, but your return will help to set all things right."

"It will more likely end in his majesty's destruction," observed Hales. "The experiment is too hazardous."

"I think so," cried James, "and will, therefore, go on."

Seeing further remonstrance was useless, Moor was silent, and, spurring forward, James and his companions soon entered the small town of Sittingbourne, where, as they rode up the High-street, they perceived two dragoons approaching, forming the advance-guard of a whole regiment, which came close behind. James saw at a glance that it would be impossible to escape recognition, and prepared to discover himself.

At this moment, the Earl of Feversham, who rode at the head of the main body, espied Moor, and divining who were his companions, ordered a halt to be sounded. Then, riding on, hat in hand, at the head of his staff, he approached the king, and, throwing himself from his horse, as James reined up, fell on his knee before him.

"God save your majesty," cried the earl, in a broken voice; "the lords of council, assembled at Guildhall, have intrusted me with a humble petition to you."

"I know its purport, my lord," answered James, "and will comply with the wishes of the council. I will return with you at once to London."

The word was instantly passed for a general salute. The soldiers presented arms; the trumpeters sounded a stirring flourish; and in a few minutes the whole cavalcade was moving towards London.

X.

THE WELCOME TO WHITEHALL.

The measures adopted by the council for refuting the reports raised by the king's enemies, which had had such an effect on the populace, were

attended with complete success. The mob went from one extreme to the other; and nothing was now heard but expressions of sympathy for the fallen monarch, while a strong feeling of national dislike was roused against his antagonist. Majesty in distress is a touching spectacle, and the failings of the king were lost in the misfortunes of the man.

The steps taken for the restoration of public tranquillity were ably seconded by the citizens. The great majority of the rioters having been pacified by the representations of the council, became as zealous in behalf of the king as they had previously been eager against him; while those whose only object was plunder, were intimidated by large bodies of special constables, armed with hangers and pistols, who patrolled the streets. But this display of force seemed unnecessary. Public confidence was restored; the shops were all opened; business went on as usual; and no trace remained of the recent disturbances.

At this juncture a proclamation by the council announced the king's intended return, and the intelligence was received by all classes with the liveliest joy. Splendid preparations were made for the monarch's reception. Triumphal arches were erected in the principal streets; loyal and affectionate sentiments were inscribed on the houses; flags and tapestry were hung from the windows; the craft in the river were gaily decorated with streamers; the bells of the various churches rang forth merry peals; platforms, ornamented with welcoming mottoes, were erected at the best points of view; booths stood in the more roomy thoroughfares, where refreshments of every kind could be procured; and well-dressed crowds filled the streets.

The great press was on London Bridge, and it was with difficulty that a strong force of the guards could keep a passage open in the centre of this narrow thoroughfare. The houses were as crowded as the road; the windows, the roofs, and the very chimney-tops, being occupied with spectators. On the other hand, the agents of the Prince of Orange had spared no pains to get up a demonstration in his favour; and a hired mob was posted on the city side of the bridge, under the orders of Snewin, who was instructed to raise a disturbance with this view.

Meanwhile, a grand procession passed into Southwark, to meet and welcome the king, whose approach was announced by acclamations, growing louder as he drew nearer. As he came under the gateway of the bridge, the royal standard was hoisted above it; and this being the preconcerted signal, the Tower guns instantly fired a royal salute. Five hundred gentlemen rode bare-headed in front, followed by the aldermen in their state robes on horseback, while two heralds, in tabards, and a band of trumpeters, also on horseback, made way for the state-coaches of the lord-mayor and sheriffs, which were succeeded by a troop of horse-guards. Next came the members of the council, mounted and arrayed in court-dresses, preceding the royal carriage, drawn by eight white horses, each attended by a groom, and surrounded by the yeomen of the guard, with the Earl of Feversham and a guard of honour bringing up the rear.

Enthusiastic was the joy of the spectators on the appearance of the king. A heart-stirring shout burst from the throng. Men waved flags from the windows of the houses; ladies showered down wreaths of laurel and flowers; children threw up their little caps; and a resistless torrent

of enthusiasts rushed on with the carriage, on either side, waving their hats, and rending the air with their huzzas.

In this way the procession reached the city-end of the bridge, when Snewin and his adherents, uttering cries of "No Popery!" and "Down with the tyrant!" rushed forward, and completely surrounded the royal carriage. A scene of indescribable confusion ensued. Brandishing their bludgeons and hangers, the Orange party drove back the populace, many of whom were trampled under foot, while others were wounded and, in the pressure behind, some were crushed to death. The royal grooms were knocked down under the horses' feet; the horses themselves became unmanageable; and the screams of terrified females, and the yells and outcries of the men, constituted a din truly appalling.

For a moment the king was confounded by this unexpected incident, but arousing himself, he started up as if with the intention of ordering a charge upon the assailants. Before he could do so, however, Moor, who had been seated beside him, caught his arm, and held him back.

"Compose yourself, my liege, I entreat you," said the young man. "This is some scheme of the invader, and you will frustrate it by remaining still. See!"

As he spoke the Earl of Feversham and the guards surrounded the vehicle, driving the rioters before them, and the next moment the infuriated populace rushed resistlessly in pursuit, overtaking and capturing Snewin. A summary punishment awaited him. While he stood speechless in the throng, livid with fear, and with his eyes starting from their sockets, a stout cord was thrown round his neck, and amidst the fierce yells of the multitude, he was strung up on a neighbouring lamp-post. In his struggles a letter dropped from his vest, which was snatched up by one of the crowd, who instantly disappeared with it.

While the wretched constable thus expiated his numerous offences the royal carriage moved on, and entered the city. Here the procession was joined by deputations from the various city companies, and pursued its way amidst the ringing of bells, the firing of cannon, and the deafening acclamations of the spectators. The king's spirits revived as he proceeded, and he declared himself confident of the affection of the people.

At last the procession arrived at Whitehall, and passing into the great court-yard, the royal carriage halted at the grand entrance. Alighting, James was received by the lords of the council, with heads uncovered, who attended him to the doorway, whence Lord Mulgrave, the lord chamberlain, in his official costume, advanced to meet him. James extended his hand, and sinking on his knee, Mulgrave raised it to his lips.

"Welcome, my liege, to Whitehall," he said, adding, in a lower voice, "your throne is no longer in danger."

Raising him up, James embraced him, and stepped into the palace. As he did so the royal standard was unfurled, and a salute of a hundred guns was fired from the park.

XI.

THE PRINCE OF ORANGE AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

The retreat of the royal army, and subsequent flight of the king and queen, withdrew all opposition to the progress of the Prince of Orange. But though apprised of these events, William was so disheartened by the coldness of the people, that he advanced very slowly, and ultimately

halted at Windsor, where, fixing his abode in the Castle, he impatiently awaited an invitation from the lord mayor and citizens to enter London.

It was evening. William was seated in a state chamber, with an ostentatious display of regal pomp—a circumstance the more remarkable as he had always been averse to such exhibitions. He was attended by his favourite councillors Schomberg, Sidney, and Bentinck, together with Lords Halifax and Godolphin.

"The council at Guildhall are taking too much upon themselves," said William, angrily. "What authority have they for their proceedings?"

"None, except as members of the privy council, your highness," observed Godolphin, "but they have been convoked by the lord mayor."

"For what purpose?" demanded William. "Obviously not for the preservation of the public peace, for the disorders in the city have increased."

"By advancing, and putting an end to them, your highness would render the city a signal service," urged Halifax.

"Let the citizens invite me, then," said William.

"I am of opinion that your highness should not wait for an invitation," cried Schomberg.

"You are wrong," said William, sharply. And turning to Halifax and Godolphin, he said, "I have told you my wishes, my lords. You will do well to see them accomplished."

With this, he made a slight inclination of his head, and Halifax and Godolphin withdrew.

"Halifax is at his plots again," muttered William.

"I believe he is sincere in this instance, but I will not answer for some of the others," observed Sidney. "And your highness must excuse me, but your treatment of them is not calculated to win their regard."

"The treatment is such as they merit," said Schomberg, with a scornful smile.

"I do not fear their defection," returned William shrugging his shoulders. "They have compromised themselves, and cannot retreat. But who have we here?"

The door was thrown open, and, scarcely waiting for the page to announce him, Halifax hurried in. His countenance betrayed the greatest disorder.

"Bad news! bad news! your highness!" he cried. "The king has been discovered at Feversham, and seized by the mob, who prevented his embarkation."

"Ha!" cried William.

"The worst remains to be told," pursued Halifax. "On hearing of the king's detention, the lords of the council sent to implore his return; and he has entered the city in a triumphal procession, amidst the acclamations of the people. He is now at Whitehall."

William and his counsellors listened to this intelligence in silence, the phlegmatic Bentinck alone exhibiting no trace of surprise or annoyance. After a moment's pause, William motioned Halifax to follow him, and walked out of earshot of the others.

"Your council in this emergency," he said, fixing his eagle eyes on the nobleman. "Ha! you hesitate. I should have thought your lordship could never be at a loss for a scheme."

"I have none suited to the present occasion," replied Halifax, coldly.

"I look to you for the removal of this difficulty, and I would have you know it, my lord," cried William. "You must get the king away again."

"I will do my best," replied Halifax, "but I will not answer for success. I would recommend your highness to write to the king, directing him to quit London, and fix his residence at Hampton Court; and I will, if possible, persuade him to go to Rochester, but you must not blame me if I fail."

"But I shall blame you," cried William, sharply. "You know my wishes, and I trust you will lose no time in carrying them out."

Halifax turned away, muttering, "And it is for this thankless man I have betrayed my master."

As he proceeded down the outer corridor, he heard a hasty step behind him, and turning, perceived Churchill.

"You look disturbed, my lord," said the latter, coming up. "Surely you are not somuch affected by the news from town; for, though unexpected, I should hardly think it can peril your dukedom."

"Dukedom!" echoed Halifax. "What mean you, my lord?"

"I heard his highness had rewarded your services with that dignity," smiled Churchill.

"Does your lordship find him so lavish of his favours?" sneered Halifax.

"I—oh! I cannot expect favour," answered Churchill; "but Lord Halifax, the most popular nobleman of England, born, as Dryden says, 'to move assemblies,' is—"

"The same as the gallant Lord Churchill," interrupted Halifax, "the same as every one who is not a Dutchman—nobody."

"Ha! is that your feeling?" said Churchill, pressing his arm. "You are going to town, eh? I will meet you to-night, at twelve, with a few chosen friends, at our rendezvous near Charing-cross."

"Be it so," replied Halifax, hastily.

With this they parted, and Churchill was pursuing his way up the corridor, when espying Lord Clarendon, ascending a neighbouring staircase, he hastened after him. Before he could reach the landing, however, Clarendon turned down a side passage, and was admitted by a page to an inner chamber.

In this chamber was a young man, of middle stature, wearing the uniform of a colonel of dragoons. He was pacing to and fro, with a hurried and impatient step, but as Clarendon entered, he threw himself into a chair. They were both silent for a moment.

"Well, you see what your fine schemes have brought us to?" said Clarendon, at length. "From being the favourites of a king, we have become the dupes of a would-be usurper, and every one rejoices at our downfall."

"You are ready enough to find fault, now you see that nothing is to be gained by it," answered the other, sulkily; "but if the scheme were so deplorable, I wonder you fell into it so eagerly. I did not wish you to forsake the king. On the contrary, it would have been better for us both, if you had remained true to him."

"How could I look him in the face, when my son had been the first to desert him?" demanded Clarendon.

"I was not aware you were so sensitive," answered Lord Cornbury, with a bitter smile. "I was foolish enough to think you took the same view of the matter as myself, and considering the king's cause irretrievable, sought to curry favour with his rival."

"Your language is like your conduct," returned Clarendon, turning

white with shame and anger. "But a truce to this recrimination. I cannot remain at a court where I have fallen so low, to be pointed at and derided by every minion in the palace, and it is my intention to demand permission to retire. You must accompany me."

"I? Yes, when I have paid this Dutchman in his own coin," said Cornbury, fiercely. "Do you think he shall make a by-word of me? You laugh. But if he is supreme to-day, he shall be abject enough to-morrow. The hand that put him up can pluck him down." And he struck his clenched fist violently on the table.

"Ha! ha!" laughed Churchill, who had entered the room unobserved. Cornbury half-drew his sword, and Clarendon uttered an exclamation of anger and alarm.

"Calm yourselves, my lords," pursued Churchill, with perfect sangfroid. "I have accidentally become acquainted with your sentiments, but be assured your secret is safe with me. It is on this very subject I have come to talk with you. Suppose we return to our allegiance, and assist the king to his own again. Give me your hands upon it, and I will undertake to do it."

"Command me in every thing," cried Clarendon, eagerly.

"I will give you both my hand and my sword," cried Cornbury. "I would give my life to be revenged on this Dutch boor."

"You shall have ample vengeance," said Churchill. "Join me, then, in an hour in the Home-park, and we will go off to the king together."

And taking his leave, he proceeded to his own apartments.

As the time appointed for the meeting drew nigh, he hastily equipped himself, and was descending to the court, when he found the stairs occupied by a guard, one of whom stepped up to him.

"I am sorry to intrude upon you, my lord," said the officer, "but the prince has commanded me to place this paper in your hands."

"Ha! an arrest!" cried Churchill.

XII.

MOOR RECEIVES DISHEARTENING INTELLIGENCE.

THE feelings of James on re-entering Whitehall, after the perils he had incurred, were not such as might have been expected. His joy was saddened by the reflection that, in those around him, he could see only the constant opponents of his arbitrary policy, while the sycophants whom he had loaded with favour, and who had been so loud in their professions of loyalty, were ranged on the side of his antagonist. More bitter still was the thought that he must number his own children among his enemies.

The public rejoicings for his return did not close with the day. At night the city was illuminated; bonfires blazed before Whitehall; and a grand display of fireworks took place in the Park. James himself, withdrawing from his courtiers, and attended only by Moor, was a spectator of the scene from a window of the banqueting-house.

While he was thus employed, Saint-Leu was suddenly introduced.

"God preserve your majesty," said the latter, falling on his knee before the king; "I have come to assure you of the safety of the queen."

And he presented James with a sealed packet, which the monarch pressed to his heart, and then gratefully regarding the messenger, proceeded to the inner apartments.

"Where is Sabine?" cried Moor, as soon as the king was gone.

"Lost to you for ever," replied Saint-Leu, mournfully. "But calm yourself, and listen to what I have to say. You are aware that it was the intention of King Louis to place her in a convent, if she refused to abjure the reformed religion. On our arrival in France this purpose was formally notified to her, and in order to mortify Lauzun, Louvois, who knew what was passing, allowed the king no rest till he took the first steps in the cruel scheme. But in the interim Queen Mary informed the monarch of her attachment to you, and spoke of you so highly, as one who had displayed the most heroic devotion to your sovereign, and who enjoyed her especial favour, that Louis declared he would consent to your espousing her, if it were not for the fatal doubt that rested on your birth."

"Fatal, indeed!" exclaimed Moor, bitterly.

"I hoped to remove this doubt," said Saint-Leu. "But Louvois now became urgent for Sabine's conversion, and it was impossible to accomplish my purpose in the time; and in this dilemma Lauzun revealed the whole affair to Madame de Maintenon. By her advice it was arranged that Sabine should return with me to England, but if my hope of being able to make good your claims should not be realised, she was to return to France. I have only to add, that the hope I entertained has been completely overthrown."

"Yet you speak as if it had been well-grounded," cried Moor.

"I made certain of success," answered Saint-Leu.

"But you say Sabine is in England. Where is she? oh! where is she?" cried Moor, distractedly.

"You cannot see her," replied Saint-Leu. "I am bound by a solemn promise to take her back to France. And see, I am summoned by the king. Farewell—for ever!"

XIII.

HOW JAMES WAS AGAIN PREVAILED UPON TO FLY.

The clock of Saint Martin's Church had just told the hour of midnight as a sedan-chair, borne by two men, hurried along Charing-cross, towards the statue of Charles the First. At this point a man muffled in a cloak, who had previously been concealed behind the statue, walked up to it, and before the chairmen could interfere let down the sash of the door, when he ascertained that the only inmate was a lady. The latter exhibited no alarm at his intrusion, but pulled the check-string, and the chairmen slackened their pace, while the stranger walked on by the side of the chair.

"I have been anxiously expecting your ladyship," he said in a low tone. "The hour I appointed with Churchill is past, and he has not yet come. What is to be done?"

"Lord Halifax surely cannot be at a loss how to act in any emergency," replied the lady in an equally low voice. "But if Churchill should be unable to come to-night he will certainly be here in the morning, and that may answer our purpose as well. Enough for us that it is in our power to seat the king more firmly on the throne than ever."

There was a brief pause.

"May I ask you one question, Lady Oglethorpe?" said Halifax, at length. "When you speak of Churchill being unable to come to-night, have you any reason to suppose that his absence is involuntary?"

"I have heard that he has been arrested, but I do not believe it,"

replied Lady Oglethorpe, hesitatingly. "In any case, you will not forsake the king."

"Rely on my devotion to him," returned Halifax. "But you shall hear more to-morrow, and meanwhile I bid your ladyship farewell."

With this he turned away, and proceeded with a quick step towards Whitehall, musing over the information he had received.

"Yes," he thought, "her ladyship will indeed hear more to-morrow, but that will be no fault of mine. I would have saved him if I could, but I cannot run such a great risk alone, and these time-servers cannot be trusted. If Churchill has been arrested he has by this time betrayed all he knew, and my own safety depends entirely on my fulfilling the prince's wishes. I have now no alternative."

Full of these reflections he approached the palace-gate, and, giving the pass-word to the sentinel, entered the court-yard, when he made his way towards two men who were standing behind a neighbouring projection.

"I have kept you waiting, my lords," he said, "but we will not delay any longer. You have the prince's written order, Lord Delamere, have you not?"

"It is here," answered a stern-looking man, producing a paper. "But I would not exult over a fallen enemy. Let Lord Shrewsbury take charge of it."

"That is not the prince's wish," observed Shrewsbury, hastily. "He mentioned you, and really I see no use in my going into the palace at all. It is a very perilous as well as disagreeable business, for the king is still all-powerful here."

"We need not hesitate on that account," sneered Halifax, "for Count de Solms is at hand with a strong force of the prince's guards, and in a few moments the palace will be invested by them."

"Let us seek the king at once, then," cried Lord Delamere. "We waste time in debating here."

Halifax made no reply, but led the way to the grand entrance of the palace.

The king had retired to his chamber some time previously. Assured of the safety of the queen, and supposing himself re-established on the throne, his mind was comparatively easy, and, on seeking his pillow, he soon fell asleep. But his dreams harmonised little with his previous thoughts, and, after a while, he awoke with a start. In the alarm of the moment he fancied he heard a noise, and was raising himself to listen, when the curtains of the bed were drawn back, and the Earl of Mulgrave presented himself.

"Forgive me, my liege, for invading your repose!" cried the latter, sinking on his knees; "but, alas! the business I come upon admits of no delay. Three noble lords, from the Prince of Orange, demand an immediate audience with you."

"Ha! are they so peremptory?" cried James, with a frown. "It is usual to attend on me in the daytime, not to arouse me at the dead hour of the night. Who are these courtly visitors?"

"Your majesty's commissioner, Lord Halifax, is one," replied Mulgrave, "another is Lord Shrewsbury; but I did not recognise the third."

"Ascertain who he is before you admit him," said James.

The king's uneasiness increased when Mulgrave disappeared, and he awaited his return with intense anxiety. At length, the door opened, ad-

mitting Lord Halifax, who was followed hesitatingly by Shrewsbury, and by a man muffled in a cloak. Halifax stepped up to the bed-side.

"I crave your majesty's pardon for seeking an audience at this unseasonable hour," he said; "but I am charged with a message from the Prince of Orange, which will not admit of delay. His highness has directed me to deliver this packet to you."

"Give it me," said James, with affected firmness, as he took the proffered paper, at the same time darting a suspicious glance at the man in the cloak.

"Will it please your majesty to read it?" rejoined Halifax. "It requires instant attention."

"But, what if I refuse it attention?" demanded James. "Methinks you might find more suitable employ than this, my lord. The iron barons of old would have scorned to enter their sovereign's chamber at such an hour, even to obtain a Magna Charta. Lord Shrewsbury, too! It is long since I have seen your face, my lord, but I have not forgotten it. And—and—but I do not know your companion."

"Will it please your majesty to read the letter?" said the person alluded to, without disclosing himself.

"I should know that voice," muttered James.

He fixed his eyes steadfastly on the stranger for a moment, then turned an uneasy look on Shrewsbury and Halifax; and finally, with a half-suppressed sigh, proceeded to read the prince's letter.

"This is impossible!" he cried, after he had perused it. "The prince cannot think that I would leave London, when my affairs promise so well again. My Lord Halifax, I took you for my friend. This is not a friend's part."

"You are mistaken, my liege," said Halifax, with feigned emotion. "If I advise you to leave the capital, it is because I know your remaining here will only cause bloodshed, without doing you any service. Count Solms and the Dutch guards have surprised the sentries in the park, and in a few moments will have invested the palace, when you will be a prisoner. Besides," he added, lowering his voice, and speaking more significantly, "I am in fear for your life. See who is with me!"

Looking up, the king's eye fell on Lord Delamere, who had now thrown off his cloak, and stood at the foot of the bed, regarding him intently. James turned deadly pale, but if he had observed the nobleman narrowly, he would have seen more of sympathy than enmity in his countenance.

"The prince is right," he cried. "I thank you for your counsel, my lord," he added, in a whisper, to Halifax. "But I cannot go to Hampton Court. I will not go there. Anywhere else—anywhere, if it be a good air, near the sea. Say Rochester, my lord—I will go there."

"Your majesty is aware it does not rest with me," replied Halifax, in the same tone; "but I will speak apart with my colleagues a moment, and do you what service I can in the matter."

James thankfully acquiesced, and the wily nobleman turned aside, and exchanged a few words in an under-tone with Shrewsbury and Delamere.

"Their lordships agree that your majesty shall fix your residence at Rochester," he then said; "but we cannot pledge ourselves that the prince will sanction this arrangement." And sinking his voice, he continued,

"For this reason, I recommend you to leave London instantly—even this very moment; and I will myself see every thing provided for your journey. I cannot answer for your safety here a single hour."

At this juncture a trumpet was heard in the court-yard, followed by drums beating to arms, and the next moment the chamber-door was thrown open by Moor.

"The Dutch guards are advancing on the palace, your majesty," he cried. "Thank Heaven, we can now strike a blow, and they will bitterly repent their temerity."

"You do not know what you say, sir," cried Shrewsbury, alarmed at the idea of a collision. "The Dutch force is five thousand strong, and is supported by a train of artillery. You cannot think to cope with them?"

"If a collision takes place, I cannot answer for your majesty's life," whispered Halifax to the king.

James looked round for Delamere, and perceived, with a shudder, that he had gradually advanced to the head of the bed.

"I will have no fighting," he said to Moor. "Our force is too small, and I would not have blood shed in vain. Go to Lord Craven, and bid him give up the palace to the Dutch commander."

While the monarch was speaking, the nobleman referred to entered the chamber, and overheard what was said. He was an old man, but his appearance was still gallant, such as seemed to denote the hero of "the imminent deadly breach," whose youthful chivalry had won the heart and hand of the fair Queen of Bohemia.

"I entreat your majesty to recall that order," he said. "The guards have turned out, and are in the best spirits, and I have no doubt whatever that I can repulse the enemy."

"The match is too unequal, my lord," replied James, "and I would not endanger the lives of my soldiers, when there is so little chance of success. No! The decree of Heaven is against us, and we must submit."

"Then I have worn this sword long enough," answered Craven, as he drew the weapon forth, "and as I can never wield it for another prince, I beg to lay it at your majesty's feet."

James was silent a moment; he then extended his hand to Craven, who pressed it to his lips, and after looking wistfully in the king's face, walked slowly out of the chamber.

A pause ensued, when James, somewhat re-assured by the presence of Moor, whom he motioned to remain at his side, broke the silence.

"You must now be satisfied that I am desirous to come to terms with the prince, my lords," he said, "and you may therefore retire. To-morrow I shall be ready to leave London."

Hesitating how to reply, Halifax glanced at Delamere, who made a gesture of assent.

"To-morrow be it then, my liege," he said. "At eight o'clock in the morning a barge shall be in attendance at the privy-stairs to convey you to Rochester."

So saying, he led the way forth, and James and Moor were left alone.

XIV.

THE KING QUITS ENGLAND—CONCLUSION.

THE morning was cold and gloomy, and the clouds hung low over Whitehall. The banner on the roof of the banqueting-house drooped heavily down, surcharged with moisture. It was the standard of the Prince of Orange.

A crowd had gathered in front of the palace-gate, whose looks evinced the liveliest sympathy for the king, while they conversed together in knots, or stood in circles round some noisy newsmonger, or scowled in silence on a strong force of Dutch soldiers, who kept the gateway. At last there was a general stir among the multitude, and a small party of horsemen rode up and made their way to the gate, the people receiving them with a low hum of welcome, and uncovering as they passed.

Riding into the court-yard, the new comers alighted and entered the palace where they were received by a page, who, in obedience to their commands, was about to lead them to the king, when James was observed descending the grand staircase, leaning on the arm of Moor, and followed by Halifax, Shrewsbury, and Delamere.

The fallen monarch was pale and dejected, and so feeble that he paused, every two or three steps, to rest. He looked sadly at his favourite attendants, who, hearing of his approaching departure, had gathered in the passage to bid him farewell, and could not restrain their tears as he drew nigh.

The party who had just arrived sank on their knees as the king approached. It consisted of the Earls of Nottingham, Aylesbury, and Arran, and Lords Melfort and Dundee.

"We have just heard of your majesty's intention to quit the capital," cried Nottingham, "and as we consider such a course to be not only ruinous to you, but highly prejudicial to your people, we have come to implore you to abandon it. Credit us, sire, your affairs are in a very promising condition, and nothing but the step you contemplate can prevent a happy arrangement of them."

"This interruption is ill-timed, my lord," cried Delamere, sternly. "His majesty's determination is fixed, and if he should recede from it, the Prince of Orange has commanded that he be taken hence by force."

"What is that you say, my lord?" cried Dundee, drawing his sword. "By force!—Can I have heard aright?"

"Do not quarrel on my account," interposed James. "My resolution is fixed to go to Rochester. But, by your leave a moment;" and he waved Halifax, Delamere, and Shrewsbury to one side.

He paused till the three noblemen had drawn back, and then stepped into the midst of his little knot of friends.

"You see I must go," he said, in a whisper; "they surprised me in the night, and made me a prisoner. But this is not all. I have been warned that it is intended to assassinate me."

His auditors regarded each other in horror.

"My liege, I would still advise you not to quit London," said Nottingham; "but if you are determined to do so we will attend you to Rochester, and see you placed in safe hands. That done, we will take the best care we can of your interest here."

James made no reply. His attention had again begun to wander, and after looking vacantly at the afflicted nobles, he silently resumed his way.

The whole company walked slowly after him—many of the humblest servants of the palace following in the rear, weeping aloud. It was like a funeral procession—the king leading the way, and seeming, indeed, the chief mourner.

Many persons who held offices about the court, or who possessed interest there, and thus obtained access to the privy-garden, had collected at the stairs, but they drew back as James came up, and took off their hats. The monarch did not seem to notice them, for he walked on with his eyes fixed on the ground till he reached the steps, when he paused, and turning to the bystanders, raised his hat. The crowd could no longer suppress their emotion, and many burst into tears, while others fell on their knees and commended him to the protection of Heaven.

James regarded them a moment with a vacant gaze, and then descended to the barge, where he was received by several Dutch officers and the crew with the customary honours. Moor stepped hastily after him, and was followed by the faithful noblemen, when the barge pushed off and rapidly descended the river.

It was past noon before the king reached Rochester, where his appearance took the authorities by surprise ; but a large and commodious house belonging to Sir Richard Head was instantly prepared for his reception, and after a short halt at the Town-hall he was escorted thither by the Dutch guard.

His dejection increased as the day advanced, and his manner became more and more restless, while he seemed to regard all who approached him with distrust. He suffered the noblemen who had accompanied him from London to take leave without alluding to the occasion of their coming, and finally, after sitting for some time in gloomy meditation, withdrew to his bed-chamber.

Moor, who had been unremitting in his attendance upon him, was now able to retire, but haunted by a fear that some violence might be attempted, he could not dispose himself to sleep, and he ultimately arose, and again sought the presence of James. He found him in his chamber in conference with Lord Dundee and the Bishop of Ely, who were imploring him to return to London. While they were thus engaged, they were unexpectedly joined by the Duke of Berwick.

"I am glad to find your majesty," said the latter. "I arrived in town this morning, after you had gone, and received a communication of such moment that I instantly galloped after you. I must ask the favour of a private audience."

Dundee and the bishop now took their leave, and withdrew, and Moor also was retiring, but James motioned him to remain.

"My liege, you have been made the instrument of your own ruin," said Berwick. "The traitor Halifax came to you this morning, as a friend, but he was a wolf in sheep's clothing. He has exposed you to the very peril from which he pretended to preserve you. The invader has entered London, at the head of his army, and has been received in silence by the multitude. It is thought that a rising will take place in your favour ; and though, at first, it was only deemed necessary to induce you to flee the country, it is now judged expedient to get rid of you for ever."

"We will take horse at once, and make for the coast," cried James, in alarm.

"That would ruin all," rejoined Berwick, "for I find the house is guarded with unusual strictness. But I will secure a French lugger, which is lying at Chatham, to carry us to France; and if your majesty will be in readiness, will contrive to get you off at midnight."

James readily acceded to this arrangement, and after a few words more, Berwick withdrew, leaving the king and Moor to make their preparations.

James became very uneasy as the night drew on, and Moor shared his apprehensions. The latter, inded, observed several suspicious-looking men prowling about the house, who represented themselves to belong to the guard, but he found, on inquiry, that they had come after them from London; and this circumstance increased his uneasiness.

Midnight came at last. Muffled in their cloaks, Moor and the king waited anxiously for the Duke of Berwick. But the heavy moments passed on, and the duke did not make his appearance. One,—two o'clock struck, and still there was no sign of his coming. The delay filled them with a thousand fears. Had he failed in his design of hiring the French lugger? or had his purpose been discovered by the guard, and measures taken to frustrate it? Tortured with suspense, James wandered restlessly about the room, forgetting that his footsteps might alarm the guard, while Moor stood prepared to defend him with his life against any hostile attempt.

At length they heard a slight noise in the passage, and the door was softly opened by Berwick.

"All is ready, my liege," said the duke. "Follow, and be silent."

So saying, he led the way forth, and passed down a back staircase to a small door, which he opened, and they descended a flight of steps into a yard. From this another door brought them to the road, and proceeding a short distance they came to the river. Here they found a boat manned by two seamen, and Moor was about to leap into it, with the view of handing in James, when the monarch held him back.

"I will not take you any further, my young friend," said James. "I am going to seek an asylum at a foreign court, where I shall not require your services, and were it otherwise, I would not carry you with me at a time when it is essential to your interests to remain in England."

"Alas! my liege, you mistake," replied Moor. "All that I love will in future be in France."

"Not so," returned James. "I have this evening received a packet from Barillon, enclosing the certificate of your mother's marriage with Lord Mauvesin, which secures you the succession to the title and estates. Take it," he added, presenting him with a packet, "and with it, the consent of King Louis to your union with Mademoiselle Saint-Leu, whom you will find in London with Lady Oglethorpe. Farewell!"

With these words he extended his hand to the young man, who sank on his knee, and pressed it fervently to his lips. Before he could regain his feet, James stepped into the boat, which instantly put off, and conveyed him from England for ever.

END OF "JAMES THE SECOND."



MBurn.

King James's departure from England

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ERCOLE D'ESTE,

A TALE OF MEDIÆVAL ITALY.

By Thomas Roscoe, Esq.

I.

ROYAL REVENGE.

That political honesty is the best policy is a maxim, that, like the "seed sown in stony places" took feeble root in a soil, where the profligacy and violence of rulers supplied so perfect a model for the startling principles enunciated in the historian's work of "The Prince." Unhappily for her honour and independence, they were adopted by Italy's foreign invaders as well as by her native oppressors, and in not a few states are, up to the present day, acted upon by both, as the recent conspiracies against Rome and the cold-blooded slaughter of Milanese, Neapolitan, and Sicilian citizens too fearfully testify.

It is to show the results of an opposite course of policy in support and vindication of the enlightened system so successfully pursued by the sovereign pontiff, and fast extending to every part of the peninsula, we now sketch from its romantic annals a character which, contrasting with that of the machiavelian prince, displays its superiority at every step over the diplomatic frauds, and the false assassin doctrine hitherto erroneously permitted to plume themselves upon their supposed success. That success, like any other crime against society, its safety and its power, that of public opinion, is invariably momentary and evanescent, the precursor only of disappointment and of retribution: and so obvious is this great truth that even Russia, and Austria herself, tremble at the future; pause in their mistaken career, and seek in vain to secure themselves from the reaction which the persecution of just and true principles never fails to bring down upon the heads of its authors. Thus the blood of the scholars, patriots, and gentlemen of Italy, so lavishly shed under the last pontificate at Austrian dictation, fertilised the tree of Roman liberty into almost giant proportions; and the massacres of Poland and Austrian Galicia have roused a spirit which threatens, at no distant day, to shake the empire of the "barbarian Huns," as our noble poet (Byron) invariably characterised the masters of Venice and the Milanese, to its very foundations.

Ferrara, at this hour, the centre-point of that battle-field destined to be trod in a war both of independence and of the principles of social existence, stood once proud in its massive splendour, its princes the most renowned of Italy—famed seat of learning, art, and arms, crowned and consecrated by the genius of a Tasso. Revolving time may even now be completing the circle of her destiny; and from her massy walls and palace-ruins send forth a voice that may arouse the spirit of a new free Rome with the old renown of free-state cities in one firm national league and social compact.

Nicola d'Este, the second of that name, was among Ferrara's princes as remarkable for his singular character as for his adventures. Like King

Priam, he had a numerous progeny, who, if they boasted only one father, laid claim to a great variety of mothers—too many to bestow the merit of legitimacy upon all. In point of number, the wrong side was far stronger than the right, and in a fair field would soon have decided the question of empire.

Among these Leonel and Borso were the special favourites of their ducal sire, till in his age he wedded a daughter of the Saluzzi, by whom he had two sons, Ercole and Gismondo, called after the imperial Sigismund, who had stood his sponsor. At his death Nicola left them, still infants, to the care of their elder illegitimate brother Leonel, who took speedy and quiet possession of Ercole's legitimate patrimony, without the remotest idea of again surrendering it. Still Leonel had some little conscience—for a prince; as, instead of employing bowl or bowstring, he removed the temptation to both out of his sight, by despatching his young brothers—not by the sword, but by a trustworthy guard to his ally the King of Naples. He next strengthened his own usurpation by an union with a princess of the house of Mantua, who bore him a son, to whom he gave the name of his grandfather, Nicola.

Leonel died suddenly, and, with a sort of even-handed justice, his young heir was committed to the tender keeping of his uncle Borso, as Ercole had been to his. This Borso the first, who assumed the title of Ferrara's duke, treated his ward with kindness and consideration, upon the understanding previously arranged, that he was to enjoy that dignity during his life.

Meantime, the two brothers at the court of Naples gave promise of future merit not unworthy of their birth; while Nicola, the heir-expectant, nursed in luxury, addicted himself to pleasure, they were early inured to arms, and soon cut out their way to military distinction with the sword. Their high reputation reaching the ears of Borso, he determined to withdraw them from the service of the Neapolitan king: but as the latter was equally desirous of profiting by their valour, the wily duke invited them, as if for a party of pleasure, to Ferrara, and there conferred on Ercole the government of Modena, and that of Reale on the younger Sigismund.

The king, incensed at this step, and the refusal of the young princes to return to Naples, conceived the most inveterate hostility towards his former wards; especially so against Ercole, whose high qualities speedily raised him to the command of the ducal army, which, after worsting his allies, came into collision with the king's power itself. Personal emulation and a love of chivalrous exploit blew these embers into a flame, and their battle-fields became a kind of tournament, in which the youthful aspirants on both sides displayed their comparative skill and bravery, disputing the palm for honour as much as for victory itself. Alfonso, holding the prowess of Ercole too cheap, invariably singled him out to satiate at once his ambition and his revenge, while a lingering regard for his former guardian induced Ercole rather to shun than to seek such an encounter.

The result was that after several partial actions, the Prince of Este not only put the "preux chevaliers" of his majesty to the rout, but was so very uncourteous, in his own defence, as to carry away the plume and device of royal chivalry at the point of his spear, a loss scarcely less grievous than that of the battle to the ambitious king.

From this time forth the insulted pride of Naples sought to effect by diplomacy and fraud what it had failed to do by open and manly deeds. Night and day the tormented king's sole study, the object of all his most refined devices, was how to compass the ruin of one he had once held in such high regard and honour; and with him, of the artful prince, who had, under show of courtesy, deprived him of a hero and a companion in arms, whose loss he now doubly deplored.

A master of dissimulation, he allowed some time to elapse before he entered upon the deep-laid scheme which hate and disappointed vanity are so ready to invent. He then commenced by sounding Ercole's views and disposition, taking upon himself the onus of past grievances, and, by means of spies and flatterers, seeking to sow dissension between the prince and Borso. Soon he sought to excite his ambition, by assuring him that if he would enter into strict alliance with Naples, he would engage to establish his full hereditary rights, and drive the usurping duke from the whole of his dominions. Every motive was held out by those around the youthful prince, to engage him in this enterprise, but with rare sagacity for his years, divining the further acts and scenes of the plot, from the character of its author, he saw that his sole hope of safety lay in so directing his own weapons against the king, as to deprive him of the power of inflicting injury. Had he at once rejected the royal overtures, other and more expeditious means of vengeance would have been resorted to.

"Admirable!" he exclaimed to the envoy. "I comprehend it all. No time should be lost; but I can do nothing without the express and written will of the king."

"And what then?" inquired the envoy.

"I will do all," replied the prince (and with perfect truth), "all best calculated to enable me to recover my dominions."

With this reply the messenger returned, overjoyed, to his royal master; while Ercole lost not a moment in apprising the duke of all that had passed. Borso expressed greater pleasure than surprise at the conduct of each party, merely adding,

"Let us wait quietly, and see whether the King will write."

In a few days the expected document appeared. It stated, in his own hand, his majesty's extreme anxiety to restore his young friend and ally to his rightful power and state; the manner of effecting which would be detailed by his own envoy, to whom the prince might, in future, trust his most secret thoughts and wishes with the same confidence as to the ear of his royal "friend" himself.

Ercole requested a little time to prepare a suitable answer to so gracious an epistle, which he employed in reading it to Duke Borso, before another of "the most trusty of envoys" should have an opportunity of reaching and abusing his ear. Scarcely had the reigning duke and the young prince—for, after the noble conduct of Borso, they were the best of friends—indulged themselves in a hearty laugh at the deep-scheming monarch's expense, than behold a second "trusty envoy" appeared on the stage with despatches to the duke, beseeching him to look to his valuable life and his power, for that Ercole was far engaged in a horrible conspiracy to deprive him of both. So great, indeed, was his royal anxiety for the duke's safety, that he implored him, in a special postscript, to lose no time in securing the person of Ercole; and should he feel the

slightest compunction in disposing of him according to his deserts, he had merely to consign him into his royal hands, and he would engage that the ingrate traitor should never molest his peace for the future.

The indignation of Borso had very nearly cost the unlucky envoy dear. No longer master of his feelings, he turned his flashing eyes upon the trembling wretch: "'Tis well thy office holds thee scatheless, or thou shouldst rue this embassy. It is ill requital of the prince's services to the house of Aragon thus to set snares for his life, and what he esteems yet more dearly, his honour and plighten faith. Bid your master take heed, lest in digging a pit for others' destruction, he fall not therein, perilling his own soul."

Speedy was the scared envoy's *congé*, and inexpressible the disappointed rage of his royal master; while Ercole, serene and happy in the consciousness of scorning to recover his rights by a base action, returned to Modena with extended powers and dominion conferred by the grateful Borso.

II.

THE AMBUSCADE.

Were hatred and revenge ever deterred by failure, Alfonso had now abandoned his evil purpose; it only excited him to fresh and more desperate efforts. A number of his creatures had gradually insinuated themselves into the young prince's confidence; they were guests at his table; and spread treason among his chamberlains and guards. By dint of bribery and advancing several of the chief conspirators to the lordship of castles, the king succeeded in engaging them to supplant both the duke and the prince in their dominion; and, after raising the standard of insurrection, to cut off both uncle and nephew by the sword.

With this view, they determined first to secure the person of Borso, by making it appear as if done at the instigation of the prince; and, aware that he had been invited to a grand festival to be given in his honour at Modena, they judged the occasion most opportune, and prepared their secret ambuscade. Prince Ercole, at the head of a select body of horse, was to meet the duke and his court on the frontiers. It was not till the eve of his intended departure that Ercole's suspicions were aroused, and upon questioning one of the conspirators, seized with terror and remorse as the fatal hour drew nigh, he first learnt the extent of the foul conspiracy ready to explode. That night, when all was wrapt in profound repose, he withdrew by a private passage from his palace, mounted his fleetest steed, nor ever drew bit till he aroused the castellan at the gate of the old tower of Ferrara. Insisting upon instant admission to the presence of the duke, some confusion ensued; the noise of which awoke his chamberlain, who had received strict injunction—for Borso was in hourly dread of assassination—to admit no one; but to summon the guard; and then inquire into the cause of the alarm. The moment, however, it was ascertained that the prince had arrived, Borso gave orders for his admission, *without* being examined for arms, as was customary, but to allow no other person to enter.

"Prince Ercole!" he exclaimed, as he started back on beholding the pale and haggard features of his relative; "and at such an hour. If you look thus alarmed, then may I indeed tremble at the fate prepared for me. What moves you thus?—Why here?—Let me know the worst."

"Your life, both our lives, and the safety, the independence of our states, are in immediate jeopardy, there is no time for explanations; we must act. You were to have been made the victim, I to appear the assassin; the spies and agents of the king were to sacrifice me in that king's assumed indignation at my treachery, and he was quietly to usurp the regency; in other words, the possession of our duchies."

"But how are we to avert the accomplishment of his terrific purpose?"

"That is the difficulty upon which I am here, as you see me, at this hour, to receive the commands of your excellency."

"Command you!" was the duke's exclamation, "impossible! I look to you as I would to my guardian angel, for safety and for succour in this dread unexpected emergency."

"And you shall find them; by the splendour of the living God, you shall find them, or to-morrow I will fill a soldier's grave; never that of a traitor and an ingrate. You have acted as a true friend, as a father to me; and twice over, when you had every temptation to secure your power, to possess every thing by my silence. The king solely tolerated my existence for my services; when those were lawfully withdrawn he hated, he persecuted me, but he shall never triumph over my honour, though he trample my body in the dust."

"Brave friend! noble cousin! worthy of more than all I can ever do for you," exclaimed the delighted Borso, pleased to see his dauntless spirit, and not at all unpleased that it stood between him and the deadly wrath of the incensed and powerful monarch; "but what propose you?"

"If your excellency shall approve it, I have the entire counter-plan prepared, which shall place one and all these traitors in your power, with their monarch-chief at your mercy."

"How, in the name of all that's good and holy?"

"By simply permitting them to fall unsuspectingly into the snares which they have laid for our destruction. We must appear to enter into all their views; your excellency must keep your promise, and appear on the festive scene with gay smiles, on your visit to Modena, accompanied only by the witty, the gay and fair. I will look to the military part of the business, and you need have no apprehension."

For the first time the duke looked a little serious, and fixed his keen eye on that of the prince, as if dubious and fearful. It quailed not, nor did his cheek vary its hue, the lip compress or quiver, each infallible signs of detected treason, which cannot endure the scrutiny of the eye of honesty or innocence, especially that of its victim. But the prince shook his head, and turned away, as if much hurt; he understood that look.

"If your excellency doubt me, you had better fly, or submit to the king at once."

"I did! but I despise myself for it. Forgive me—I place myself in your hands."

"Then my brother Sigismund will give us aid from Reale; my own guards will be upon the spot, and at the moment the ambuscade, and the false retainers of the king, in our service, rise to effect his horrid purpose, both will find themselves surrounded and disarmed. I state thus much that you may feel not the least hesitation or anxiety—any misgiving with regard to your intended visit. But it is time, if we would accomplish all, and obtain solid satisfaction and peace from the king, that I take my departure; farewell till our happier meeting. Your confidence shall be honoured."

Upon the eventful day appointed for meeting Duke Borso and his courtly retinue upon the frontier ; a day to which the king looked forward with fierce and terrible exultation, scarcely able to veil his passionate joy from the least penetrating eye,—Ferrara's chivalry and beauty responded to the summons of their favourite chief to grace the approaching festival held in his honour by the Prince of Modena. A glorious summer dawn shone over hill and plain, reflecting in the sun's rays the splendour of the ducal arms and banners, with many a gay device or emblazoned token of love and knighthood, while the loud ringing laugh of the young and happy, the sound of horn and clarion ; the hunter's reveillé, the deep bay of hounds, or the whirring wings and airy flights of the unhooded hawk and falcon, with the prancing and neighing of fiery steed, gave rich earnest of one of those pleasure parties peculiar to Italy's free states during the mediæval and more prosperous times. But while every eye and voice, and each external object carried the impression of unalloyed, of young and careless happiness ; under their fair painted and hollow mask, cowering as it were from heaven's light, were still hidden that evil human heart tortured with the racking passions of jealousy, hatred, and revenge, with dark conspiracy, and the assassin's steel ready to start from beneath it, swift as from the scabbard. The open brow and forced smiles of Borso ill agreed with the anxiety weighing on his spirits, he knew not how far the intrigues of his formidable foe had tampered with the fidelity of his adherents, his body-guard, and those nearest and dearest to him. His sole hope and trust lay in Ercole, yet might not he, too, have his price, had he not been taught to look on him as an usurper ; a bastard branch—one that had cheated him out of his rights ? Was he not, amidst all his ducal pomp and revelry, hurrying like a helpless and decorated victim to the sacrifice ? Haunted by these terrible suspicions, Borso, at the head of his festal retinue, was approaching the spot where he knew they would at least meet their solution, whether for life and victory, or a sudden and ignoble death.

It was in the wooded and sheltered territory near Final, where his enemies lay concealed, and where also the counter ambuscade—a superior force under Sigismund of Reale was to be in readiness to fall on.

The scene which now ensued was of a singularly striking and dramatic character, by no means uncommon, as strange and startling incidents were during the family conflicts of Italy's middle ages.

From the Modenese side was beheld advancing, its gay colours flouting the air, the state banner of Prince Ercole, ushering in with "music, pomp, and revelry," the brilliant train of his knights-companion, closely followed by an imposing number of his city-guards. Just as the two princes were in the act of saluting each other, at an opening in the road near the frontier-plain, a shrill blast, followed by the tramp of horse, was heard, as if coming from an old pine-wood skirting the road at a short distance from the left. To the surprise of both parties, it was instantly replied to by a still louder and more piercing note on the opposite declivity, and the next moment, a bold array of horsemen showed itself ; and, dashing at full speed across the road, wheeled round and took a position in the rear and flank of a smaller body of cavaliers as they rode forward, and were in the very act of surrounding Duke Borso and his immediate attendants. The sudden movement of Prince Sigismund compelled the party instantly to present front to another enemy more formidably armed,

while, at the same moment, Ercole, with a giant grasp, seized the chief conspirator in his train, and handed him to his guards, who had hastened at his summons to surround and disarm the ringleaders. The same unpleasant process—for them and their royal instigator—took place with the uncourtly knights of the ambuscade, who, in place of making the two princes an easy prey, the stepping stone to their future greatness, found themselves in the very flush of victory, at once out-generalled and overpowered, prisoners in the hands of the very men whom they had sought so basely to betray.

"Traitors!" exclaimed the indignant prince, "did ye deem your secret devices to flatter, betray, and commit foul murder were seen not, and made manifest by Heaven? You will now suffer the penalty due to your criminal attempts, attempts so remorselessly repeated with added numbers and greater atrocity."

Consigned to the dungeons of Ferrara, they there awaited their doom, while the failure of their plot, by the happy stratagem and superior skill of Ercole, gave redoubled zest to the general joy, the festive masque and revelry in honour of Borso's natal day.

Little difficulty was found in bringing proofs of guilt home to the royal door of the chief delinquent. Upon being brought before the council for examination, and threatened with the question if they spoke not truth, the wretched instruments of his infamous policy boldly declared that they had been bribed with most lavish promises to slay both princes; and then to give out that the entire infamy of the deed rested upon the young prince's conspiracy to unseat the reigning duke.

When the king received from Duke Borso letters containing a full narrative of all that had passed, his former hatred and love of vengeance were completely obliterated by fears for his own character and safety. He at once despatched an envoy bearing missives to both princes, couched in the most abject and even fulsome and flattering terms, beseeching them not to proceed to extremities against the prisoners (he was terrified at the idea of more confessions), taking the entire odium of the affair upon himself, and pledging his crown to peace and amity if they would bury the past in oblivion. What is still more strange, whether from despair of overcoming enemies so truly well informed as to his views and purposes, and too skilful to be taken by surprise, or whether from fear or compunction, a King of Naples for once kept his royal word.

Prince Ercole finally succeeded without the slightest plot, or a drop of blood being shed in his cause, to the whole of his paternal dominions, and for a long period the King of Naples had no firmer and more useful allies than were to be found in the head of the ducal house of Este and of his family.

It must be encouraging to some of the modern states of Italy, now engaged in so noble and momentous a struggle against barbarian and absolute power for constitutional liberty and national independence, to perceive, from historical example, that vigour and magnanimity of action combined with an open and fearless assertion of the principles of truth and justice will invariably, in the end, prove too strong for the secret and most artful policy of mad or wicked rulers.

JONATHAN JOHNSON'S SECOND VOYAGE IN SEARCH OF ADVENTURES.

THE BRIDE OF PATAGONIA.

BY WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON, ESQ.

"WELL, as I was saying," observed Captain Johnson, vigorously stirring the potent compound in his tumbler, "as soon as I got safely back from my northern expedition, I hurried up to London, and it wasn't long, you may be sure, before I found a ship, and one which I thought would suit me. I had been furnished with highly satisfactory certificates from my former owners; in fact, merit like mine couldn't languish in obscurity, though, by-the-bye, I ought not exactly to sing my own praises, but when a man has a due consciousness of his own superior talents, the feeling will ooze out now and then, do all he can to conceal it.

"The vessel I shipped on board was the *Lady Stiggins*, a fine brig of three hundred tons, called after the wife of the celebrated alderman of that name, a baronet and tallow-chandler resident in the fashionable quarter of Houndsditch. Of course, you've all heard of him. He was part owner of the brig, and a very worthy man, an ornament to his exalted rank. We were bound on a trading voyage round Cape Horn to Peru, and were to touch at some of the islands of the South Pacific on our way. This circumstance determined me to select this ship, and I knew also from the character of the captain that we were pretty certain to meet with adventures, the chief inducement, in truth, which took me to sea."

"Your adventures, captain, it strikes me, can't be altogether unlike those of two famous navigators I have read of years ago, one called Sinbad the Sailor, and the other, still more celebrated, whose name was Captain Lemuel Gulliver," observed the little barber.

"Sinbad and Gulliver be d—d," roared the captain. "If there are two fellows whose names I hate more than any others, they are those. Take them all in all I consider them, without exception, the biggest liars who ever lived, and if there's a character I detest more than another, it is that of a man who departs in the slightest degree from the truth. No one can any longer have confidence in what he says, and, by George! for my own part, I'd rather lose my right hand, and my head into the bargain, than have a shadow of reason to suppose that the words I was uttering would run the remotest chance of not being implicitly believed. My principle is and always has been to tell truth and shame the d—l."

Having delivered himself of this noble sentiment, Captain Johnson took three pretty long sips of his grog, his one eye rolling round on his assembled audience with a stern self-satisfied glance, as much as to say, "I am beyond suspicion. Let none dare doubt *my* word."

The strange sailor hummed out something about two of a trade not agreeing, but he did not sing loud enough for the captain to hear his words.

"Well, captain," cried the little barber, fidgetting about in his chair. "We are all eager to hear what happened to you on board the *Lady Stiggins*."

"Oh, ay, you shall hear, my friends," answered Jonathan, as he cleared his voice with a noise which sounded somewhat like the suppressed roar of a lion, then, moistening his throat with the remaining contents of his tumbler, he began,

"The *Lady Stiggins* was, as I said, a fine brig, and as it wasn't safe in those days to navigate distant seas without being well armed, we carried eight guns and a complement of twenty men, so that he would have been a bold pirate who would venture to attack us, and a brave one who could make us his prize.

"We had somewhat of a roving commission, and before proceeding on our more distant voyage, we touched at two or three of the West India Islands, those glittering gems of the tropics, the land of sugar-candy and blackymores.

"I was not at first much of a favourite with the crew, for having enjoyed no opportunity of testing my qualifications, they had taken it into their heads that I was an empty braggadocio, a character they very naturally despised; in fact, they were in the habit of considering the yarns with which I occasionally indulged them as incredible falsehoods, instead of the veracious accounts they really were. They soon, however, had occasion to alter their opinion, when I was quickly raised to that position in their estimation which I ever after enjoyed. We were about a day's sail, or so, from Port Royal, in Jamaica, and were expecting to make the land the following morning, when, as is frequent in those latitudes, it fell a dead calm. When it is hot in that part of the world, there is no mistake about it. The sun sent his rays down upon our heads as if it were a furnace a few yards off, making the pitch in the seams of our decks bubble and squeak like bacon in a frying-pan, and I remember that a basket of eggs which were in the captain's cabin were hatched in a few minutes, and, to his no small surprise, as he looked up from a book he was reading, he saw a whole brood of chickens and ducks all scrambling about the floor, not knowing what to do with themselves. At first he couldn't tell where they had all come from, and while he was conjecturing on the subject, the chickens went to roost in a corner, for it was too hot to keep awake, and the ducks waddled up on deck, and were making the best of their way over the vessel's side into their native element, to get into a cooler place, when we stopped them and turned them into a water-butt, which contented them mightily. But this was not the story I was going to tell you. Every soul on board felt something like the ducks and chickens—overcome with the heat,—so, at last, not considering the risks we ran, with one accord we stripped off our clothes and jumped overboard. We had been frolicking and swimming about for some time, enjoying the comparatively cool water, though for the matter of that, it was pretty well hot enough to boil a lobster, when suddenly our ears were assailed with the terrific cry of 'a shark, a shark.' I turned my head, and saw the monster approaching. The outside man was a fine young fellow, Tom Harding by name. The poor fellow saw his danger, for the shark was making directly for him. I sang out to him not to be afraid, but to swim as fast as he could towards the ship, and he didn't require to be told twice. Meantime, I was making a circle round so as to approach the beast in the rear, for I need not tell you that I was a first-rate swimmer, and I never yet heard of the man who could keep

up with me. Why I once swam from Dover to Calais and back again for a wager, and then danced a hornpipe on the top of Shakespeare's Cliff to the astonishment of all who saw me, but I'll tell you of that another time."

"Well, but Captain Johnson, how was it you escaped being swallowed by the shark?" interrupted the little barber.

"I swallowed by the shark!" exclaimed the captain, laughing; "that's a good one. By George! I should like to see the shark who could swallow me except he found me snoozing on the top of a wave, and that's not very likely. If it hadn't been for me, however, he would have swallowed Tom Harding, and no mistake. Well, Tom was swimming for dear life, and all the rest of the crew were scrambling up the side of the vessel as fast as they could, thinking it was all over with both of us, when I saw the monster turn on his back, his white belly shining in the sun as he made a grab at Tom's leg. It was now time for me to interfere, so striking out with all my might, I seized the shark by the tail, and slewing him round just as he expected to make a mouthful of Tom, he missed his aim, and his jaws met with a crack which sounded like the report of a hundred muskets. Tom gave a shriek, for he thought, as well he might, that his last hour was come, but still more from instinct than from any hope of escape, he swam on, and was very much surprised to find himself alongside the ship. In fact, when he was hauled on deck it was some time before he could be persuaded that he hadn't lost both his legs, so firmly convinced he was that the shark had got hold of them. I, meantime, kept a taut hold of the fish, who was whisking about his tail and snapping his jaws in his disappointment, and hard work I had you may depend on't. As he went one way I pulled the other, and acting like a rudder brought him up again, as it were, into the wind's eye, thus contriving to work him nearer and nearer to the ship. At last, after considerable exertion, when I got him alongside, singing out for the bight of a rope, which was quickly hove to me, I passed it dexterously over his tail, and told those on deck to haul it taut. He was thus partly secured, but my greatest difficulty was to make his head fast, for I had no fancy to get within the power of his jaws. I was almost despairing of securing him, when fortunately one of the men, Bill Jones, I remember, was his name, made fast a big hook to the top-gallant halyards, and hove it before him. The shark grabbed it in a moment, and we had him fast. Those on deck had just before been endeavouring to pass a rope under his head, and this now slipped up and caught in his jaws, and no sooner did he feel the iron in his gullet, than darting forward in his rage he compelled us to ease off all the ropes on to him, or he would have slipped through them, and away he went ahead of the vessel. As he did so, I had just got on deck again when an idea struck me that we would make him of use. There was no great difficulty, for passing the line on his jaws over to the other side, we had a regular pair of reins for him. One end of it being brought in at the starboard bow-port and the other on the larboard one, while the hook in his nose served to bring him sharp up when he ran too fast. No sooner were these arrangements made than away he went at a rapid pace ahead, towing us through the water at the rate of at least six knots an hour. I like always to be under the mark. By hauling in now one side then the other, we managed to steer him very well on our proper

course towards Port Royal. The calm continued all that and the following day, but still on we glided through the water to the inexpressible astonishment of the crews of several craft we passed, who, I heard afterwards, fully believed the *Lady Stiggins* to be the Flying Dutchman. It was nearly evening when we approached the harbour of Port Royal, and a number of merchants, and agents, and people of all sorts were assembled on the quays, trying to get a little cool air from the sea. The merchant to whom we were consigned, Mr. Gregory Griz, a very good man, afterwards told us that as they were looking towards the sea they saw a brig drawing in with the land at a rapid rate, without sails. They couldn't make it out, you may be sure, for steamers were not invented in those days, nor so much as thought of. They rubbed their eyes, then looked again, still on she came with not a stitch of canvass set—and if there had been there was not wind enough to fill one of her royals. They couldn't persuade themselves that she was a real ship, and many fully expected her to fade into thin air and disappear altogether, and the general opinion was that if she wasn't the Flying Dutchman, Old Nick himself must be driving her along. The brig was in fact the *Lady Stiggins*, but it occurred to no one that a shark could have us in tow. No sooner had we dropped our anchor than the brig was surrounded by boats full of people eager to hear an explanation of the phenomena, and they would scarcely believe us when we told them how we had got along. Indeed, they did not credit our assertions till we showed them the monster, who was frisking about under the bows, now almost as tame and docile as a dog. In fact he became so domesticated from our keeping him well supplied with food, that he followed us round the world, and would no more have thought of eating up any one of our people than a lap-dog would its mistress;—though woe betide any unfortunate chap who might tumble overboard from another vessel, he made no bones of swallowing him in a moment—till he became a perfect nuisance, and I believe every one was glad when we and our pet left the harbour. It's a truth, by George! and I can bring plenty of witnesses to prove it; every body in Jamaica was aware of the fact, and if you had been there you would have heard of it too, for I've no doubt that to this day it is talked about by some of the old fellows who were there at the time. Let me tell you, too, that it's a thing to be proud of that catching the shark by the tail, so much so that I've heard an officer in the service of his majesty—God bless him—assert that it happened to himself, thus robbing me of the credit of the thing, which compels me to say very unwillingly and with due respect to him, that he's as big a liar as ever lived, and if he was here I would say it to his face. It's too bad when a man has performed a gallant action to have another come and rob him of it. Now if he had candidly said, 'While I was in the West Indies there was a certain Jonathan Johnson, a very fine fellow, by-the-bye, who did so and so, caught a shark by the tail, and made him tow his ship into Port Royal,' all would have been right, and I should have thanked him for corroborating my story, but to go and say that he did it is too bad. I've said it before, and I say it again, I like a fellow to speak the truth and shame the d——l. Those are my principles, and I stick to them, by George!"

The captain was interrupted by broken exclamations from his audience, among which were distinguished, "Very good principles—wonderful,

wonderful; stick to 'em, captain. What a thundering lie," which latter words sounded very much as if they came from the lips of the strange sailor. The captain overheard him, but was not to be daunted.

"Yes, you are right, my friend," he exclaimed. "I do hate to hear a fellow tell such a thundering lie as the officer I spoke of; but we won't dwell on the subject, it irritates me. Now, I was going to give you an account of another adventure which occurred soon after, whereby I was still further raised in the estimation of the crew of the *Lady Stiggins*."

"Go on then, do, captain," exclaimed the little barber; "it's so interesting."

"Well, you shall hear," exclaimed Jonathan. "At that time the Carribbean Sea was infested with piccaroons who let few traders escape without paying toll except they happened to be well armed and manned. Now as we were both well armed and manned we didn't care a rap for the biggest pirate among them. Our captain, also, was as brave a fellow as ever stepped. His name was William Blowhard, a curious name, and old Bill Blowhard was as well known in the West Indies, as Beachy Head or the Start to a Channel pilot. We had left Port Royal two days, when, just at dusk, the man at the mast-head hailed that there was a sail broad on the weather-bow, but the night closing quickly in we couldn't make out what she was. It had just gone two bells in the middle watch when again a sail was seen much closer to us, which, from the course she was steering, we had no doubt was the same we had observed in the evening, and as she came edging down towards the *Lady Stiggins*, we made her out to be a large top-sail schooner. She then hauled her wind a little and kept on exactly the same course we were steering. There was something very suspicious in her movements which the master, old Blowhard, didn't like; for though he was as brave a man as ever stepped, and in fact you couldn't pick a bolder set of fellows than were all his crew, our business was to trade, and not to fight. We were not long in forming an opinion that the stranger was no other than a pirate, probably waiting only for daylight to attack us. All hands were turned up to make more sail, but though we cracked on every stitch of canvass the brig could carry, the stranger kept up with us without increasing hers. No one thought of going below, and as we stood gazing at her she seemed like some mighty spirit stalking over the world of waters, so silently and majestically did she glide onwards. A ship under sail is a fine sight at any time, but at night she seems increased to double her size, and her sails, spread out on the unseen yards and tinted of a dark hue, literally look as if they swept the skies. All night long she continued at the same distance, dodging our movements like a shadow. If we kept our luff, so did she; if we bore more away, so did she; and some declared that they heard strange wild shrieks borne from her by the breeze, while others went so far as to say that they could see ghastly livid countenances surrounded by a blue flame peering over the bulwarks. I don't say that such was the case, and I don't say that it wasn't. I didn't hear the noises or see the pale faces. All I know was, that there was a thundering big schooner on our weather beam which would probably lay us on board as soon as she was certain that we were no other than a quiet trader.

"At last the morning dawned, and there was the mysterious stranger still edging quietly down towards us. Old Blowhard now thought it high time to beat to quarters, and after he had made a speech, each man went to

his station with alacrity. The pirate, for such she was, seemed to know what we were about, for at the same moment up went his black flag, and he fired a gun across our bow.

"'Is that your game, my boy?' exclaimed old Blowhard, 'we will soon show you that two can play at that same; but, before we fight, my instructions are to show a clean pair of heels, if we can, and I must obey my owner's orders.—Stand by to rig out studden-sails! Square away the main-yard! Keep her dead away, my lad!' he sang out to the man at the helm, 'Fore braces haul! Hoist away, handsomely—now handsomely!' And away we went, right before the wind, bowling along at the rate of twelve knots an hour, for the *Lady Stiggins* was a precious one to go, let me tell you. But it was very little use, for no sooner did we alter our course, than the schooner did so likewise, and showed us that she was just as fast before the wind as on a bowline. Away we tore together through the foaming ocean, for it was now blowing very fresh, and we carried as much sail as we could stagger under. The schooner took it easy, perhaps she was afraid of injuring her spars, but still she gained on us, though, as a stern chase is always a long one, it was some time before she came within hail of us. A voice was then heard from the schooner, ordering us to heave-to. 'I'll see you all tarnation well roasted before the d—l's kitchen fire before I do any such thing,' answered old Blowhard through his speaking-trumpet. To which there was a loud roar of laughter from the stranger, who was now ranging up on our beam, and as each gun bore, he let it fly at us. This so angered our skipper, that, taking in our lighter canvass, he ordered the guns to be manned, and determined to make no further attempt to escape, but to fight it out to the last. There were fearful odds, however, in favour of the enemy; for, although smaller in point of tonnage, she carried twice as many guns of heavier metal, and a crew of a hundred as desperate-looking blackguards as I ever set eyes on. They were of all colours—black, brown, yellow, and white, and of every costume under the sun—there wasn't one, also, I warrant, among the whole set who hadn't cut his dozen gullets, at least, in cold blood, not to speak of sending every soul on board their prizes to the bottom. As we saw their ugly faces grinning at us between the smoke-wreaths, it wasn't pleasant to think that they might very soon be engaged in knocking us in the head, if we couldn't contrive to serve them that trick ourselves. Well, at it we went, blazing away like fun at each other, and we should soon have had the worst of it, but our guns were so well served that not a shot missed. The fact is, that I fired most of them myself, and was employed the whole time in running from gun to gun with a match in my hand, for you must know that I'm a dead shot, whether with a cannon or a rifle. With the latter, I once killed a racoon sitting on the top of a tree, in the woods of America, a mile off; and, in action, when my blood was up, could always put a shot into any part of the hull or rigging I wished. This sort of practice did not suit the taste of the pirates you may be sure, and after losing a number of their people, and having their vessel and sails riddled with our shot, they closed with us to lay us by the board. This we could not avoid, though we would rather have peppered them a little longer, as, except three wounded, we had lost none of our crew. Knowing what would happen, I had gone to the captain, and volunteered to lead the boarders. The sides of the two vessels met with a terrific crash, and a hundred ugly ruffians, with their swords

gleaming in their hands, were seen ready to rush on board us and make mince-meat of every living soul in the *Lady Stiggins*. At that moment, I felt my heart swelling with superhuman valour, and determined, at every risk to myself, to prevent such a catastrophe, by boarding the pirate instead. Ordering, therefore, the helm to be put down, which would, I saw, separate the two vessels, I sprang over the bulwarks of the schooner from the main rigging of the brig, and, before any of my shipmates could follow me, I found myself alone on the deck of the pirate. This was just what I desired, for I knew the miscreants were capable of committing any atrocity, and were just as likely to blow us and themselves for very mischief into the air together. Now I alone could be the sufferer, and I was ready to die for the good of the rest. In a moment, the swords of the rovers were flashing above my head, but my own cutlass was not idle, and we set to in earnest.

"The first who opposed me I made lick the deck, cutting right and left, here, there, and everywhere. More than a dozen had fallen when I encountered the captain of the villanous band. He was a fellow near seven feet high, with huge black whiskers, moustachoes curling up to his eyes, and a beard reaching to his waist; a dozen huge pistols were stuck in his belt, and two or three swords dangled by his side. He wore a high fur cap, and red jacket and trousers, being altogether as ferocious looking a monster in the human form as I ever beheld. Our blades crossed with a crash, which reverberated to the skies, and made the rest draw back while we two continued the combat; but no sooner did they see the blood trickling down the face of their leader, from a wound I inflicted, than they again in crowds attacked me. I, however, was undaunted, and keeping my back to the bulwarks, one after the other they fell dead at my feet. Twice had I wounded the captain, when, blinded by rage, he rushed furiously at me; his breast was left unguarded, my sword entered it, and with a howl of disappointed fury he dropped down a corpse. I had barely time to draw out my weapon to cut off the heads of two who were pressing me hardest, when the whole crew made a dash at me to revenge the death of their leader. I met them with unabated vigour, but instead of standing quietly as before, I rushed in among them, and cutting right and left, so well did I use my weapon, that I drove all of them before me to the fore-part of the vessel. What with oaths and shrieks, pistols flashing, swords clashing, feet stamping, the hubbub was tremendous, and amid all I heard them shouting to one another that I was the d——l, and that there was no use opposing me. To do the knaves justice, they fought bravely, but they could not stand against me, and by the time half their number were dead they sang out for quarter. They did not deserve it, but I granted it; in fact I was almost tired myself. It was dry work, let me tell you, too, and it makes me thirsty even now to think on it."

Here Jonathan gave a long pull at his glass of spirits.

"It must have been, Captain Johnson," observed the little barber. "Dear me, think of killing fifty men with your own hand—how dreadful!"

"Ay, and before breakfast, too, let me tell you. By George! what an appetite I had after it. Eat up three rounds of salt beef, two dozen ship's biscuits, not to speak of a loaf of soft tommy we'd brought off from Jamaica, and washed the whole down with a bucket full of grog, good rum, half-and-half. No one wanted to stint me, and I felt that I deserved what I got. It was not every day I worked so hard;—but I'm going a-head

too fast. Let me see—I was telling you how the survivors of the pirate crew cried for quarter—I gave it them, provided they wouldn't attempt to pass abaft the foremast; and stepping back carefully so as not to stumble over the dead bodies which strewed the deck, I hailed the brig to come again alongside. This they had been endeavouring to do for some time, more for the sake of avenging my death, and punishing the pirates, than from any hopes of finding me in the land of the living. What then was the astonishment of my shipmates to see me, not only alive, but the conqueror, while the surviving pirates stood trembling before me. The fact is, that overcome with respect for me and awe of my valour, they took me for some super-human being against whom it would be hopeless to contend, yet I was not sorry when the bow of the *Lady Stiggins* being made fast to the main rigging of the pirate schooner, old Blowhard, with half his crew jumped on board, and I found him warmly grasping my hand, and complimenting me on my heroic courage. It was, indeed, deeply gratifying to my feelings, and an ample reward for my exertions. Well, we had work enough to secure so many prisoners, although judging of the rest of my shipmates by me, they thought that it would be useless to offer any further resistance. The dead we threw overboard to be devoured by our pet shark, who got a surfeit thereby, and we were very near losing him; fortunately, however, for him, several of his brethren scented the prey from afar, and came to assist him in the feast. It was very horrid to see the monsters tearing away at so many human beings whom my arm had sent to another world, but what could we do, they had brought it upon themselves, and we had no time so stop and give them Christian burial. When the sharks found no more food, they all went away except our pet, who continued as before alongside. Well, having distributed the prisoners between the two vessels, we got the schooner to rights, and shaped a course back to Port Royal, where we intended to dispose of our prize and to see our prisoners hung.

"We were some days beating back, and we should again have harnessed on our pet shark, but we found that he could make no head-way, except in a perfect calm, nor was it to be expected that he should. You see Nature has formed him for getting along at a pretty rapid rate by himself, but never contemplated his being made useful to tow ships through the sea. If our former arrival at Port Royal caused astonishment, so did we this time amaze the good people, when they saw us in company with the dreaded pirate. I, of course, got a great deal of credit, and many handsome presents, but the feelings of my own bosom were the greatest reward. The schooner was sold, and became a man-of-war, and the pirates were hung, which you'll all agree served them right."

"An awful end, *requiescant in pace*," said the parish clerk; "they would have filled half a churchyard if they had been buried on shore."

"It must have been warm work, captain, cutting them up as you did," observed the butcher.

"Warm, I believe you, and in the tropics, too," answered Jonathan; "I didn't get cool again till I had spent a winter at the south pole, and used to make the water hiss every time I jumped overboard for months afterwards."

"I wonder the king did not make you a duke or an admiral, at the least, after it," observed the barber.

"Ah! my friend, merit like mine seldom meets in this world with its due reward, except one happens to have an uncle in the ministry, or an aunt chamber-maid to the queen," responded Jonathan, complacently.

"But no matter, I have it here within me," and he struck his breast with a thump, which resounded through the room.

"When a fellow does spin a yarn, I like to hear him tell a good one," muttered the strange sailor.

"You are right, my friend!" exclaimed Jonathan, with a roar. "So do I; and what do you think? The same scurvy fellow, who says he caught the shark by the tail, goes about declaring that it was he captured the pirate with his own hand. Now, I can bring all the people who were at Port Royal at the time, to prove that it was I took the schooner, single-handed, and that she came in a prize to the *Lady Stiggins*. Ah! the *Lady Stiggins* isn't forgotten there yet, depend on it. We spent a week there to repair damages, and then again sailed for our destination. We had got clear of the Carribean sea, and were running down the coast of America, when, somewhere in the latitude of Demerara, it came on to blow very hard from the north and west. The clouds came rushing along the sky like a mass of people, all hurrying to see the king open parliament, or a clown throw a summerset in a show at a fair; the wind howled and screeched in the rigging, as I have heard the wild beasts do in the woods of Africa, or some young members in the House of Commons, while the waves got up, and tumbled and rolled, as if they were dancing for their very lives; the foam which flew from them was so thick that it actually lifted the ship at times out of the water. We had sent down our top-gallant yards, and had just furled the courses, and were in the act of lowering the main-topsail to close reef it, when a squall more heavy than before came right down upon us. I was at the helm at the time, and heard it roaring up astern. The main-top-sail-yard had just reached the cap, and the fore-sail was the only sail showing to the breeze. The blast struck us; a clap, as if of thunder, was heard, and away flew our fore-topsail clean out of the bolt-ropes, and clear of every thing. Off it flew right away to leeward; I kept my eye on it, and instead of sinking, the wind was so strong that it retained precisely the same elevation above the sea that it had done when spread to the yard. I did not mention the circumstance to any one, but took care not to lose sight of it. This was a warning to us not to set any more sail, so the main-topsail was furled, not, however, without great difficulty, and away we scudded under bare poles, right in the wake of the fore-topsail. Instead of abating, the wind increased with awful rapidity, till it blew a perfect hurricane. I still, however, kept at the helm; and when it was my turn to be relieved, I begged the captain to let me retain my post, and had then to explain what had occurred. When I pointed out the sail, at first he would scarcely believe me, and declared it was a white cloud ahead of us; but I was so positive, that at last he let me have my way. Well, we steered straight on all that day, and, as night came on, I took the bearings of the sail, and, as the wind did not vary in the morning, there it was directly in its former position, only, I think, we had gained a little on it. On, on, we sailed away, tearing through the foaming ocean, or rather over it, but still we did not come up with the sail. At last I was obliged, from very weariness, to let a careful hand relieve me at the helm, and desiring to be called if we neared the sail, I turned in, and went to sleep. Now, you will want to know, why I was so anxious to come up with the sail? The fact is, I had taken a notion into my head, of which I will tell you presently. Well, I slept for five-and-twenty hours without turning, and

thought that I had been only one hour at it, for when I came on deck every thing was just as when I left it, without the slightest variation. I, however, felt much refreshed, and able again to take the helm. Degree after degree of latitude we ran down, till the temperature of the weather began sensibly to decrease, and we calculated that we were not far westward of the Falkland Islands. At last, one morning, as the sun broke through the clouds, it shone directly on our fore-topsail, now not the eighth of a mile ahead of us, and for some reason or other, which I have never been able to explain, we were coming rapidly up with it. I now saw that the moment was approaching to put my plan into execution; and, accordingly, sent the people on to the fore-yard and fore-topsail-yard, which was hoisted right up, some with palm-needles in their hands, and others with earings and lashings. I then seized the helm. It was a moment of intense interest. I kept the brig's head directly for the sail. We approached it rapidly. It was over the bowsprit-end. My eye was on the leech-lines. It did not fail me; and, to my inexpressible satisfaction, we shot directly up to the sail. The men on the yards instantly secured it, and in five minutes it was again spread aloft, as if it had never left its place. There, my lads, I think you'll agree with me that I did deserve some credit for my performance; and old Blowhard was not a fellow to grudge it. It isn't every day that a ship recovers a topsail when it has been blown away in a gale of wind."

A loud explosion of laughter was heard from the strange sailor at these words, and the tears were seen to trickle down his cheeks, to the great surprise of the rest of the audience, who implicitly believed every word Jonathan had been uttering; but his less credulous auditor was too much amused to wish further to interrupt him, and, without saying any thing, he dried his eyes, and resumed his pipe, puffing forth some thick clouds, to hide the risible working of his features.

"That was a very long and strong gale of wind you were in, captain," observed the little barber, who, notwithstanding the interest he took in the story, could not help throwing in a word now and then.

"Yes it was, in faith," answered Jonathan; "but I have been in a stronger. Why I once was in a ship, when, after we had carried away our masts, we were obliged to run under a marlinspike stuck up in the bows, and even then it was too much for her, and we were obliged to send the carpenter forward with a sledge-hammer, to take a reef in it, by driving it further into the deck. It must blow hard when one is obliged to take a reef in a marlinspike. In the same gale, the man at the helm had all his hair blown clean off his head; the cook, as he looked out of his caboose, had his teeth driven down his throat; and one of the boys, who was sent on deck to see how the wind was, had his eye-lids blown so far back, that it took all the ship's company to haul them down again. You don't know what a gale of wind is till you've seen it."

Again the apparent laughter of the strange seaman was heard, but Jonathan, taking no notice of it, proceeded.

"No sooner had we recovered our topsail, than the wind abated, and shortly after we hauled up to the westward, to round Cape Horn. For some days we had light winds and fine weather, but those who have been round Cape Horn, know that it blows pretty hard there at times, and we soon had to learn the same lesson. Just as we had passed the longitude of the Cape, a dark cloud was one morning seen rising in the south-west. On it came, growing bigger and bigger every instant, till at last it spread

over the whole sky, and again we were tossed about by the waves. By George, those were high waves! Why, sometimes while we were on the top of one, our pet shark would be at the bottom of the trough, looking no larger than a minnow in a mill-stream; and sometimes, while we were at the bottom, we could see him looking lovingly down upon us, high above our top-gallant-mast's-head. At last we were driven right on towards the coast of Patagonia, and had we not fortunately found a harbour in which we could take shelter, we should have lost the ship and our lives.

"The land of Patagonia is bleak and barren, and, as you all know, the few scattered inhabitants make up for their small numbers by their size, for they are, without exception, the tallest people I ever met. It is now well ascertained that they are the descendants of Og, King of Bashan, and, that flying from the rage of David, they took to the sea, and were driven by a strong easterly wind out of the Straits of Gibraltar. They first rested at Madeira, but finding it by far too small for them—(in fact, they consumed all the produce of the island in a few days)—they once more embarked, and touching at the Falkland Islands, the look of which they did not like, they were driven by a long course of north-easterly gales right upon the furthest end of South America, where, as their ships were wrecked and their carpenters drowned, they were compelled, much against their inclination, to remain. The common height of these people is ten feet, with large rolling eyes, long shaggy hair, and thick snubby noses, and if they take after their renowned progenitor with the big bed, he must have been a most remarkably ill-looking fellow; in fact, they are as ugly a race as I ever set eyes on. Perhaps, however, I might have been prejudiced against them, for, as fate would have it, I was very nearly being compelled to become the husband of one of their beauties, as you shall hear.

"We anchored the brig in a snug cove, where she lay completely sheltered from the tempest which raged without, and we were thus enabled to go ashore to procure wood and water, of which we stood much in need. For two days we saw no sign of inhabitants, and thus we incautiously strolled about without arms in our hands, to stretch our legs, which after being cramped up so long in a ship we much required. I was always of an inquisitive turn, and fond of exploring strange countries, so one day, having parted from my companions, I walked on for several miles into the interior. I was thinking of turning back, for the day was far advanced, when my attention was attracted by a column of smoke ascending among a grove of trees in a valley at no great distance from me, and being curious to know the cause of it, I prowled in that direction. On reaching a hill which overlooked the spot, I perceived several human beings seated round a large fire in front of a rude hut, and busily employed in cutting slices from an ox which was roasting whole before it, and which they transferred to their mouths, smacking their lips to signify their high relish for the feast. I was very hungry, and certainly felt an inclination for a piece of the savoury morsels, the odour from which ascended to where I stood; but prudence advised me to retire, for I could not tell what the disposition of the savages might be. For what I knew to the contrary, they might spit and roast me as their dessert. As far as I could make out, they appeared to be a family group. There were an old man and woman, whom I took to be the father and mother, three younger females, whom I judged to be daughters, and two sons. All of them

were dressed in skins, and I was enabled to distinguish the females by their having petticoats, and their hair braided in long plaits, which reached to the ground. Their personal appearance was not prepossessing, and their voices were so loud that I could hear every word they uttered, though of course I could not understand their language. I was on the point of retreating, when one of the young ladies, turning her head, perceived me watching them, and, with a loud cry, rising from her seat, she ran towards me. I had not before remarked the height of the savages, but as they all stood up, I now perceived that she was full ten feet high, and yet the shortest of the party. Although not afraid, for fear was a stranger to my bosom, I yet did not relish the thoughts of having to encounter such formidable-looking personages, and therefore set off towards the shore as fast as my legs would carry me, but I soon found by the shouts astern that the young giantess had made chase, and turning my head over my shoulders, I saw that she was coming up hand over hand with me. I was on the top of the hill and she was at the bottom, but that made little difference to her, for on she bounded like a kangaroo or a tiger, and I felt convinced that on flat ground I should have no chance of escape, I therefore suddenly brought up, tacked about, and faced her with my arms expanded, to make me look of more considerable size. She was coming on full tilt. I did not think she was so near, and the consequence was, as she was stooping down, I found my arms round her neck, with my feet off the ground, while I clung to her in a very affectionate embrace. She uttered some words which I could not understand, and covering my face with kisses, ran back with me towards her companions.

"Here I was fairly caught, but I argued from the behaviour of the young lady that I was not likely to be very severely treated by the rest. When she got back to her family with me in her arms, she introduced me in form to them, and made me sit down by her side, while the rest examined me minutely from head to foot. After they had gratified their curiosity and satisfied themselves that I was a human being, she, observing my eyes turned towards the roasted ox, cut off a slice and handed it to me. The animal was of prodigious size, and would beat a London prize ox hollow. The meat was of delicious flavour, though rather too fat for my taste, but in cold climates such is generally preferred. I found, however, that that is not the usual food of these people, but is considered a great delicacy, as they live for most part of the year on whales and seals, which they catch with much ingenuity with a rod and line. A whale, however, requires, they told me, great skill and patience to kill, as it is apt to break the tackle. The savages, with my slight assistance, having picked the bones of the ox almost clean, washed down this repast with huge flagons full of a liquor which smacked of a taste remarkably like the best schiedam. It was, however, far more potent, as I found to my cost, for the effect was such that I fell fast asleep. In fact, I was dead drunk; I don't say that I didn't take a good swig of it, but still it must be strong stuff to capsize me. How long I slept, or what happened during that time, I'm sure I don't know—when I awoke the scene was completely changed. I found myself at the mouth of a cavern, lying on the ground and wrapped up in bears' skins, with wild rugged rocks rising on every side around me. I tried to rise, but to my dismay I discovered that my limbs were bound, and as I gazed on every

side I saw not the sign of an outlet by which I might make my escape. In my rage I bawled out lustily, when I heard a step approaching, which might by its sound have been the foot of a young elephant. It was, however, that of the young lady who had made me prisoner. When she saw that I was awake she sat herself down by my side, and taking my hand slobbered it over with kisses, and when I swore at her pretty roundly for what she'd done, she almost drowned me with her tears. They came down in whole buckets full, like a heavy shower in the tropics—it wasn't pleasant, I can assure you. What was the matter with the woman I could not tell—in fact, I've found very little difference in 'em from one end of the world to the other, they are complete mystifications—when you wants 'em to love you they won't, and when you don't want 'em they will. What I now wanted was to get my legs and arms loose to be able to run away. After making a number of signs to the lady she comprehended my wishes, and to my great satisfaction cast off the thongs of hide with which I found she had bound me to prevent me escaping, should I awake during her absence. She then asked me my name, when she had let me understand that hers was Oilyblubbina, which I afterwards learned means, in the Patagonian tongue, softener of the soul. I heard her pronouncing my name over and over again to herself, so I repeated hers, Oilyblubbina, Oilyblubbina, Oilyblubbina, several times, which pleased her mightily. She then produced from a basket a few rounds of beef and some loaves a yard long, of which she pressed me to partake. I did so gratefully, for I was in want of my breakfast. She next pulled out a bottle of schiedam, but I remembered the effects of what I took the day before, and was cautious. Having satisfied my hunger I made signs to her that I was anxious to wish her a very good morning and to return to my ship, but not one of my hints would she take. I shook her warmly by the hand, told her that I was much obliged to her for her hospitality, and then walked away, but wherever I went she dodged my steps and would not let me out of her sight for a minute. I did my best in every way to escape, but it was no go; in fact, gentlemen, I found myself the slave of this monster of fat and ugliness, for I am sorry to say that I cannot speak in more flattering terms of the fair Oilyblubbina. Seeing that for the present it was hopeless to attempt to escape, I pretended to be reconciled to my lot, and offering my arm in the politest way possible walked quietly by her side, though I confess that I had to put my best foot foremost to keep up with her. She was evidently pleased with my altered behaviour, and smiled and ogled me most lovingly. By George, how her eyes did roll!

"The effect, however, was very different to what she intended. I dare say her heart was as tender as that of women of more moderate dimensions, but I cannot say I liked those ogles of hers. Well, on we walked, talking a great deal all the time, though I don't pretend I understood a word she uttered, nor do I suppose she did what I said. She told me, however, a very long story, which by her actions I judged intimated that she had lost some one, and that I was to supply his place. All I know is, that after weeping a great deal, she finished by taking me in her arms and covering me with kisses. I had before suspected that from the absence of any of that bashful timidity found in a young girl that she was a widow, and I was now certain of it.

"We were now close to the hut where I had first seen the savages,

and there her father and two brothers appeared before us, while I found the old mother and two sisters had been stowed away in the brushwood, watching our proceedings. Instead of appearing angry, the father took me by the hand, and warmly pressing it, placed it in that of his daughter's and then he rubbed our noses together, which I found was a sign of betrothal, and then all the family came and hugged me, one after the other. In fact, I found that I was become one of the domestic circle, and to supply the place of lost husband to the young widow. It was by no means pleasant, let me tell you, that hugging and kissing, for the oil and fat those people consume give them a very unpleasant odour, and it was some time before I could get it out of my nostrils. These considerations, with my anxiety to proceed on my voyage, determined me not to yield tamely to my fate, for as to having to spend the rest of my days in the society of Oilyblubbina, that was out of the question. I had, however, no reason to complain of my treatment by them, for they would not allow me to do any work, but brought me the best food, and did every thing for me. Yet, notwithstanding all her tenderness, the charms of the loving Oilyblubbina could not move my flinty heart; but I was obliged to hide my real sentiments, for I had no fancy, unarmed as I was, to fight the father and two brothers, not to speak of having to contend against the rage of the disappointed lady and her female relatives.

"Three very disagreeable days had thus passed, and I was beginning to fear lest my shipmates, giving me up for lost, might have sailed away without me, though I knew that they valued me too much to desert me till all hopes were gone. That day the family dinner was composed of a large mess of whales' flesh and blubber, boiled in a cauldron, and washed down as usual with huge beakers of schiedam; but I watched my opportunity, and each time the cup was passed to me I emptied it by my side unperceived by the rest. I all the time made them suppose that I was drinking more than usual, and appearing to be perfectly drunk, pretended to fall off into a sound sleep. When it grew dark the young lady, as was her custom, carried me into the cavern, and bound my hands and feet to prevent my running away, but as she was fastening the thongs I contrived to slip my hands out of them. While I thus lay I looked out carefully through my half-opened eye-lids and observed all the family retiring to their different roosting-places. It was an anxious time; one after the other they dropped asleep and then to my great satisfaction, commenced a chorus of snoring which sounded more like the roaring of a hundred bulls than any thing I had ever before heard. The moon was fortunately high in the heavens, and there was light enough for me to see my way, which I had been careful to note well. Crawling therefore out of my skins, I put a block of wood where my head had been and rolled them again up to make it appear that I was still there, and then cautiously crept away in the direction of the cove where I had left my ship. As soon as I was out of hearing I set off and ran as fast as my legs would carry me, up hill and down dale, through woods and across moors without stopping to look behind me, for I knew that when a man is running away from an angry lady he must put his best foot foremost.

"I had just reached the top of a hill, whence, to my great joy, I beheld my ship floating calmly in the bay below me, when I heard a loud cry in the rear. I looked round—it was the loving Oilyblubbina. She came on at a furious pace, tearing up the young trees as she passed, in

her eagerness to catch me. I dashed down the hill—I flew rather than ran—I rushed through rivulets, I jumped down precipices, nothing stopped me—I made light of a leap of a hundred feet. I have run very fast at times, but I never ran so fast before nor since ; she, however, was gaining on me, in a few minutes more she would be up with me. It was very awful. A high cliff was before me, without hesitation I threw myself over it, death was preferable to slavery, and such slavery. I reached the shore in safety, but, horror of horrors! she came after me, and alighted unhurt on the shore. The ship was at some distance, but I plunged into the sea to swim on board. I now thought myself safe, for I had no idea that she could swim, but she could—and, oh Lord, after me she came blowing like a grampus. It takes my breath away even now to think of it. I struck out boldly ; the water bubbled and hissed as I threw it aside. I told you I was a good swimmer, but so was she. On she came, and every instant I expected to feel my foot in her grasp. If a man can have any reason for being afraid, I surely then had one. We had swam a mile, and the brig was some way off: I hallooed to my shipmates, but they did not hear me. Louder and louder grew the blowing of the lady as she spluttered the salt water from her mouth ; she was within a few yards of me, and in another minute I should have been captured, when a dark object passed close to me—it was my pet shark. There was a loud scream and a gurgling noise. A dreadful thought occurred to me—it was too true. I was safe, but the loving Oilyblubbina had been swallowed by the monster. She must have been a tough morsel, for after his performance he lay some time on his back utterly unable to move. A revolution had taken place in my feelings : I did not wish her death, I only wanted to run away from her, and I mourned her untimely fate. I, however, considered that my lamentations could not restore her to her afflicted family, so as soon as the shark had recovered I placed myself on his back and made him convey me alongside my ship. It was time for me to be off, for as I was throwing my leg across him I saw by the light of the moon the whole family rushing down the hill to plunge into the sea after me, and I doubt if he could have swallowed any more of them.

"Thus was I delivered from one of the greatest dangers it has ever been my lot to encounter. When I got on board my shipmates welcomed me warmly, and sincerely congratulated me on my escape. The gale had abated, and as old Blowhard had been only waiting for my return to put to sea, we instantly made sail and stood out of the harbour with our faithful shark in company. I dare say to this day the Patagonian chief fully believes that we carried off his daughter, so in a certain sense we did, but not exactly in the way he supposes. Poor man, it was better that he should not. It was very dreadful."

Jonathan was silent; he emptied his tumbler, and took several long whiffs from his pipe.

"That is a wonderful story," exclaimed the barber; "I'm sure I should have fainted the moment I found she was running after me."

"I should like to have had a cut at that ox, though," observed the butcher; "they must have fine cattle in those parts."

"I never saw such big people as you describe when I was round Cape Horn," said the strange sailor; "in fact the whole story is as big—" and he whistled instead of finishing his sentence, but Jonathan did not answer him. He was meditating on the tragic fate of his loving Oilyblubbina.

THE PRINCESS ALC'HUEZ AND THE DESTRUCTION OF KAERIS.

BY W. HUGHES, ESQ.

In the old time there was in Cornouaille a powerful king who was named Grallon. He was a man as courteous as any son of Adam, and he received at his court people of renown, whether they were nobles or plebeians. Unfortunately, he had for his daughter a princess of disorderly conduct, who, to escape from his superintendence, had gone to live at Kæris, some leagues from Kemper.

One day, when King Grallon hunted with his followers in a forest at the foot of the Ménéhom, they lost themselves, and all arrived at the hermitage of the solitary Corentin. Grallon had heard the holy man spoken of, and rejoiced at having been conducted to his residence, but his servants, who were dying of hunger, observed with a sorrowful look the poor cottage of the saint, and said one to another that they would be obliged to sup upon prayers.

Corentin, however, enlightened by God, divined their thoughts. He asked the king if he would not accept a collation, and as Grallon answered that he had eaten nothing since cock-crow, the saint called the cup-bearer and the cook to prepare a good meal after so long an abstinence.

He conducted them both to a well near the hermitage, and filled the king's golden pitcher, which the former carried, with water, cut off a piece of a little fish which swam in the spring to give to the second, and recommended both to lay the cloth for the king and his suite. But the cup-bearer and the cook began to laugh, and they asked him if they took the king and his court to be beggars, to dare offer them his fish-bones and his frog-wine.

Corentin told them not to make themselves uneasy about any thing, and that God would provide all things. They determined, in consequence, to do as he commanded, and, to their great surprise, the foresight of the saint realised itself; for, on the one hand, the water which had been drawn up in the golden pitcher changed itself into wine as sweet as honey and as hot as fire; whilst, on the other, the little morsel of fish had multiplied itself in a way to satisfy the appetite of twice as many guests as the king had in his train.

Grallon was apprised of the miracle by his officers, who showed him, as an additional wonder, the little fish, from which Corentin had cut a portion, swimming in the well so sound and so entire as if the knife of the saint had never touched it.

At that sight the King of Cornouaille was seized with admiration, and he said to the hermit,

"Man of God, your place is not here, for your Master and mine has forbidden the candle to be placed under a bushel. You shall quit this hermitage for Kemper, where I nominate you bishop; my palace shall serve you to dwell in, and the whole town will belong to you. As for

your disciples, I shall build them a monastery at Landevenec, and you yourself can appoint the abbot."

The king kept his promise; abandoned his capital to the new bishop, and went to reside at the city of Is.

This capital stood upon the space where you see at this day the Bay of Douarnenez. It was so large and so beautiful that by way of admiration the people of the olden time could find no better name for the chief city of the Gallaoued* than Par-is, that is to say, the equal of Is. It was built lower than the level of the sea and defended by dykes, the gates of which were opened at certain times to admit the ships to enter and depart.

The Princess Dahut, the daughter of Grallon always carried, suspended from her neck, the silver keys of the flood gates, which made the people call her the Princess Alc'huèz, or more briefly Ahez.† As she was skilled in magic she had embellished the town with works which one could not expect from the hands of men. All the korigans of Cornouaille and of Gwened had come by her command to construct the dykes and to forge the gates which were of iron; they had covered the palace with a metal like gold (you must know that the korigans are clever false coiners) and surrounded the gardens with balustrades as brilliant as polished steel. It was the korigans who looked after the stables of Dahut, which were paved with black, red, and white marble, according to the colour of the horses, and took care of the port where they fed the sea dragons, for Dahut had subdued by her arts the monsters of the deep, and she had given one to each inhabitant of Keris, which served as a corsair to go and fetch from beyond the sea rare merchandises, or to reach the vessels of the enemy.‡ Therefore all these citizens were so opulent that they measured their grain with a silver hanafs.§

But riches made the vicious hard-hearted and cruel, the mendicants were driven from the town like wild beasts, and they would only have active people of good appearance, and clad in cloth or silk; Christ himself, if he had come in a linen dress, would have been repulsed. The only church in the town was so forsaken that the beadle had lost the key. Nettles had grown upon the sills, and swallows built their nests against the doors of the principal entrance. The inhabitants passed their days and nights in the public houses, dancing-rooms, and playhouses, entirely occupied in losing their souls.

Dahut set the example; it was a festival day and night in her palace. One saw arriving from the most distant countries gentlemen, and likewise princes, attracted by the rumour of her court. Grallon received them

* The name given by the inhabitants of Lower Brittany to the inhabitants of the Upper, who speak the French language, and, by extension, to all the French. The Welsh name for the people of Gaul is Galiod, evidently one and the same word.

† Good or bad, these etymologies of the name of Ahez and Par-is, are received in Brittany. The same people have a proverb which consecrates the latter.

A baouë beuzet ar gwær a is, Since the drowning of the City of Is,
Ne deus cavet par da Baris. Its equal has not been found in Paris.

‡ It is evident that the dragons here traditionally spoken of were ships. The Scandinavians gave to their vessels the form of dragons, and they called them drakars.

§ *Hanaf*, or, *hanap*, a Breton word, signifying a cup to measure grain or to fill a large vessel with water.

with friendship, and Dahut still better, for if they were young people of good appearance she gave them a magic mask with which they could at night meet her secretly in a tower built upon the side of the locks.

They remained with her till the hour when the sea swallows began to pass before the windows of the tower; then the princess bade them adieu very quickly, and in order that they might depart without being seen as they had arrived, she restored to them the enchanted mask, but this time it contracted of itself and strangled them. A black man then took the dead body, placed it across a horse like a sack of corn, and went and threw it down a precipice between Huelgoët and Poulaouën. This is indeed the truth, for at this very day during dark nights one hears at the bottom of the abbyss the lamentations of their spirits calling upon Christians to think of them in their prayers.*

Corentin, informed of all that was passing at Keris, had many times warned Grallon that the patience of God was at an end ;† but the king had lost his power, and lived alone in one of the wings of the palace, abandoned by all the world, like a grandfather who has delivered up his inheritance to his children. As Dahut was an unbeliever, she did not heed the threats of the saint.

Now one evening, when there was a festival at her house, a powerful prince, who came to see her from the extremity of the earth, was announced. He was a man of great height, cloathed all in red, and so bearded that one could perceive with difficulty his two eyes, which sparkled like the stars. He addressed to the princess a compliment in rhyme, so well turned that no *baz valen* of Cornouaille could compose its equal; then he began to speak with such spirit that the crowd was struck with wonder.

But that which, above all, astonished the friends of Dahut was, to observe how much cleverer the stranger was than them in wickedness. He knew not only every guilty crime which human guilt had invented since the creation in all the habitable globe, but all that would be invented until the very moment when the dead should rise from the tomb to be judged. Ahez, and the people of the court, acknowledged that they had at last found their master, and they resolved to take lessons from the bearded prince.

To make a beginning, the latter proposed a new kind of dance, which was no other than the reel danced in hell by the seven chief sinners. He ordered in for the purpose a piper whom he had brought with him; he was a little dwarf, clad in buckskin, and who carried upon his arm a *binion*,‡ the pipe of which served him as a pen bas.

Scarcely had he begun to play, than Dahut and her people were seized with a species of frenzy, and began to turn round like a whirlpool in the

* This popular belief still exists ; one is shown not far from Kær Ahes, as Carhaix is called in Breton, the place where the daughter of Grallon caused the corpses of her lovers to be precipitated. Some antiquaries think that Ahez or Dahut much frequented that city, to which she gave her name Kær Ahes or the town of Ahes. An ancient paved road leads from the the Bay of Douarnenez to Carhaix, which proves at least that the relations were frequent between Kær-is and that city.

† There is an error in the popular tradition ; all that is attributed to Corentin belongs to his disciple Gwenolé. See the legend of the latter, by Albert de Morlaix.

‡ Bagpipes.

sea. The unknown took advantage of it to remove from the princess the silver keys of the flood-gates, and to make his escape from the entertainment.

During this time, Grallon was alone in his palace, situated in a retired place ; he was occupied in a large obscure hall, and seated upon the hearth near an extinguished fire ; he felt as if sorrow had fallen upon his heart, then of a sudden the great doors flew open from both sides. St. Corentin appeared upon the threshold, with a circle of fire around his brow, a bishop's crosier in his hand, and walking in a cloud of incense.

"Arise, great king," said he, to Grallon, "take those which are precious to you and fly, for God has delivered up this accursed city to the demon."

Grallon affrighted, arose immediately, and called some old servants, and, after having secured his treasures, he mounted his black horse and departed in the train of the saint, who glided through the air like a feather before the wind.

At the moment when they passed the dyke, he heard a great moaning of the waves, and perceived the bearded stranger, who had taken the form of the demon, occupied in opening all the flood-gates with the silver keys taken from Dahut. The sea descended already upon the doomed city in cascades, and one could see the waves lifting their white heads above the roofs as if they mounted to an assault. The enchained dragons in the harbour bellowed with terror, for the animals also felt that their death had come.

Grallon wished to raise a shout of warning, but Corentin told him to fly, and he sprang forward in a gallop towards the shore. His horse traversed thus the streets, the squares, the cross-roads, pursued by the waves, the horse's hind feet being always in the surges. He passed in front of the palace of Dahut, when the latter appeared upon the steps, her hair loose like a widow ; she sprang behind her father. The horse suddenly stopped and submitted, the water mounted to the knees of the king.

"Help, St. Corentin, help!" cried he, frightened.

"Shake off the sin which you carry behind you," answered the saint, "and, by the help of God, you will be saved."

But Grallon who, notwithstanding all, was her father, knew not what to determine. Then Corentin touched the shoulder of the princess with his bishop's crosier, she glided into the sea, and disappeared at the bottom of the gulf, called since then, *Toul Alc'huez** or *Ahéz*. The horse thus delivered from his burden, advanced in front, and attained the rocks of Garrec, where one still sees the mark of his shoes.†

The king first of all fell upon his knees to thank Heaven, then he turned round towards Kær-is in order to judge of the danger which he had so miraculously escaped ; but he sought in vain the ancient city of the seas ; there, where there was a few moments before a port, palaces, such wealth, and thousands of people, one only saw a deep bay which reflected the stars, whilst in the horizon the red man stood upon the wreck of the submerged dyke, showing the silver keys with a gesture of triumph.

Many forests of oak have had time to spring up and to die since the

* The hole or pit of *Ahez*—in Welch it would be *Twll-Ahez*.

† The country people still show the mark of the horse's hoofs on the rocks.

day when this sad event happened, but fathers have told it to their children from age to age, even unto the present time. Before the great revolution the clergy of the adjoining parishes on the banks of the bay embarked every year in the fishermen's boats, and went to say mass over the drowned city. This custom, with many others, has been neglected since that time, but when the sea is calm one can still observe at the bottom of the bay the remains of the great city, and the sand-banks or dunes of the neighbourhood are full of ruins, which prove its riches.*

* The legend of the destruction of Kær-is, evidently built upon the scriptural account of the fall of Sodom, would give a denial to the existence of a city of that name, but the two facts are distinct, and the falsity of the first does by no means hurry away that of the second. The tale has perhaps its origin in reality. The incredible prodigies attributed to Arthur and Charlemagne, far from proving that they had never lived, bear witness, on the contrary, to the brilliant character which they played in the history of their age. The cause attributed by the legend for the ruin of the capital of Grallon may be imaginary, without disproving the existence of that city.

——— I've stood upon Achilles' tomb
And heard Troy doubted; some will doubt of Rome.

We dare not say with M. de Kerdannet that Kær-is is the Koris Opidum (or Coris Opitum) of the Romans, nor is it that which is designated under the name of Kris by another writer; but we maintain the existence of a great city between the Cape of Chevre and the point of Raz—it is attested by the most incontestable evidence. The ruins—we will quote from the *Catalogue des Objets échappés au Vandalism dans le Finistere.*

"There exists upon the Island of Tristan, in the Bay of Douarnenez, portions of walls of three or four feet square, indestructible remains of buildings of the highest antiquity—they are formed of a mixture of small squares of granite of five or six inches, upon all sides regularly joined in a mastic. It is equally certain that I have found in a creek of the Bay of Posgat, at ten feet depth in the earth, portions of masonry of the same description as those which I have indicated in the Island of Tristan, and superb bricks of eighteen inches by fifteen. All the environs of the bay exhibit similar ruins of periods the most remote. It is certain that honest Hervé Chenay, citizen and fisherman of Douarnenez, found at the Point of Raz, walls of four or five fathoms in depth. Near Ris, below twenty feet of earth, at twenty paces above the shore, I have found ruins of such antiquity and of such beauty that no ruin in Italy exhibits specimens of more curious workmanship. It is a floor of eighteen inches in thickness, a sort of inlaying of small square stones and bricks covered with a fine plastering, of which time has not destroyed the polish. Upon the left of the *débris* is a thick wall of squares of granite covered with a polished plastering like the stuccoes of Cumes and of Pouzzole."

The Canon Moreau speaks of ruins belonging to the same system of construction, and of tombs in stone (of the fourth century) which they saw at the time of the league between Clédén and Plogoff; they could trace also at that time two paved roads from the Abbey of Douarnenez to Quimper and Carhaix.

We add that there exists in the possession of Monsieur Souvestre the fragment of a floor in mosaic, found at the foot of the Sandhills of Douarnenez; its state of preservation, and its elegance of design, announce the arts as much advanced.

The ruins of the paved roads and the tombs prove clearly the existence of a great Gallo-Roman city which occupied a part of the Bay of Douarnenez, and could only be the Kæris of tradition.

It is remarkable that the straits known under the name of Canal d'Iroise in the maritime charts, is called still in Breton, Canol Is.

THE GASCONS OF 1585;

OR,

THE "FORTY-FIVE."

AN HISTORICAL ROMANCE.

BY ALEXANDRE DUMAS.

BOOK III.

I.—MUSTER OF THE "FORTY-FIVE."

ERNAUTON was not mistaken. The person who was awaiting the approach of the two young men was Chicot. Accordingly, M. de Saint Maline delivered the letter, and Chicot gave in return a duplicate acknowledgment of its receipt. Having resumed their way back to Paris, Ernauton retorted upon his comrade for his previous ill-behaviour, taxed him with having done nothing but insult him since they quitted the Louvre, and with having challenged him at a most inopportune moment, and added, that the letter being now delivered, he was his man.

But Saint Maline was no longer in that state of excited passion which had led him to commit himself so grossly. He felt ashamed of his previous conduct and, overcome by Ernauton's magnanimity, he refused to fight, and acknowledged that his heart was ulcerated, that he was a prey to envy and jealousy, but that he could not help it. Ernauton did not disguise either his pity or his contempt for his companion's character, and thus they regained the Louvre.

The king had gone out, and was not expected back till evening. The two young men placed themselves each at a window to await his return. Ernauton was soon so deeply wrapt up in wondering how the lady he had introduced into the city as a page should be afterwards met with borne in the litter of one of the nobility, that Saint Maline was the first to notice the king's return and to present Chicot's acknowledgment of the safe delivery of the letter. Ernauton had but a short time also to pay his respects to majesty when the trumpet was heard calling the Forty-five to muster. It was the first time they had assembled since their costume had undergone reform, and great was the change exhibited, taste and elegance being, however, almost universally supplanted by finery. Long swords, sonorous spurs, moustaches with ambitious twirls, boots and gloves of kid or buff, and various-coloured doublets ornamented with ribbons or gilt braiding, was the dress adopted by preference by the greater number.

The Forty-five had little time to admire one another, M. de Loignac having made his appearance, looking very angry and ordering them to form a circle; he detailed how the foolish gossipping of Pertinax and Pincorney had betrayed that it was known at the Louvre that M. de Mayenne was in Paris, and had thus rendered the intended steps to be taken by the king impossible to execute. After insisting upon the secrecy and

inviolability which was expected from gentlemen who formed the king's own body-guard, he intimated that, in future, all similar forgetfulness should be treated as high treason, and that justice should be done, secretly and expeditiously, without writings or trials. The Forty-five were dismissed after this harangue, with orders that fifteen were to take their station that evening on the king's stairs, and to distribute themselves in the ante-chambers, fifteen were to remain in the courtyard, and fourteen to remain in the barracks, ready to act in a moment if called upon. The forty-fifth, Ernauton de Carmaignes, was called aside by M. de Loignac, who informed him that the Duke de Mayenne was expected that evening, and that it was the king's orders that he should be followed. Ernauton promised obedience.

II.—THE LEAGUE.

M. DE MAYENNE started from the Hotel de Guise, booted and spurred as if just returned from a long journey. M. d'Epernon announced his approach to the king, who received him with every mark of affection.

"Well, cousin," said the king, "so you have come to Paris?"

"Yes, sire," said Mayenne, "fearing that your majesty's good feelings might be affected by the rumours which are so industriously disseminated by our enemies, I thought it my duty to come in the name of my brother and myself, to assure your majesty that he had not more faithful subjects than ourselves."

"Nonsense! what rumours?" said the king, with that look of naïveté which often deceived the most intimate with him. "Cousin, do you not know that none are allowed to speak here against the Guises. I know of no rumours. I only know of your affection and your fidelity."

M. de Mayenne withdrew somewhat mystified. Ernauton had no difficulty in following him, for the indiscretion of De Pincorney had made all Paris aware of the presence of a prince of the house of Guise, and a large body of leaguers and other good citizens of Paris followed him from the Louvre to the Hotel St. Denis. Just as the duke arrived at the latter place, Ernauton saw a litter borne up, and Mayneville having approached it, he again recognised his lady page.

Arrived at St. Denis, the duke received the deputies of the league, who came to urge that his brother should decide upon coming to Paris. Bussy Leclerc, who had had the armament of the convents, urged immediate action. "We are the strongest," he said, "and the change should therefore be effected at once."

But M. de Mayneville had no wish to bring matters to such a crisis. He urged upon the deputation that there were in the good city of Paris six or seven thousand assassins, thieves, beggars, and idlers, who, instead of siding with the leaguers would devote themselves to pillage, and that it was necessary to meet this evil before proceeding to extremities. Claiming, after this explanation, the necessity for repose after a long journey, he dismissed the deputation till the ensuing day.

Nicolas Poulain, the traitorous lieutenant of the provostship, who had been one of the deputation, was returning in sad mood to his house, devoutly wishing himself free from all plots and conspiracies, when he stumbled against a monk who appeared to be in a great hurry. A mutual recognition soon ensued between the lieutenant and brother Borromeo. Borromeo having learnt from the lieutenant that M. de Mayenne was at

the Hotel St. Denis, he hastened on. It was eleven o'clock when he arrived.

Brother Borromeo, who was Captain Borroville with M. de Mayenne, announced to the latter that the king had determined to send aid to the Duke D'Anjou in Flanders, that M. de Joyeuse was already on his way with three thousand men, and that an emissary had also been despatched to Henry of Navarre. The duke refused at first to give credit to this information, but when, upon further inquiry, he found from Captain Borroville's description, who the emissary to Henry of Navarre was, and also heard of the steps which had been taken to endeavour to secure the letter, first by sending Jacques Clement to the king, and then by sending a monk of herculean strength as companion to Chicot, he became convinced, and adopted such steps as were necessitated by the emergency. Captain Borroville was despatched at once to Soissons, to acquaint the Duke of Guise with the fact of aid having been sent by the king to the Duke of Anjou, while, ordering a horse to be instantly saddled, he determined himself to intercept the messenger to Henry of Navarre.

III.—CHICOT CAUGHT IN A STORM.

Chicot, after receiving the king's letter, walked on with a quick step. But once at a distance from all observation, he sat down and examined the packet which had been confided to his care. He found, in the first place, a purse marked with a crown and two H's.

"Decidedly," said Chicot to himself, "I shall never make any thing of Henry. He would have me murdered on the highway!" so taking the moneys out of the purse he placed a stone in their place, and committed it at once to the depths of the Orge that flowed close by. Then taking the letter, he broke the seal and carefully perused its contents.

The ostensible object of the letter was to excite the jealousy of Henry against his wife Margaret, whose connexion with Viscount Turenne it was asserted, was a matter of public scandal, as also to call his attention to intrigues which were said to be carried on between the same parties and the Guises. Chicot, having read the letter, translated it for himself into Latin, and after carefully committing it to his memory, he tore it into an infinite number of small pieces, which he scattered to the winds. He then continued his journey, and repeating his lesson carefully as he went on, he soon arrived at Corbeil, where he dined sumptuously, and purchased a horse from his host, for from Corbeil to Pau he thought he might have to put his right foot before his left oftener than might be agreeable.

Chicot slept that night at Fontainebleau, and the next day he turned off the high road to the right, reaching, by the evening, the village of Orgeval. He would have gone on further but his horse was knocked up. After seeing to his horse, he selected for his accommodation a room which had only one door that opened upon the stairs, and which was protected by two good bolts. After supper he drew the bolts, placed a chest of drawers and the table against the door, his purse and sword under his pillow, and repeating his lesson twice over, he resigned himself to sleep.

The wind blew very hard that night, and the trees were cracking with a fearful noise. But suddenly the storm assumed an unusual character; the bolts and hinges of the door gave way and the chest of drawers fell upon lamp and table, smashing both at the same time. Chicot, seizing his sword and his purse, slipped out on the side next the wall. It was as

dark as Styx, and Chicot could only hear the four winds, who seemed to have combined to knock every thing in the room to pieces. Eurus, Notus, Aquilo, and Boreas, were there in person, with their great cheeks and heavy steps. Feeling that it was useless to struggle against the gods of Olympus, Chicot squatted himself in a corner, shouting out for help with all his might. The winds then moderated a little, and the landlord made his appearance, asking what was the matter, but when he perceived the havoc that had been made, he lifted up his lantern to heaven.

"Is your house made of pasteboard?" exclaimed Chicot, "that the storm breaks the bolts in this manner. Where are my clothes, they were upon that chair."

"Your clothes! the wind must have carried them off."

"A curious wind that! why it must have walked in the mud, look at that footstep. The winds are like yourself, abominable thieves, so, mine host, please order that my clothes be restored to me at once."

And so saying, Chicot advanced upon the landlord with his long rapier pointed so significantly to his breast, that mine host shouted out lustily for help. Four men armed with thick sticks made their appearance on the staircase.

"Ah! here are Eurus, Notus, Aquilo, and Boreas," exclaimed Chicot, "it will be rendering a service to humanity to get rid of Boreas, we shall then have a perpetual spring," and so saying he rushed upon the first of the group; but that individual tumbling back upon the others, they all disappeared, accompanied by the host, who appeared to have gone off like a vapour with the winds. A few minutes afterwards he re-appeared with Chicot's garments torn and dirted. "Devil of winds!" said Chicot, and putting on his clothes, he threw himself on the bed, dosing till day-break, when he called for horse and hastily resumed his journey.

IV.—MORE ADVENTURES ON THE ROAD.

Chicot congratulated himself as he proceeded on his way upon the patience which he had exhibited the previous night. "They will lay another trap for the old wolf. I must be on the look out," he said to himself.

Overtaking, accordingly, four merchants, who were travelling along the same road, he determined to effect a defensive alliance, and by his witty conversation and original manners, he soon ingratiated himself with the strangers. They repaired at night to the same hotel together, supped and drank hard. After which all went to bed, the merchants in a capacious double-bedded chamber, Chicot in a closet beyond. This night he thought he should sleep in safety, but it was not destined to be so. Early in the night the landlord knocked at the door of the merchants' room. One of them got up cross enough at being thus disturbed.

"Make haste," said the landlord, "a spy has informed the mayor that you were talking treasonably last night in your cups, and the police is on its way here to apprehend you unless you make your escape in time."

The four merchants got up with the alacrity of birds, and forgetting poor Chicot stole away upon tip-toe. Chicot was fast asleep. As soon as the merchants were gone the landlord hastened into a room below where were six armed men, one of whom evidently commanded the others, and informed them that the house was clear. The officer bade two men

place themselves below Chicot's window, while, accompanied by the other three, he repaired to the door and knocked.

"Who's there?" exclaimed Chicot, suddenly aroused from his slumbers.

"Open the door; your friends, the merchants."

"How the wine has thickened your voices," answered Chicot. "I fear your merchandise has a good deal of steel in it."

"Break the door open!" exclaimed the officer.

Chicot ran to the window, and opening it saw the two men below. "I am caught," he exclaimed, and hesitated a moment. The butt ends of three muskets were heard striking violently against the door. "There are three muskets at the door and an officer, only two outside," he said to himself. "I had better tackle with the two." So jumping up upon the window sill, he stretched his long sword before him. The two soldiers stepped back a few paces, prepared to receive him. The moment he reached the ground he received a thrust on the breast, but Dom Gorenflot's coat of mail did good service, Chicot was not hurt. At the same moment, however, a back stroke laid the soldier in the mud, and in another Chicot rushed on his second antagonist, who was soon prostrated by the side of his companion. By the time that the officer had broken into the room and got to the window, he could only see his two men on the ground bathed in blood. Chicot had disappeared.

Chicot could have aroused the good citizens of Etampes, where this event took place, to his assistance. The leaguers would have been arrested, even if the Duke of Guise himself had been one of them. But as he had disabled two, he thought that was vengeance enough, and he repaired to a hostelry, where he awaited for break of day, after which he returned to his own inn to claim his horse, which the landlord was glad enough to let him have without making any inquiries after Chicot's small account. Once more on the highway, Chicot did not feel at all comfortable. A cluster of trees gave him serious apprehensions, and a high wall made him shudder all over. Two attempts had failed, but the third might be fatal to him. He had, however, passed Orleans in safety; it was four o'clock in the afternoon, and he began to feel a little more cheerful when he heard horses galloping in the distance. He turned round; seven horsemen were coming after him at full speed. Two had their muskets bearing down upon him. Chicot let the reins fall out of his hand and slipped down by the side of his horse just as four balls passed over his seat. The horsemen thought that Chicot was killed, and shouted with joy; they at the same time jumped from their steeds, throwing the reins into the hands of one of the party. Chicot muttered a short prayer; he had his sword in one hand, his dagger in the other. The first man rushed on heedless, thinking that he was dead, or at least grievously wounded, for Chicot did not stir; but in less than a second's time, his sharp dagger had struck the most zealous of his assailants in the throat, and he had inflicted a severe wound with his sword upon the trooper that was following up.

"Heaven!" exclaimed the chief of the troop, who wore a mask, "he is alive—load the muskets!"

"Alive! I should think so!" exclaimed Chicot, as he rushed upon the officer. But two of the troopers threw themselves before the latter, and engaged Chicot in close combat.

"Hold on, sir! hold on, sir!" exclaimed a voice, "and I will help

you." And at this moment a pistol-shot laid one of Chicot's antagonists level with the ground. Chicot thus disembarrassed, once more rushed at the man with the mask. The latter defended himself skilfully, but Chicot was the best swordsman, and he in his turn fell. Chicot cut the strings of his mask with his dagger.

"M. de Mayenne!" he exclaimed; "I thought so."

The duke did not answer; he was fainting from loss of blood. Chicot scratched his nose—a movement peculiar to him when he was brooding mischief—but at that moment his unknown friend approached and interceded for the fallen foe. Chicot was at first angry at the interference, but when the unknown announced himself as Ernauton de Carmaignes, who, according to his orders, had been following the duke ever since his visit to the palace, and said that he would see that M. de Mayenne should not waylay him any more, Chicot consented to spare his life, and taking one of the troopers best horses, and shaking hands with Ernauton, he resumed his adventurous journey.

V.—ERNAUTON AND THE DUCHESS OF MONTPENSIER.

ERNAUTON, with some difficulty, got the wounded duke removed to a cottage, where he was laid upon a bed of clean straw. When M. de Mayenne regained his senses, he breathed with some difficulty, but not with such suffering as would have intimated a wound of the lung. The sword had luckily been turned off by the ribs. After some explanations with M. de Carmaignes, he begged the latter to be the bearer of a letter to Madame de Montpensier, a commission with which the young man charged himself; and starting at once, he arrived on the third day at Paris. Great was the surprise of M. de Loignac, when Ernauton, on his return to the Louvre, whither he in the first place repaired, related all that had befallen him during the five days and nights that he had followed M. de Mayenne. But when he finished by stating that he was the bearer of a letter to Madame de Montpensier, De Loignac insisted upon seeing it, which Ernauton as decidedly refused. The Duke of Epernon insisted, likewise, but in vain. Ernauton would have been sent to a dungeon, but for the lucky interference of the king himself, who, having heard high words, inquired into the cause, and upon becoming acquainted with the facts of the case, resolved that De Carmaignes should convey the letter to its destination, giving him at the same time orders to join him afterwards at Vincennes.

Henry III. started that very evening for his castle at Vincennes. M. de Loignac rode by the side of one door—M. de Saint Maline pranced away at the other. The king amused himself on the way cutting out engravings of the seven cardinal sins. Only on passing by the Priory of the Jacobins did he take a glance at the said priory, all the windows of which seemed as if hermetically sealed. A few hundred yards beyond this the king looked still more attentively at the pretty mansion of Bel Esbat. A curtain was seen to move aside at one of the windows. The king smiled, and resumed his work. He was cutting up a design emblematic of luxury. Arrived at Vincennes, Loignac bade Saint Maline return at once to Paris, and order the forty-three that remained there to arms. Fifteen were to station themselves under M. de Chalabre at the gate of Saint Antoine, fifteen under M. de Biran at the Cross of Faubin, and the remainder with Saint Malines were to come on to Vincennes.

Saint Maline chuckled inwardly to think of how much more importance he had become than Ernauton, who was now never to be met with among the "Forty-Five."

Ernauton de Carmaignes had, on his part, repaired in the first place to the Hotel de Guise, where all that he had been enabled to ascertain was, that no one knew where the Duchess of Montpensier was to be found, but that more positive information might be obtained at Bel Esbat, on the road to Vincennes. Thither, accordingly, he bent his steps, but it was only after considerable difficulty, and after repeatedly stating that he was the bearer of an important message from the Duke of Mayenne to his sister—that he was admitted to the presence of a lady said to be in the confidence of the duchess. Ernauton was infinitely surprised when he recognised in this lady the page present at the execution of the Salcède, and the lady of the litter; and still more so when, after a a lengthened équivoque, which took its origin in Ernauton's unwillingness to deliver M. de Mayenne's message to any one save the duchess herself, he found that the little page he had held in his arms was actually Madame de Montpensier herself. This last discovery was not, however, made till after the young man had acknowledged how very dear to him the memory of that first interview had been, and had testified a warmth upon the subject, which the intriguing duchess was not long in considering how she could best avail herself of, to the injury of Ernauton and the destruction of the whole "Forty-Five."

VI.—SIGNAL FAILURE OF THE CONSPIRATORS.

The intelligence of the misfortune that had befallen the duke, came at a most inopportune moment, but the duchess and her ally, M. de Mayneville, consoled themselves that they were upon the eve of a great stroke. The king was to return that night from Vincennes. Fifty men were to intercept the carriage, and two hundred armed monks were to be in readiness to receive the royal prisoner, who was to be hurried into the convent. "A lock of Henry's hair," thought the conspirators, "would be the best balm for the Duke of Mayenne's wound." The night was, however, so dark, that it was in vain that the two conspirators looked out of the windows of Bel Esbat for the leaguers; they could see no one; all they could distinguish was the sound of horsemen on the highway, and they felt satisfied that it must be their friends.

Ernauton left Bel Esbat in high spirits; he had been of service to his king and to the duchess at the same time; and he had unwittingly made a declaration of love to a princess. He had scarcely, however, cantered along the highway above a hundred yards, when he was surrounded by fifteen horsemen, who, their swords and daggers on his breast, called upon him to surrender. Although his eyes had scarcely yet adapted themselves to the darkness, he was not long in recognising his friends, and the voice of Saint Maline was heard calling, above the others, for his immediate removal to Vincennes. It was in vain that the young man expostulated; Saint Maline was delighted with the incident, and Ernauton was conducted as a prisoner to the very place whither, a few moments before, he had been cantering so gaily. In the court-yard of Vincennes, he found fifty horsemen, who had been made prisoners of on the highway, deploring the unexpected termination of their enterprise. The

Forty-four had captured them all, as they came to the place of appointment in parties of two and three, so that not a pistol had been fired, or two hostile swords crossed.

The road being free, the king was about to leave Vincennes just as Ernauton arrived; but Henry recognised the young man, and, to Saint Maline's infinite vexation, bade him take his rival's place at the carriage-door. The remainder of the Forty-five were formed along both sides of the carriage, for it was known that there was still the convent to pass. The noise of the equipage and its escort, called the noble conspirators to the window of Bel Esbat, and the glare of numerous torches allowed them to distinguish the king's carriage, surrounded by his gallant band of Forty-Five, Ernauton de Carmaignes occupying the post of honour at the near window.

"We are betrayed!" exclaimed the duchess; "and it is that young man, the bearer of M. de Mayenne's letter, who has betrayed us. All is lost!"

Borromeo, at the head of his armed monks, had taken up his position in front of the convent. As the king passed Bel Esbat, the Gascons saluted the discomfited conspirators with loud shouts of "*Vive le Roi!*" Borromeo saw that all was lost, and, making up his mind in a moment how to act, he hastily put up his sword under his monkish habit, and giving the word to his followers, joined in the loyal chorus. Dom Modeste Gorenflot was contemplating the joyous scene from his balcony. Dazzled and delighted with the loyalty of his monks, he raised himself with an effort, and, stretching forth his powerful right hand, he blessed the king as he went by.

"Thank you, my reverend brethren, thank you," said Henry, passing his head out of the carriage-window, and saluting, at the same time, Dom Gorenflot, with a smile of especial favour.

BOOK IV.

I.—CHICOT AT THE COURT OF HENRY OF NAVARRE.

THE reader must allow us to return once more to the brave Chicot. After the succession of misadventures which the much-persecuted ambassador had met with on the road, he resolved to sell his horse, and to travel by post, by which means he arrived in three days at Bordeaux, and great was his astonishment, as he entered into the principality of Navarre, to find how flourishing was its condition, and how happy its peasantry. The court was at Nerac; and, as Chicot proceeded on his journey, he heard the wayfarers singing the loves of Henry and of the beautiful Fosseuse. Our ambassador was no less surprised with the simplicity of manners observed at court. Arriving at Nerac in the afternoon, a simple valet ushered him into the garden, where he found Henry of Navarre, with the smile of health and happiness on his face, not a wrinkle of care on his brow, accoutred in a bad hat, brown doublet, and gray boots.

"What!" exclaimed Henry, "M. Chicot in Navarre! Welcome, Chicot. What news do you bring?"

Chicot explained that he came from the king, Henry III.; so the King of Navarre ordered wine to be taken to his study, while he showed the

ambassador the way. Once seated, Henry inquired of Chicot if he was bearer of letters. Chicot related that he had destroyed his letter, as he had been followed by M. de Mayenne, but that he had treasured up the contents in his memory, although he himself was perfectly ignorant of the language in which it was written.

"What," said the king, fixing his eyes steadily on M. Chicot, "was the letter written in Latin? Why, I do not understand Latin more than yourself; but I know a little Italian and a little Spanish, so repeat the letter, I may make something out of it."

Chicot began with the serious air of an ambassador charged with a mission of a most delicate nature. King Henry never betrayed the slightest surprise, only when it came to the passage which referred to the queen and Viscount Turenne, he remarked, with the utmost *naïveté:*

"Turennius! Ah, that means Turenne; and Margota, why, that is the name that Henry III. gave to his sister, my much-beloved wife, Marguerite?"

"It is possible that it may be so," Chicot contented himself with answering.

"It must be a splendid letter," said the king, when the delivery had come to a conclusion; "what a pity I could only understand the words Turennius and Margota. I tell you what it is, Chicot. You must communicate the contents of this brotherly epistle to my wife; she is learned in the dead languages, and may make more of it than we can."

Chicot thought that Henry of Navarre was an enigma rather difficult to fathom, even by one so accustomed to the analysis of character as himself; so, conducted by the king to the apartments of Queen Margaret and her ladies, he went through the preliminary salutations, and delivered the contents of Henry III.'s letter, without moving a muscle of his countenance, and as if perfectly unaware whether the contents were of a pleasing or of a disagreeable character. Chicot, however, saw that, as he was communicating the epistle, the queen was quietly making up her mind as to what she should do. Henry was enjoying the scene.

"Well, madame," he said, rubbing his hands at the conclusion, "what news does my brother Henry of Valois send us?"

"It is a perfidious letter, sir," observed the queen, "written to cause a quarrel between man and wife."

"What, between you and me? Ah! my brother of Valois has, perchance, reasons for that!" exclaimed the king, laughing.

Chicot thought that it was high time to withdraw, so, making his excuses, he rose. The king requested him to await his return in his cabinet. Henry and Margaret remained for a long time in conference. Henry had an object to gain, which he had long desired, and now was his opportunity. Passing over the calumnious surmises of Henry of Valois as little deserving of attention, he dwelt chiefly on his own misdeeds, and then succeeded in winning from the queen those good services towards the daughter of the Baron de Fosseuse, which but for the terror on the queen's own part, of being taxed with intimacy with the Viscount Turenne, Henry would never have obtained.

The King and Queen of Navarre parted as good friends as usual that evening, but Chicot, who was not altogether satisfied with the effect which his missive had produced, and who besides felt that he had accomplished all that was expected of him, made an attempt in the dead of night to

get out of the palace, and to commence at once his journey back to Paris. This proceeding he found, to his mortification, was objected to on the part of the military on guard at Nerac, who with great civility, and an intimate, but very inconvenient, knowledge of his person, insisted upon his returning to the palace of the King of Navarre.

The next morning Henry came at an early hour to awake Chicot.

"What!" exclaimed the latter, on hearing the king's voice; "do you make a prisoner of me here, do you violate the rights of an ambassador?"

Henry laughed.

"Oh, Chicot!" he said, "you shall go back soon, but I wanted you first for a hunting excursion. You must decidedly see how we hunt in Navarre before you take your departure."

II.—THE SIEGE OF CAHORS.

When Chicot joined the party in the court-yard, he could not help feeling that the hunting expeditions of the King of Navarre were not so splendidly got up as those of the King of France. Only some twelve or fifteen gentlemen composed the whole suite, but he was, at the same time, not a little surprised to see among these the Viscount of Turenne, and still more so that the serious, politic, and warlike M. de Mornay should condescend to act as chief-huntsman. His surprise reached its acmé, when he saw that the huntsmen wore breast-plates and helmets.

No sooner had this small party of huntsmen issued forth from the gates of Nerac, however, than it was joined by a troop of horsemen, at least two hundred in number, and armed *cap à pié*. At the ford of the Gers, another body of armed men came to increase the party, the same thing happened at the ford of the Garonne, and so on till, by the time they reached Monroy, where they passed the night, the suite of King Henry had become a small army. Chicot had long before that perceived that something was in the wind, but want of discretion had never been his weakness; so he observed, and said nothing. The second night was passed at Catus. The army had by that time been reinforced by infantry and four field-pieces.

The next morning the little army, composed of a thousand infantry and two thousand cavalry, came in sight of Cahors. Information had been received of their approach, and the town had been put in a state of defence. The army breakfasted at a distance of about two gun-shots.

"You must excuse me, friend Chicot," said Henry, "if I spoke to you about hunting. The fact is, you see, that Henry of Valois will not give up my wife Margot's dowry, so I am going to take it."

"M. de Vesins has charge of the good town of Cahors," replied Chicot; "he is a terrible man, and I doubt if your bodies will not rot in the ditches before you are masters of the place. His guns will neither spare red feathers or white feathers, and as you are the only one who wears a white one, I should recommend you to take it off."

"I have put it on purpose that I may be known," said Henry, with a look of resolution not to be shaken; but, at the same time, his face was very pale, and he trembled visibly. At this moment, a vigorous cannonading was commenced on the part of the besieged. It was M. de Vesins' answer to Duplessis Mornay's summons to surrender. The cannon carried away a whole file of infantry at ten paces' distance from the king.

"Cursed carcase, are you afraid?" said Henry to himself, "stop a moment, I will give you something to tremble for." So saying, he rushed forward, calling out to the bearers of fascines to follow. Turenne was one of the first, carrying a fascine in the pummel of his saddle. Mornay and Chicot followed. The Huguenots rushed on behind, shouting, "Vive Navarre!" Each threw his bundle into the ditch. It was filled up in a few moments to the level of the drawbridge. Musketry and grape-shot were showered upon the assailants like hail, twenty men fell in a few moments around the king, but still they succeeded in fixing the powder-bags to the gate. The gate was split in twain by the explosion, but twenty muskets passed through the opening, scattering death in the foremost ranks. Henry grew giddy at the havoc.

"Weak, womanish nature," he exclaimed, "it shall not be said that you conquered me," and, jumping from his horse, he called for an axe. A hundred men rushed forward with their monarch, and in a moment the breach was carried.

"Navarre! Navarre! Cahors is ours. Navarre for ever!" was shouted out on every side.

But the besieged were still the strongest, and once more they drove the Huguenots back to the ditch. Henry trembled in every limb.

"Did you ever see such a coward?" he said, turning to Chicot, who stuck to his side, but without taking part in the combat.

"No, sire, I never saw such a coward as you. It is frightful," was the answer of the cynic.

But Henry scarcely heard the Gascon. He had seized the regimental colours, and once more he rushed on to the charge. Turenne, Mornay, and a hundred others, hastened to follow. This time the town was taken. M. de Vesins defended himself for five days and five nights, from street to street, and house to house, but Cahors could not resist the star of the future Henry IV., now in the ascendant. In a house still burning and cribbled with shot, Henry dictated a short letter to his royal brother-in-law, in answer to the one Chicot had brought. He then shook his friend's hand, and said, "Now you have my answer to Henry of Valois, you can go; but remember, Chicot, that I love you, and, after Henry of France, if you like it, you shall always find a friend in Henry of Navarre."

BOOK V.

I.—THE DUKE OF ANJOU IN FLANDERS.

THE events that had taken place in Paris during Chicot's absence may be condensed into a few sentences. Henry III. almost frightened his austere mother and his still young and loving wife out of all propriety by his account of the dangers which he had escaped on the high road of Vincennes. Henry de Bouchage had so far been rewarded for his assiduous devotion to the mysterious lady of the Rue des Augustins, as to be admitted to an audience by the attendant Remy, who had declared to the amorous young man, that his mistress had loved, and that she would never love again, that, indeed, she only clung to life for purposes of revenge. This was all that De Bouchage could learn, and, in the anguish of his disappointment, he vowed to seek relief, and even death, in the battle-field; with which object in view, he at once started for Flanders to join there his brother, the Duke de Joyeuse. The mysterious lady also left

Paris at the same time for Flanders, in the prosecution of her long-projected plan of revenge. Remy's labours in the laboratory had come to a conclusion, he had succeeded in obtaining such secret engines of destruction as were most necessary to insure success to their intentions. Madame de Montpensier had also, in the furtherance of her truly feminine plots, granted Ernauton de Carmaignes an interview in one of the tourelles consecrated to such purposes, by the worthy hostess of the hotel of the Proud Cavalier. But, disturbed at this interview by the rudeness of St. Maline, Ernauton had been deputed, by the duchess, to purchase a house, in order to insure secrecy and security; and accident made M. de Carmaignes the master of that same mysterious mansion, which its two strange tenants, lady and attendant, had just abandoned.

The Duke of Anjou was at this time besieging the city of Antwerp. The Duke of Alva, Requescens, Don Juan, and the Duke of Parma had each in their turn subjected that renowned stronghold of the Netherlanders, but it had always risen again from its misfortunes, obstinate and formidable as ever. Called to Flanders by the people of that country, to help them to throw off the Spanish yoke, the Duke of Anjou had found the Flemish, prompted by the wily and patriotic Prince of Orange, very slow in fulfilling the promises of sovereignty which had once been held out as the reward for his interference in their cause. He had latterly, in consequence, begun to claim the fulfilment of their promises by force of arms. Brussels had opened its gates to the French, but Antwerp, strong in its citadel, its fortifications, and its maritime resources, held out. The republicans of Antwerp had received assistance from the French against the Spaniards, they were ready also to receive the aid of the Spaniards against the French, and to leave it to time and opportunity when once rid of the latter, to also get rid again of the Spaniards. The good sense of these monotonous republicans was strong as brass.

II.—THE SIEGE OF ANTWERP.

THE French camp occupied both banks of the Schelde. The army was much divided in opinion, the Catholics and the Calvinists were far from agreeing as to the policy of laying siege to the second city in the kingdom, which could only be permanently held when occupied by the good-will of the inhabitants. Every day the citizens of Antwerp witnessed from the heights of their ramparts ten or twelve duels between Catholics and Huguenots. This diversity of opinion also obtained among the superior officers attached to the army, and when the French fleet was seen sailing up the Schelde to their aid, the Huguenots looked with mistrust and jealousy at the succour thus so opportunely sent, while the admiral of France, Henri of Joyeuse, so far partook of their sentiments as to proclaim his opinions openly in the tent of the Duke of Anjou the very night of his arrival.

The prince, naturally of a jealous disposition, egotistical, and impatient of advice; and who, moreover, had been led into this scrape by the false counsels of the Prince of Orange, paid little attention to these reproaches. Seeking refuge in the base flatteries and attentions of his musician and favourite Aurilly, he contented himself with giving orders for the assault that night. It was arranged that the French fleet should break the enemy's line, should bombard the town, and at the same time effect a diversion, by landing fifteen hundred men. The land army was

to be divided into two columns, one to be commanded by the duke in person, the other by St. Aignan. Both were to attempt an escalade by surprise, the moment the first guns were fired. In case of failure it was arranged that the cavalry should protect the retreat, and that the army should embark on board of the ships under the protection of their guns.

But as the French columns advanced in the darkness of night, the guns of the vigilant Netherlands, prompted by the Prince of Orange, who had entered the city in disguise, took them by as much surprise as they had intended to inflict upon the good citizens of Antwerp. The escalading plan having failed them, there still remained, as Henry had done at Cahors, to encumber the ditch with fascines, and the French advanced rapidly and steadily to the ramparts. But suddenly the gates and posterns opened, and the Netherlanders advanced in dense bodies, protected by the fire of their great guns, to engage hand to hand. Not a cry, not a murmur was heard: the Netherlanders fought with passion, the Frenchmen with spite. But in the midst of this combat foot to foot a loud cannonade was heard from the side of Sainte Marie, and a blaze of light arose over the town like a great plume of flame, that illuminated at once the city and the battle-field. The French hoped that it was Joyeuse who had broken the line and was bombarding the town, but it was not so.

Joyeuse had set sail full of hope and confidence. Every thing was ready for the combat, the gunners were at their places, the sailors were armed with cutlasses and axes for boarding. The ships advanced with a prosperous breeze against the stream, and in the shape of a wedge, of which the admiral's ship formed the culminating point. As they approached the line of the enemy's ships, it seemed abandoned and deserted. There was something frightful in the death-like stillness and darkness of night. The admiral's ship coming first in contact with the line, carried two of the vessels up the stream, and thus dragging the others, all chained one to the other after it, they all closed upon the French fleet like so many giant phantoms. At the same moment invisible hands threw out a crowd of grappling irons, and the French having accepted the challenge and done the same, the two fleets were united together in the close embrace of death. Joyeuse was the first to cry out to board the enemy, and axe in hand he rushed to the encounter followed by his men, but not a human being appeared to oppose their progress; only in the distance three boats loaded with men were seen rowing away at full speed. A moment more, and a report as if of the eruption of so many volcanoes was heard, every ship and every sloop of the enemies appeared like a crater of fire, and the whole French fleet was engulphed in a gigantic sheet of flame. The efforts to separate the vessels from their burning antagonists were vain, they were held on by their own and the enemies' grappling irons. After unheard-of efforts, Joyeuse saw that it was impossible to struggle any longer, the boats were ordered out, and all alike had to seek safety ashore. Fifteen hundred men, armed with cutlasses and hatchets, now joined in the fray, that was so gallantly carried on beneath the walls of Antwerp. But at that moment William of Orange issued forth from the town, accompanied by a large body of well-armed cavalry and infantry that had not as yet been engaged. These were veterans who had fought against the Duke of Alva, Don Juan, and Requescens. They fell like a tempest upon the French, already wearied with a pro-

longed struggle and a fierce fight hand to hand in the dark. Notwithstanding the endeavours of the chiefs, a fearful flight commenced, a panic had seized the whole army, and in a few minutes it no longer existed as such. All had dispersed on the road to Brussels.

"They are driven this evening from before Antwerp. In eight days, not one of them will remain in Flanders," observed the Prince of Orange.

Orders had been issued to break down the dykes, and open the locks that very night. The peasants had been warned; country, cottages, hamlets, villages, and towns, had been alike abandoned and were now deserted. From Lierre to Termonde, from Haesdonk to Malines, each little river was swollen to the full, every canal and ditch was overflowing, and the silent, but swift and resistless, flood was creeping on all sides towards and around the devoted and fugitive army.

III.—THE INUNDATION.

At the same time as this great disaster happened to the French army, two travellers, wrapped in large mantles, were leaving Brussels by the Malines road in the obscurity of night.

"Madame," said one of the travellers, "we shall probably arrive at Malines by the time the result of the attempt on Antwerp will be known. In two short journeys we shall be there ourselves."

"Is there no one following us, Remy?" observed the traveller who had been addressed as madame, "the stranger who looked at us with so much surprise on the road from Mons to Brussels, seemed to me to resemble very much that unfortunate young man."

Remy had not time to answer before the sound of a horse was heard, and soon afterwards a cavalier passed at a canter.

"It is he!" muttered Remy, placing his hand on his dagger. "To-morrow, madame, we must change our road."

Arrived at Vilvorde, the travellers inquired if there was a cross-road to Malines. The answer was in the affirmative, but that it would be found much encumbered with peasants, cattle, and waggons, who were emigrating by order of the Prince of Orange to Brussels. This surprised the travellers, but did not cause them to change their resolve, and day-break found them on the borders of the Dyle.

In the meantime, Henry de Bouchage, whom a strange fatality once more brought in contact with a person whom he had vowed to quit for ever, was not less surprised than inwardly vexed at thus meeting on the road the mysterious lady, apparently travelling in disguise with her lover. Anxious to join his brother, before the assault on Antwerp, he did not, however, delay to make investigations which at the best could, he thought, only be of a very disagreeable character; but the frequency with which the parties passed one another on the road satisfied him that they were bound to the same place as himself. New cause for conjectures! If that was the case, he thought he might as well keep the travellers in sight; so laying down in a field of clover, he awaited their coming forth from Vilvorde. The travellers recognised their persevering but respectful friend with mingled feelings of surprise and anxiety; but instead of entering Malines, they, in the hopes of shaking him off, took to the left, by a pathway that led to Willebroeck. Henry followed by the same pathway. Willebroeck was deserted, not a house was inhabited, not a

living thing to be seen. All they could obtain was a little corn that had been left behind at an hostelry. As the travellers advanced beyond Willebroeck, the country assumed a still more extraordinary aspect. The only visible things were the travellers, Henry de Bouchage in their rear, ever keeping the same distance, and preserving the same thoughtful attitude; but the strangeness of the scene had softened his heart towards the fair traveller whose steps he so perseveringly followed.

Evening came on, dark and cold. The north-west wind blew across the solitude with a noise more threatening than even silence had been. At length, they came to a cottage, surrounded by a few gloomy poplars, but untenanted. A tributary to the river Nethe flowed close by. Remy and his companion took possession of the desolate hut, and closed the door carefully after them. Henry took up his station beneath one of the poplars. He had not been seated long when he heard the sound of cannon.

"Ah!" he said, "I shall be too late, they are attacking Antwerp."

For two hours he listened in the silence and the darkness of night to the report of guns and musketry, wondering what other noise for a short time drowned the more familiar sounds of war. Little did he imagine that it was the blowing up of his brother's ships! At length all sounds ceased, and Henry, wrapped in his mantle, fell into that kind of drowsiness which few can resist towards the morning hour. He was aroused by his horse neighing loudly and assuming an aspect of terror and anxiety. Henry listened; a deep and prolonged murmur, like that of the ocean, was heard in the distance. "Is it the wind, or an army in motion?" asked Henry of himself, and he bent his ear to the ground. The sound kept increasing in strength, till it became like the noise of a thousand guns dragged over a sonorous pavement. Mounting his horse, the young man rode off to an adjacent eminence, and from thence, in the dim obscurity of the morning, he could still perceive a vast, boundless expanse of water, that was rapidly approaching.

"Fool that I am not to have thought of it!" exclaimed Henry. "It is the water. The Netherlanders have broken down their dykes."

He at once rushed back to the cottage and knocked loudly at the door. The rivulet had swollen, and already the water surrounded the house. Remy opposed himself to the young man's entrance, but, crying out "The water! The water!" he threw the faithful servant back by main force, and bore away the lady in his arms as he would have done a child. Remy hurried away for the horses. But before they could mount, the water was gaining upon them in torrents. The tall poplars bowed their lofty heads, the beams and gables of the house began to tremble, nor had they long left it before it fell with a loud crash; but, above all, the sound of human beings struggling in the flood, and of drowning horses, came frightfully through the air. The horses could not stand long against the flood; a giant wave threw the one which the attendant rode first to the ground. Henry leapt down to his rescue. The bodies of drowned men and horses were now floating by in groups, and added to the difficulties of the situation. Luckily, Remy had been carried away towards a boat. Henry helped him to secure it, and they succeeded in placing the mysterious lady in safety just as she was about to faint. Day broke as the little boat floated along with its charge amid the bodies of the dead and the dying. These bodies were all French, and Henry felt

that some dreadful disaster had occurred. With the break of day they were enabled to perceive the steeples of Malines in the distance, and nearer to them a group of habitations which the flood had not reached, and where a number of blazing fires intimated that there were living beings. Thither, accordingly, Henry and the attendant directed the boat.

IV.—DEATH OF AURILLY.

"MADAME," said Henry de Bouchage, as he stepped ashore, "you are safe, I recognise the standard of the gendarmes d'Aunis, a corps in which I have many friends." Nor was Henry wrong, the party were not only well received because they had escaped such a terrible disaster, but also because Henry was at once recognised by some who had also survived both the battle and the subsequent more fatal and disastrous inundation. The same day, to the infinite joy of Henry, the sound of trumpets was heard in the distance, and he recognised the troops of his brother Joyeuse. Mounting a horse of one of the gendarmes, he rushed into the flood, which had now considerably subsided. Nor was he long in reaching a large body of French troops, who were intrenched on a tongue of land. Still more rejoiced was he to find his brother in command of the detachment, thus so miraculously saved. Returning afterwards to his own party, Henry bade the gendarmes mount their horses, and escort the travellers, on their way to the next village, which was at the junction of the Schelde and the Russel. Here, to their surprise, they found the Duke of Anjou, who from having changed horses with M. d'Aignan, was supposed to have been drowned, but who, with his musician Aurilly, had escaped in a boat. The duke was himself also not a little surprised at finding Henry with the army, and accompanied by the mysterious travellers. Seizing the opportunity presented by an unguarded moment, he further ascertained that one of these travellers was a very beautiful woman, and while he took the pretence of sending off Henry on a mission to the king to convey intelligence of the disaster that had befallen the French arms, he gave orders to Aurilly to convey the strangers to his own residence at Château Thierry. The latter did not manifest much opposition to the arrangement, which so far seconded their intentions as to bring them directly in contact with the prince whom they were in search of; but the licentious Aurilly, to whom they had been given in charge, having so far forgotten himself on the road as to insult the lady, Remy left the unfortunate musician a prey for the wolves of the Forest of La Fère, having struck him off his horse, and most unceremoniously cut the miscreant's head nearly off his shoulders. Which act of revenge accomplished, the two travellers continued their journey to Château Thierry with only one observation;—"Alas! alas! there still remains another guilty one to strike."

BOOK VI.

I.—CHICOT AND BORROMEO AT HANDS.

THE morning after the events just narrated, Henry III. awoke with an appetite which led him to order a breakfast of unusual sumptuousness. Scarcely, however, had he taken three mouthfuls than a light step was heard behind him, a chair rolled on its swivels, and Chicot took his place at the royal breakfast-table.

"What, Chicot!" exclaimed the king, "are you returned?"

"Good morning, Henry," replied the latter; "Chicot himself," and so saying he drew a plate of partridges towards him.

Henry felt his old superstitions getting the upper hand of him, so much so, that it was with some difficulty that he was enabled to make inquiries as to the results of the embassy.

Nor were Chicot's answers of the most straightforward or candid character. To the question as to how he enjoyed the journey, the answer was, "Very much indeed, he had not met with the slightest unpleasantness." "Did he bring good news?" "Most undoubtedly so!" "Was Henry as much engaged in his amours as ever!" "More than ever." "And who was the object of his latest preference?" "A beautiful personage, who defended herself vigorously." "Did she resist the king, then?" "Yes, and drove him back at first, but Henry was obstinate, and he reduced the fair one with powder-bags." "What do you mean, Chicot, what kind of lady is won by powder-bags?" "Mademoiselle Cahors," answered Chicot. "My town! what has he taken my town?" exclaimed the monarch; "I am betrayed."

At this moment a valet announced Henry de Bouchage. The young man stepped forward and bent his knee before the king. "Do you come from Flanders, my son?" inquired the king. "Yes, sire, with all the celerity possible." "Well, is my brother before Antwerp?" "No, sire, the Duke of Anjou is at Château Thierry; my brother alone was able to rally the few troops that remained after the disaster." "A disaster! my poor brother meets with nothing else."

When Henry de Bouchage had related to the king the eventful history of the defeat before Antwerp, Henry retired to his oratory and prayed for a short time. After which he returned, his face beaming with hope and confidence. De Joyeuse had retired, Chicot had taken an arm-chair behind a screen. As the king returned from prayer, a valet announced a messenger from the Duke of Guise. Chicot hid himself still more carefully behind the screen. He had recognised in the messenger Brother Borromeo, who now appeared in the costume of a captain of gendarmes. As he drew a letter from his satchet for the king, another fell accidentally to the ground.

"Ah! Master Borromeo!" said Chicot to himself, "you give one letter to the king when you have two in your pocket. I must see to this;" and Chicot disappeared from the apartment in his usual mysterious manner.

"Ah!" said the king, "M. de Guise offers me the army of Lorraine to repair the disasters in Flanders. It is considerate of him. Captain, tell him I am grateful. I will see him myself in five or six weeks hence, and will answer him then."

Chicot was waiting for Borromeo outside the Louvre. The captain could scarcely refrain from shuddering when he saw whom he had to do with.

"What, reverend father Borromeo, with a helmet!" said Chicot.

"What citizen Robert Briquet turned captain?" retorted Borromeo.

"Well, if we belong to the same profession we should have no secrets," observed Chicot; "you bear an interest in the Priory of Jacobins, so do I; suppose we have a little conversation upon that subject. There is a house close by here, the 'Horn of Abundance,' where they sell Burgundy of first-rate quality."

"With pleasure," said Borromeo.

The helmeted captains were soon seated in a private room of the "Horn of Abundance," and a conversation, half bantering, half in earnest, was engaged in, over a bottle or two of the host's celebrated Burgundy. At length Chicot took his opportunity of intimating to Borromeo, that he was aware that he was in possession of a second letter.

"Perhaps," observed the latter, "you also know to whom it is addressed."

"Undoubtedly so—to Madame de Montpensier," replied Chicot, with assumed indifference, and an air of incipient inebriety. "I shall denounce you to the king, most assuredly," he added, with a hiccup.

"That you never will," exclaimed Borromeo, as he rose up, and suddenly struck our friend Chicot a violent blow with his dagger behind the shoulder-blade. But the weapon broke like glass upon the coat of mail of Dom Gorenflot, and before Borromeo could recover his feet, Chicot stood before him, his long sword in hand. The table intervened between the two combatants, and gave Borromeo time to step back and put himself on the defensive. Chicot's superiority, however, soon enabled him to inflict a wound on his antagonist's head, which exasperated him so much, that he jumped upon the table, that nothing might lie between him and the revenge that he intended to take. But Chicot only laughed at him, and punctured him in the belly, as he had before punctured him on the forehead. Borromeo, growing furious, leaped down from the table upon his antagonist.

"Come," said Chicot, "I do not want to kill you; give me up that letter, and I will spare your life."

"Kill, kill me, if you can," exclaimed the exasperated Borromeo, as he struck at Chicot with all his strength. But Chicot parried the well-intentioned thrust with ease, and returning the compliment, his long rapier penetrated between the ribs of the *ci-devant* monk, and passing out at the other side, stuck into the deal wainscoting, with so much force, that Borromeo remained transfixed, his mouth open, his arms pendant, like a gigantic moth pinned to the wall.

II.—CHICOT UNRAVELS A PLOT.

For the first time since his return from the south, Chicot repaired from the "Horn of Abundance" to his old house in the Rue des Augustins, his mind much pre-occupied with the contents of the letter, which he could not perfectly understand. The Duke of Guise informed his dear sister therein, that the Duke of Anjou, who lay between him and the crown of France, still lived, but that he had ascertained that two persons, supposed to be dead, were upon his track, with evil intentions: that he, the Duke of Guise, was about to enter France as a friend, but that he should be soon master there, and that, in the meantime, he approved of his sister's projects in regard to the "Forty-five."

"Curious, that," said Chicot, to himself; "what has the duchess to do with the 'Forty-Five?'" and opening his long-abandoned door, he explored his house, not forgetting the main-beam, with feelings of infinite satisfaction and self-congratulation. "I must really go and thank my neighbour opposite, for his kind attention to the security of my house," he said, to himself, and, with Chicot, to reflect was to act; so, in a few moments, he was at the threshold of the mysterious house. Great, however, was his surprise, when the door was opened, to find

himself face to face with De Carmaignes, his preserver on the highway, instead of the man with the scar, who used formerly to act as porter.

Ernauton did not, however, allow much time for explanations; he simply told Chicot that he was now the master of the house, and that he was at that moment expecting a visitor, and that he therefore wished to be alone. Chicot accordingly withdrew to his own house, where, according to his usual habits when any thing mysterious was going on, he took up the best possible position from whence to observe events. Nor had he to wait long before a litter was borne up to the door of the mysterious mansion, and Ernauton stepped out to receive a lady, whom Chicot's experienced eye was not long in detecting, notwithstanding mantle and mask, to be no less than Madame de Montpensier herself.

"Ah! ah!" he muttered, "projects against the 'Forty-Five!' They are working well, I see."

For a whole hour did Chicot remain at the window, still as a statue; none could have told which affected him most, the fatal combat he had just engaged in with Borromeo, or the unravelling the secret of the epistle. At the end of that hour two more persons arrived; one was in a doublet and feather, the other in the dress of a monk.

"M. de Mayenne, with my little friend Jacques Clement!" exclaimed Chicot, to himself: "so, that little swordsman is in the plot too, is he? Well, I have now only to find out who the people are who are to rid the Duke of Guise of the heir-presumptive to the crown."

III.—A LAST ACT OF REVENGE.

After delivering the Duke of Anjou's message to the king Henri de Bouchage hastened back to Château Thierry, whither he knew the mysterious lady was bound under charge of the unfortunate musician, Aurilly. Upon his arrival there he ascertained that two persons corresponding to their description had arrived at the château, but that Aurilly had been killed by the wolves. As to the duke, he spent most of his time in a summer house in a distant part of the park, where no one was allowed to intrude upon his privacy. There was much in this information, not only calculated to rouse feelings of passionate jealousy in the breast of the young man, but also to excite his curiosity in no slight degree. He resolved to ascertain that very night what was going on in this secret pavilion, to which the prince repaired to his supper every evening. No sooner, accordingly, had the darkness of night come on to favour his projects, than he stole away quietly into the garden, where he for some time awaited events, hid in a dense grove of horse-chestnuts. At an early hour the pavilion was lighted up, and with an anxious heart, but cautious step, Henry approached the spot. In front of the pavilion there was a fountain, and in the centre thereof a statue. It was not likely that any one would wade into the water at night time. To Henry, burning with the fever of anxiety and jealousy, the play of the fountain was more refreshing than otherwise, so he took up a secure position behind the statue, from whence he was enabled to look directly into the pavilion. The first person he observed seated at the table, habited in the garments of a person of rank, was the mysterious lady of the Rue des Augustins. Opposite to her sat the Duke of Anjou, apparently intoxicated with her marvellous beauty. His eyes seemed never to quit the pale, icy, but exquisitely beautiful features before him. Without the help of the statue,

that Henry folded in his arms, colder than the marble that he grasped, he must have fallen into the basin beneath. Remy was the only attendant present, and he waited with respectful and anxious assiduity upon the prince and the lady. It was in vain, however, that the prince made every effort and used the most passionate eloquence to bring a smile upon that cold beautiful face. At length, the prince having drunk two or three glasses of wine, rose to embrace the lady. Henry involuntarily placed his hand upon his dagger ; but the lady gently repulsed the duke, merely offering him part of a peach which she had been dividing with a silver knife. The prince took the peach flattered with the attention. Remy looked at him with an anxious eye. The lady remained as calm and as unmoved as ever. A few drops of perspiration oozed from the prince's brow, he felt giddy and unwell, and proposed to adjourn to the garden. The lady rose and took his arm.

"I feel better," said the prince, as they passed by the fountain, "but I do not know what weight passed over my brain. I fear, madame, I love too much."

The lady gathered two roses. "I have been told, sire, that the perfume of flowers will often relieve a sudden giddiness." And as she offered one to the prince, it fell to the ground ; the prince hastened to pick it up ; as he did so, the lady dropped something from a phial into the other rose which she held in her hand. "We will change roses," she said, as the prince turned round with the other flower in his hand. The prince seized the proferred flower with delight, and pressing the lady to his bosom, inhaled the perfume of the treacherous rose. But suddenly the giddiness came upon him again, and his knees gave way beneath him.

"You are unwell," said the lady, "we had better return to the pavilion." And this time it was the lady who gave the prince her arm. Remy came out with a light to meet the lovers.

The lady took the light and held it so that as they ascended the steps of the pavilion the current of air blew smoke and flame together into the prince's face. The Duke of Anjou fell, poisoned and asphixiated on the floor.

"Remy," said the lady, "all is over now, we must go."

And both hastened from the pavilion into the garden, but the horror-struck Henry, leaving his hiding-place, opposed himself to their retreat. Remy would have struck him, but the lady held back his arm.

"Monsieur," she said, "do not judge rashly of what you have seen. I am Diane de Meridor, whose lover M. de Bussy, was infamously slain by the Duke of Anjou. Eight days ago Remy killed his accomplice, to-night I have had *my* revenge."

Great were the preparations that were making the next day at Château Thierry. King Henry III. and all the court were expected on a visit of condolence to the Duke of Anjou. The procession arrived amidst the ringing of bells, the firing of guns, and other clamorous sounds of joy. But no Duke of Anjou came forth to meet the Royal family. Only Henri de Bouchage, with his usual pale and melancholy countenance, broke the sad truth gradually to his royal master.

"Unfortunate Francois !" exclaimed the king.

"Fatality !" muttered Catherine.

"*Dejiciet potentes de sede et exaltabit humiles !*" murmured Chicot, who stood at the king's right-hand.

END OF THE GASCONS OF 1585.

THE OLD STICK'S PETITION.

I'd return'd from a ramble one hot summer's day,
And fatigue had o'ercome me outright,
And it chanced, as I sat down, my Stick heard me say,
"I am weary, ah! very, to-night."

He was placed in a corner all cover'd with dust,
And bruises upon him were thick,
When thus he address'd me: "You'll listen, I trust,
To the prayer of your faithful old Stick.

"I was cut by your father one day from a thorn,
I was supple, straight, well-grown, and quick;
So he speedily trimm'd me up into right form,
And converted me into a stick.

"I've defended him stoutly from robb'ry and harm;
I've borne him to market and church;
I once kill'd an adder—once checked a mad bull,
When your father was left in the lurch.

"What hardships and joys I have seen him go through;
To mind his behests always ready.
What secrets I've known—how familiar I grew
With his moods, when uproarious or steady.

"In days of your childhood, a lisping sweet boy,
Your pleasures my breast would elate;
I your cock-horse was called, and I shared in your joy
When with ribbons you deck'd my old pate.

"When your father was almost disabled with gout,
And he hobbled with neighbours to chat,
'Twas I, his 'old comrade,' who bore him about;
He, poor man, was a good hand at that!

"A gold-headed cane at your wedding, you know,
Your love to your father presented;
And I to the coal-hole was ordered to go,
As handle to hammer invented.

"The gout came again, the gold cane did not suit,
By your father I then was recall'd;
And to help him about, his frail powers to recruit—
In my duties was once more install'd.

"Ah! when the decays of old age on him came,
And he grasp'd me with thin shrivell'd hand,
How much he was alter'd,—his poor tott'ring frame,—
He had scarce nerve enough left to stand.

"And daily and daily more feeble he grew,
And at home he would constantly keep;
On me he limp'd down stairs his garden to view,
And at night returned with me to sleep.

"But a morning arrived, when this last comfort ceas'd,
He no longer the garden could gain,
By his bedside I stood, but his weakness increas'd,
And the flame of his life 'gan to wane.

"Then he turn'd towards his son as he struggled for breath,
Saying 'Here, my boy, come to me quick,
Recollect my last words as I sink into death,
And take care of my faithful old Stick.'

"But after his death I was taken away
To the garden, and stuck in a rake,
And there through a winter I pined till one day,
Upon me you pity did take.

"So kindly you brought me within doors again,
In this corner you placed me with care,
But you know not the mortification and pain
I'm compell'd through your servants to bear.

"Sometimes in the copper of clothes I am thrust,
Sometimes to a poker I'm turn'd;
See my nob how the scalding hot water has crack'd,
And my other end how it is burn'd.

"Then don't, sir, I pray this petition deem bold,
But save me from death by the fire,
And when time has made you like him grey and old,
I'll prop you as I propped your sire."

"No, no, my old Stick, be your fears at an end,
I'd not lose you for gold twice your weight;
No, not I, you have been to my father a friend,
And I'll keep you long—long from the grate!"

FAREWELL, SUSAN.

Farewell, Susan! broken-hearted,
Now I leave this peaceful vale;
Tell me, loved one, when we're parted
Will that rosy cheek look pale?

Will the tear that now is streaming
Cease to flow when I am gone?
Will the eye with beauty beaming
Beam with love on me alone?

Will your heart with fervour beating
Lose its warmth of love for me?
Will these last sad moments fleeting
E'er be view'd with misery?

Will the grove in which we've wander'd
To your memory be dear?
Will the book o'er which we've ponder'd
E'er be moisten'd with a tear?

Will your voice at eve be sounding
As when I was by your side?
And my heart with rapture bounding
Pictur'd you my happy bride?

I must leave these heavenly pleasures,
Urged by Fate's relentless oar,
In pursuit of wordly treasures
I must tread some distant shore.

Farewell, Susan! broken-hearted,
Now I leave this peaceful vale;
Tell me, loved one, when we're parted
Will that rosy cheek look pale?

H. C.

LAUNCELOT WIDGE.

BY CHARLES HOOTON, ESQ.

AUTHOR OF "COLIN CLINK," "BILBERRY THURLAND," &c.

Chapter the Forty-fourth.

MR. HOLLIS OBTAINS AN INTERVIEW WITH AGATHA LE BLANC, AND SUBSEQUENTLY ALSO WITH HER FATHER—THE RESULTS.

Such was the unfortunate history of Agatha le Blanc, whom we found distractedly on her knees, after she had chanced to overhear the terrible discourse between her father and Mr. Thoroton relative to Mr. Hollis.

Hitherto she had aided her father, but now it was proposed to add to moral crime, to imposition, and sinful mystery, the deadliest crime of all, —the unwashed stain of murder.

Agatha, too well knew her father's determined resolution in carrying out any object that he might have in view, whether that object might be good or evil, to doubt for a moment the sincerity of his conversations and agreements with Mr. Thoroton on the fatal night in question. Of that, if any proof were wanting beyond her general knowledge of him, she had fearful proof in the conduct he had pursued towards Forrest and Golightly so many years ago.

"In the eye of Heaven," thought Agatha, "his hands are yet red with the blood of his fellow man. For, however honour and indignant feeling may colour crimes of this nature, Heaven—which recognises not the falsehood we call honour, and which warps not justice by passion—will yet never hold the slayer of a man free from guilt. I must and will save my father from dyeing the red more scarlet, and the scarlet black. There are two souls and one human life to save—it is in my power, and apparently mine alone, as an instrument in higher hands, to save them; and by the divine blessing, saved they all shall be."

And with that thought and firm resolve, she rose from her aching knees and prepared herself for the task of justice and mercy.

The result has already been told in her mysterious visit to Mr. Gabriel Widge, and the consequences which flowed from it. But still Agatha was really unacquainted with the full extent to which the importance of her information had served the interests of Mr. Hollis, and up to the very time of Thoroton's attempted suicide, knew not but that the design against Hollis might possibly, at any fitting opportunity, be put in operation.

Having seen Mr. Hollis quit the melancholy habitation of the desperate Thoroton, we are now fully prepared to join him upon his arrival at the house of Saul le Blanc, whither, it will be recollected, he was next bound.

His visit, be it also understood, was perfectly unexpected by any party he might chance to find at the latter place, having been arranged almost upon the instant between Mr. Sandhill and himself.

The young artist experienced some difficulty in penetrating, for the

first time, the many tortuous lanes and alleys that surrounded, like the chambered outlets of a rabbit warren, the closed-in dwelling to which his footsteps were directed. Inquiries amongst the neighbours at length enabled him to ascertain the house precisely. When at the door he involuntarily hesitated before raising his hand to strike a curious and ponderous old knocker, made to resemble either a Gothic angel or a demon, the light not being sufficient to enable him to ascertain which.

Many must have felt as Mr. Hollis felt, on standing for the first time before the door of a house within which he knew not what might be his reception—with what guests he should perchance meet—what unknown occurrences of moment might take place before he should again turn his back upon it. He stood still momentarily and considered, as though doubtful what to do. Yet no such feeling existed in his bosom; it was only the effect of a certain indescribable awe which he felt on finding himself about to be introduced into the presence of so strange a character as Saul, and perhaps also of the high mysterious lady who had so devotedly watched over his destinies, and probably also held him to her bosom when a helpless infant.

In answer to his summons, the door was opened by a servant maid, of whom he demanded whether M. le Blanc was at home ?

"I believe he is, sir, but will ask Mam'selle Agatha."

"Present this card," said Hollis.

The maid disappeared, and in a few minutes returned, stating that Miss le Blanc would receive any communication he might have to make on her father's account. Mr. Hollis's heart leaped like an affrighted thing, and he felt that all his resolution would be required to enable him to address himself to the lady without apparent emotion of some description or other, best understood by her who alone was conscious of the cause of it.

Presently he found himself introduced into a small but elegantly furnished room, warmed by a blazing fire, and upon a table, in the centre of which stood two wax lights that threw their beams with a peculiarly broad and artistical effect upon the fine tall figure of Agatha le Blanc. Not that youthful and sprightly Agatha who so unhappily won the wild affections of an insane lover many years ago, but the serious and majestic woman, the thoughtful, yet the proud. With all her inward efforts to appear unconcerned, Mr. Hollis plainly saw a deep blush suffuse her features as her eyes momentarily alighted upon his face, and then unconsciously wandered away, lost as it were amid the dream-like scenery of the past which that glance so vividly recalled.

"To you, madam," remarked Hollis, "I believe my deepest thanks are due for information concerning my own safety."

"No thanks, Mr. Hollis, are due to me," said Agatha, interrupting him, or rather relieving him, for he hesitated to proceed; "I have, indeed, made at the last hour but the poorest restitution for a too long period of culpable secrecy—perhaps, I had better at once say crime."

"Impossible, madam, permit me to say. Your generous nature undervalues your own goodness too much, and magnifies proceedings, undoubtedly strictly just, into a distorted form of error which they cannot, and do not deserve."

"When you know as much as I do," replied Agatha, with a half-melancholy smile; "and it shall not be long before you are made ac-

quainted with all; then, sir, I doubt not, you will inevitably form a less flattering judgment. Every individual is too apt to admit only good on his own side, and purity in his own intentions. Self becomes a comparative perfection, and other selves a comparative imperfection. Were this thing otherwise, we should come nearer the truth, and discover that, taking all in all, we generally do more evil in the world than good. Sir, I feel that repentance is more necessary than praise, and dread of our own errors better than the condemnation of the errors of others. But this talk is too idle on such an occasion: you expect other things from me, and have now a perfect right to expect them. You have business with my father; but I felt that explanations and cautions were necessary before that meeting took place. It is very easy, Mr. Hollis, for a man to have enemies that he never made, and to find them in reality disguised as friends."

"Whatever other guilt may attach to me," observed Hollis, "I am at least innocent of having deserved evils at the hands of either of the two persons against whom you, madam, I feel confident, so mysteriously warned me."

"You fell into evil hands at the beginning," replied Agatha, "that is, if you be the person whom certain parties suppose you to be."

"We have obtained many remarkable collateral proofs that such is the fact. Indeed, perhaps, all that is now required in addition, can amply be supplied by yourself."

"Thank Heaven, it is so! you shall know all that the Lady of Woodhouselee ought, had I been but as true as I should have been, to have known long and many years ago. But I am not without blame and sin, and my father was deeply compromised in the same matter, so that I felt bound to protect him. I regret it, and yet feel bound to protect him still; at the same time that I shall expose to you his—what term shall I give it, in speaking of my father? He is my father still, sir; and, whatever he may be to others, a most affectionate and indulgent parent to me."

"Let me beg of you, madam, not to dwell upon such painful and distressing reflections. Every assurance that it lies in my power to give shall be most freely given, to shield your father from consequences in any shape injurious to himself, or painful to his daughter. I pledge myself, as a man of honour, that he shall suffer nothing from any communication which it may be your pleasure to make."

"I thank you, sir, deeply and truly. It is a fearful tale for my lips to utter, but the time has come, and it must be told. Your assurance gives me courage, but yet I fear I shall fail in depicting truly the long series of atrocities—for these acts deserve no better name—which have been perpetrated and planned by Mr. and Mrs. Thoroton, and in which, unhappily, I must confess that my father and myself have had a share. But do not misunderstand me at the outset. Our share has been that of accessories, of people conscious of the wrong, and guiltily keeping that wrong a secret, from worldly and interested motives. That is all, though that is surely a great deal too much. My own connivance has been solely to serve my father. I gave way, not without many efforts, many hours of sorrow, and many tears: and even then, only when I found the utter impossibility of turning my father from his purpose—that of making money through the agency of Mr. Thoroton's fears."

Such were the prefatory remarks which Agatha made, to her full and complete discovery of all the circumstances concerning Mr. Hollis, as child and man.

She concluded thus:—

"So long then have I been too faithful to an evil trust. But upon another proposition of murder from Mr. Thoroton, I could not and would not keep the secret longer. I resolved still to screen my father if I could, and your solemn promise that he shall escape unscathed, must form his shield; for religion, morality, and law, alike refuse to offer one. But, even had I failed to effect this, and let the results have been to any or all parties what they might, I should still have done the same. Sin must have its end some time; and the little virtue there is left in us, will also, at some time, assuredly assert its dominion, and prove that God has not made, even the worst of us, all evil. May this consideration, sir, strengthen your determination to regard all parties mercifully. But for Mr. Thoroton—— "

"The mercy of Heaven alone," said Hollis, solemnly, "is now required for that desperate and most unhappy man. Madam, this very night my eyes are fresh from witnessing a scene of horror in his person, which even yet chills my blood as I behold it again in the too-strongly pictured imanation."

"More horrors!" exclaimed Agatha. "What, sir, can it be you mean?"

"He has anticipated the punishment of violated laws, and refused to await the visitations of an offended Deity. Madam, he has attempted self-destruction."

"To-night? And is it accomplished?"

"This very evening. But whether he is dead, I know not. He was yet alive, when carried to one of the hospitals."

"This will be dreadful news to my father. Though, in another sense, it might be looked upon as well. Such an act has, of course, finally settled intrigue and crime for the future. A dreadful retribution, however, and a terrifying end! Pray let us go to my father; tell him this in the first instance, and leave the rest to me. I will introduce you, for no one else must be by, or within our hearing."

And so saying, Agatha led Mr. Hollis into the same room in which we last beheld Saul plotting with Thoroton against that young man's life. Saul was seated by the fire, and, with the aid of a pair of spectacles, was perusing a folio manuscript-work upon astrology.

"Father, this is Mr. Hollis, the young gentleman who expected to paint your portrait. I have had some conversation with him, and he knows more than you anticipate."

"Then Mr. Thoroton may be expected, sir?" observed Saul.

"Mr. Thoroton has this night discharged a pistol at his own head," replied Hollis, "and is, probably, now dying. He may be dead as I speak."

"Ha!" exclaimed Saul, at once amazed and disconcerted. "Heaven's justice is done!"

"Thank Heaven, father!" cried Agatha, "that you admit its power! For, during too many years have transactions taken place beneath this roof, as though there were no Heaven—no hereafter—nay, not even any sin in a world which all else can feel is far too wicked."

"Agatha! Agatha!" exclaimed Saul; "what can possess you? Are you——"

"No," interrupted she, "I know the word. I *have been* insane, or have acted as though I were so. But now I am sensible, and too bitterly conscious of my past errors. To screen you from the first, and support

your plans with Thoroton. Oh, never heed the presence of Mr. Hollis, for I have told him all that is passed, all I know, and nothing more remains for him to learn—your day in that matter is ended. I had sufficiently perilled my own soul already, without permitting the possibility of such a dreadful termination as was discussed in this room not long ago."

"How came you to know it, daughter? I flattered myself you had been too well taught to listen to your father's guests."

"It was accidentally, or providentially, father," replied Agatha, proudly; "that I overheard that dreadful project proposed."

"But you did not believe it, daughter Agatha? You could not surely believe such ill of your father, as to suppose for a moment that he was in earnest in what he said? No; Mr. Hollis may credit me or not, as he pleases, but I can assure you, Agatha, that seeing Thoroton was grown at last so reckless that he would hesitate at nothing—no matter how dark the deed—to gain his object, I suffered him, by my seeming acquiescence, to go on, *only that he might finally and surely convict himself beyond the possibility of denial*, and so insure his certain punishment. I admit this conduct is not remarkable for scrupulous honour, but no further personal interest existed with me in Thoroton's safety—he is a mere thrashed husk of corn—and I knew he merited detection. My firm and secret intention was, to permit him to go the extent of a show of violence towards Mr. Hollis, in order that the fact might not be doubted; and then to assist in securing him. But if I have lived, Agatha, until you can think me really capable of becoming accessory to a deliberate murder —no less—I have, indeed, survived your mother much too long. But I was, in a manner, prepared to receive such a blow from some unexpected quarter. I have been looking into my own nativity, and find about this time I shall lie under heavy suspicions, almost affecting my life. Here is the accomplishment of fate!"

Probable as it is that all this was nothing more than an extempore invention of Saul's, for the purpose of giving a better colour to his part in a plot which now he found blown to air, it yet materially answered the purpose (or *seemed* to answer it); and the more especially so, because Mr. Hollis had no desire to hold him more guilty than could be helped, or to seek for a moment for any further proof of it, than naturally was displayed upon the surface, and, therefore, could not be hidden. Mr. Hollis consequently appeared to give entire credence to Saul's interpretation; expressed his great satisfaction in hearing the statement, and then, turning to Agatha, he remarked:—

"Your father, madam, it clearly appears, was undeserving of the harsh opinions which a misunderstanding, or misconception, has so unhappily induced you to entertain respecting him. But now your heart will be reassured, and, I trust, your peace of mind become re-established."

There was more of heartfelt kindness in these observations, than literal sincerity. But the speaker well knew that, let the world say what it will, it does sometimes become the positive duty of a man to refrain from expressing his every literal thought, in order to preserve the amenities of life, and reconcile the suffering to themselves.

Agatha replied—if reply it could be called—only by tears; and having silently pressed Mr. Hollis's hand, left the room.

He and Saul were alone.

"And so, sir," observed the latter, "my daughter has told you every thing?"

"To the smallest particular."

"Very good, very; but hasty. I should have done the same thing myself, Mr. Hollis, when the infamy of Thoroton had grown fully ripe, but she has anticipated me. A more polished villain I never met with. I promised him failure from the beginning, for it was written. I, also, promised myself to inflict moral justice upon him for his first criminality, and well has it been carried out: he is reduced to beggary. Young man! though you knew it not, you have been well avenged. Punish him no more; for, between me and his own hands, he must by this time have expiated his crimes. If you can prove your identity with the Lady of Woodhouselee's child, *we* can prove the rest; that it did not die at the time alleged, and that the funeral which took place in the family vault was that of a beggar's babe, procured for the purpose, and which had no right to be there. I did, on one occasion, extort, in a moment of passion, from Mr. Thoroton, an admission to the effect that his wife abandoned the child in the foundations of an unfinished building, but that they were not guilty of its murder."

"Agatha did not tell me that," said Hollis, "but it is a grand point of evidence; for *I* can prove, M. le Blanc, that *I* was found in such a place, about that same time, close upon the neighbourhood of Thoroton's then residence."

"Enough, enough, and more than enough!" cried Saul. "Your case is proved, and nothing remains but to restore you to your mother, and to your possessions."

Chapter the Forty-fifth.

THE GENERAL HOSPITAL—MR. THOROTON IS VISITED BY SAUL, AND HOLDS STRANGE TALK WITH HIM.

We are now in a public hospital. It is early in the morning, between seven and eight o'clock. We may suppose a room containing five iron bedsteads, which creak and scream harshly and painfully to the ears of the sick, as their diseased and restless occupants occasionally turn from side to side, in vain search of the ease which is banished from beneath that roof more than from any other description of building. Such of the patients as can spend the day upon their legs are already up, and either making their beds or awaiting to render any such assistance as their more helpless fellow sufferers may require. A bell rings below, and a general stir and bustling of feet immediately follows. It is the breakfast-bell, and the large trays of bread and butter, of tea and milk, are carried along the passages, disappearing in the several rooms as they pass. The bread is in large hunches, and the tea and milk, in tin cans. Beside each bed stands a small buffet, and upon this the meal is placed. But the nurses and people who go about, instead of being silently shod, wear heavy boots and shoes, the sound of which is hideous and unbearable to Mr. Thoroton, who lies on one of those beds, only half sensible. And even the sense he has remaining flickers and flits like a departing flame, and only conveys impressions of pain, and sorrow, and fright. His hair is cut closely off, and his head and face are "strapped up" with adhesive plaister,

so that between his wounds and the means employed to heal them, he makes a frightful and pitiable spectacle.

Such was the first stir of morning in the public hospital. But later in the day, towards noon, another repetition of the sound of busy feet was heard, and a whisper ran that "the doctors were come." Previously, however, to that period, Mr. Thoroton had been visited more frequently than he himself was conscious of, by the house-surgeon, as he was termed, a gentleman of the kindest manners, and one who had not forgotten the appearances of outward consideration which ought still to be observed towards Mr. Thoroton, notwithstanding his present position, and the sad event that had taken place. He took him kindly by the hand, and whenever he had occasion to address him, did so with the scrupulous delicacy and kind feeling which become a gentleman and a man of education, when communicating with one who, whatever his present condition, was yet not of the common herd, whether, as regarded either his intellect, his sensibilities, or his education.

But when the "visiting surgeon," under whose care Thoroton was placed, arrived, at the period just alluded to, he found a woful difference for the worse in the two characters. Whether it was that Mr. Nobbie was really an ignorant man in every thing except his profession; that he was too naturally coarse in grain to receive the polish which finer natures take, or that he considered—as ignorance commonly does—that the act of which Thoroton had been guilty had rendered him a thing to be despised,—we cannot take upon ourselves to say; the fact, however, is certain, that, after looking at the poor half-dying figure before him, he demanded (much more than asked) in a stern, unfeeling tone,—

"Well, my man, how do you find yourself?"

What little sense remained in Mr. Thoroton, rebelled passionately within his own bosom against this vulgar coarseness. Had such a title as that of "my man" been applied at any other time, Mr. Thoroton would have told Mr. Nobbie that he was an insolent fellow, and shown him his back. As it was, he only looked ineffectual indignation—mistaken by Nobbie for a symptom of his delirium,—and spoke not a word. Mr. Nobbie then made a few general inquiries of the house-surgeon, and took his departure just as though leaving the carcase of a dog.

Doubtless, Mr. Nobbie considered he was doing an essential service to all in the hospital whom he gratuitously attended. And so, indeed, would every body else have considered had he but recollected and practised the simple precept, that, in rendering a service, it is quite as much the manner as the matter, which gives that service value, and renders it an object worthy of grateful recollection. It would appear, however, that Nobbie had never made any such reflection, or nurtured a single social virtue, beyond the virtues of the table, in the course of his life. But some men have the peculiar faculty of clothing even their benefits in the garb of insolence, and consequently of stifling the gratitude which they may consider due to them, even before it has had time to be born. Such men should also recollect, that their unpaid services in these establishments, are not altogether such a pure mass of charity, as the ignorant poor, who usually receive their aid, might be led to imagine. In a professional point of view, they receive benefits as well as confer them, since practice and observation are of much more real importance than the mere theories of the schools.

Another source of annoyance to Mr. Thoroton was the numbers of practitioners who came to look at him. His was a peculiar case, and every body wanted to see it. But unhappily, in fact, his poor disturbed brain could receive only impressions of wretchedness from all and every thing that he dimly saw and heard. He dwelt in an imaginary world of horror alone. His very attendants became (as his delirium increased) converted into enemies, who were punishing and torturing him. He struggled against his medicines under the delusion that they were poisons, and intended to effect his murder. The room in which he lay no longer conveyed correct images to the eye, and he felt convinced that he was in another place, in a far country, and was travelling to seek another home. His former home was destroyed, he thought, and society had cast him out, so that no man would any more look him in the face. That was the reason why he was travelling to a foreign land, where his name should be changed, and the bitter past be buried, like a corpse unfit to be seen, in his own bosom.

Then he felt suddenly the burning conviction that he had betrayed his best friend for the sake of gain. That friend was before him to charge him with it, not to reproach or punish, but only to show him what effect this treachery had produced upon its victim. "See what it has made me do," said the suffering vision, and immediately Mr. Thoroton beheld him face to face. Vainly did Thoroton strive to get away from this dreadful witness, it still followed him, it would hear no prayers of his to leave him, it said that, notwithstanding all this, it would remain his friend still. And that idea cut Mr. Thoroton more than all the rest.

It would be too painful to pursue these delirious horrors, which in one wild form or other lasted, with a succession of changing scenes, about five days. During that time the poor patient was given up as irrecoverable.

But at length, one night as two watchers sat, one on each side his bed, and the dim light of a rush candle made all the objects in the room at once visible and obscure, Mr. Thoroton suddenly shrieked; his eyes were wide open and wild, and evidently appeared to see something which in reality was not there. He closed his eyes and hid his face in the pillow. Then he cautiously opened them again, and as they happened to fall upon the figure of one of his attendants, he asked,

"Are they gone?"

"Who do you mean, sir?"

"That old watchman in a grey coat, and a woman with a child, that peeped round from behind him? No, they are there yet, there they are!"

"Do not look that way, sir, and then you will not see them."

Thoroton directed his vision towards another part of the room, and in a second or two added,—

"But there's another;—I see who he is. Now then I am determined to go home. I won't stay, if you let such people as these come about me. I am not frightened at them, but I would rather not have them; they do no good, and only prevent me from going to sleep. I shall never sleep here again until they are gone."

"I can see nothing," said the man.

"No, you cannot see, because you will not see. You are in at the plot like all the rest of them. You are determined to frighten me to death, if you can, in order to get rid of me; and then, to-morrow you

will tell my wife that I died. Let me go, or else shut up your slides—for I know how you do it—there's plenty of mechanics can do that, and you fancy I know nothing about it. They do it on purpose. There's a number of people outside the roof, and when they see me look anywhere, they cast a horrible shadow before me. Look at that great dog there! and there's another; and there, just running under that bed, there's a thing neither beast nor fowl! Take them away, tell them to stop it, for it is more than I can bear, being so ill. If I were well I should laugh, but I won't endure it; I can't!"

And then the unhappy man made a prodigious effort to spring out of bed, but was held down by his attendants.

"You must be still, and go to sleep," said one; "we cannot allow you to get up."

"Then hinder them from sending these strange people. They mean to keep this torment up all night; but if I have done wrong, beat me, and let me go. I can bear your beating, if you will let me go, but I won't have your phantoms. Besides, the sky, when I look up at it, is blurred with blood, and you say I have darkened heaven. But I have not. I never murdered a child. It is alive now, and along with its mother. There's a snake on the bed. Very well, I know it is only another of your tricks; it is only a shadow. But I do not like your swarms of black flies, they make such a noise. Why does that man there"—(pointing to the occupant of an adjoining bed)—"make a word every time he breathes, and say, '*Aye, aye, aye,*' as if he lamented what I have done? Every body insults me."

"Drink this little drop," observed an attendant; "it is brandy, white brandy, I think."

"No, no brandy for me. I'll take water, but nothing else."

The attendant pretended to give him water, but it was a potion to procure sleep. Thoroton drank it, and in half-an-hour sank amidst his ghosts and terrors into a slumber, such as it was, broken by visions as vivid as those that haunted him awake.

On the following day he was more sensible, and appeared to have some correct idea of the things about him. In short, to the surprise of every body, he finally recovered. But before he could be removed to his own residence, several of his friends were occasionally permitted to visit him. Amongst these might, one morning, have been seen his old fellow-scoundrel, Saul le Blanc. The room contained only these two, and, therefore, they spoke without restraint.

"I am sorry, Mr. Thoroton," said Saul, "to see you in this plight; but glad to find you are recovering."

"I had no desire to recover, only people will save you from death if they can, though they will not save you, when alive and well, from being driven to knock at his door, and ask for admission. They think it is quite enough to drag you from his step,—to prevent your going in. And yet, the conduct of man towards man is always forcing the weakest to look on death as their best acquaintance."

"That may be true," replied Saul, "but society does not look upon itself so. It is in this, as in another thing. Society and laws make many paupers, and then, having made them, consider that the Christian duty is sufficiently discharged by maintaining them at the ratio of so many human beasts."

"Society is much mistaken," replied Thoroton; "and sin and error

sanctify sin and error all through. Take the whole nation, man by man; and each one, though secretly he knows more of himself than of any other man, will yet talk as though other men were a plain book of evil to him, and himself the sole pure mystery."

"You and I, at least," retorted Saul, sarcastically, "are philosophers enough to know precisely the contrary. We are remarkable exceptions. And yet it is singular enough that which you have said, that all the units should be so very good, and the aggregate so very indifferent; or, on the converse, that the units should possess so much of evil, and yet shine so brightly in the mass, as they persuade themselves they do."

"Every fool and knave defends his folly and his knavery, as well as the same folly and knavery in others. It is necessary, to keep self and others in countenance."

"Does any reason of that kind weigh with you in your justification of this most pitiable and absurd act of which you have been guilty?"

Thoroton's wan and disfigured face coloured deeply for the space of a few moments, and then resumed again the natural hue of weakness and debility.

"Perhaps it may, though I am not aware of it. But this truth is evident, that without some fellow-feeling with others, we cannot enter into motives, or justly judge of actions; and he who possesses such feeling most is necessarily the clearest exponent we can have upon the subject. No man can judge of a broken heart but he who carries one in his bosom."

"Still, I think," replied Saul, "that such an act is the extreme—pardon me the word—the extreme of cowardice."

"You think that such a man as I am is necessarily a coward?"

"I did not say so."

"You implied as much."

"Perhaps I might, if you choose to take it so."

"Then, sir!" exclaimed Thoroton, in a raised and hollow voice, as he rose suddenly up in his bed, "as soon as I have been enabled to leave this pillow, it will remain your duty to test that cowardice! I shall put you to the proof."

"And I shall beg to decline—"

"You cannot, you cannot, you shall not!" hastily cried Thoroton, interrupting Saul: "besides, you owe me another debt, which no power on earth shall hinder you from discharging. You have robbed me for years."

"You are unfit to discuss these matters now, or otherwise I would talk. Good morning; but do not forget that your poverty has made you powerless,—that your intended victim, Hollis, will shortly be the Lord of Woodhouselee,—that *I* am safe, and all connexion between us is ended. Unless, indeed, you should at some future period be in the same mind as now, and if so, I will endeavour to accommodate your wishes. I had rather decline it, as I said before, but if you will, you must. Good morning, sir."

And Saul retired, cool and passionless, from the room.

Thoroton felt speechless with anger. He thought that Saul must be his bad angel, leading him into sin, and plunging him at last into the pit of death. His fever returned, and with it his delirium also. He raved about treachery and murder, robbery and poverty, until from ex-

haustion his voice grew inaudible. It became apparent on the following day that he was rapidly sinking. Stimulants were applied, but ineffectually. Mrs. Thoroton was informed of this unexpected change, and hurrying to the place, arrived just in time to see her husband expire, —Saul's victim to the last!

Chapter the Forty-sixth.

SHOWS HOW MRS. THOROTON DETERMINED TO RE-ESTABLISH HERSELF IN THE GOOD OPINION OF HER SISTER, AND WHAT CAME OF IT.

And now she was a widow; stripped of the wealth she had once enjoyed, and without a single soul whom she could truly term *friend*—unless, indeed, that excellent sister whose confidence she had so abused might yet be considered as such. And what hope now remained of that? None—less, indeed, than none, for the greater certainty seemed to be that she must, according to the common nature of humanity, become her hater and her enemy. The spirit of forgiveness sweeps over an almost boundless sphere, when the heart that it makes its home is poised aright, and vibrates—as the true heart should—between the mercy above us and the deep necessities below; but yet it could not be believed that the Lady Lavinia would any more be to the widowed Clarice as a sister or a friend. That were, indeed, to stretch the quality of forgiveness almost beyond human power; since to forgive truly is never to remember with regret or pain. And how could the Lady of Woodhouselee do that? Impossible! For, whatever the will may be, there are circumstances which occasionally arise between one human creature and another so heinous in themselves, so "gross in nature," as to defy the teachings of reconcilement, even upon the grounds of justice.

Between her sorrow over the dreadful events that had happened, and the bitter consciousness of her abandoned and hopeless position, Mrs. Thoroton had much ado for awhile to sustain that life which was now become but a continuance of punishment, an unbroken chain of suffering, the prospective end of which was lost in that dreadful gloom from which the soul shrinks affrighted, and which peoples the wandering brain with images of horror only, and fear of the punishment eternal. Could she have had a comforter, a special pleader to varnish sin, take the weight from guilty actions, and mould falsehood into the outward form of truth, then might her condition have become more endurable. But she had none now her husband was gone, and vice without sanction, sin without society—with nothing like itself to keep it in countenance—is assuredly the truest type in this world of the fiery reality to come.

Notwithstanding this misery, which bore less of the character of repentance than of the fruit of disappointment and defeat, Mrs. Thoroton had not lost her cunning and hypocrisy. For when these moral weeds have once been nourished, though they turn the garden of the soul into a desert, and bring its owner to despair, yet they defy even then all efforts to eradicate them. Like the roots that have clasped a stone, they can only be disengaged by the destruction of the thing about which they have grown. And as one evil almost inevitably precipitates another and Mrs. Thoroton considered her case otherwise totally hopeless, she at length resolved to regain, if possible, the lost esteem of her sister by similar

means (though differently employed), to those which she had used in the first instance, and by which her present necessity had mainly been brought about. It was a reckless and desperate stroke, but no other appeared now remaining for her to make with any chance of success.

Accordingly, not twenty-four hours had elapsed after the death of her husband, before Mrs. Thoroton appeared at the town residence of her sister, for the first time these many months; so many, that they marked a serious separation, and spoke of a division too wide, perhaps, ever to be wholly obliterated. She was coldly conducted by one of the servants into an apartment, where she sat many minutes—to her each one seeming like an hour—before any one came to visit her. She felt herself like an unwelcome and neglected stranger, under a roof where her presence was not wanted; not as one sister ought to feel under another's roof. This increased the bitterness of her grief, and caused her to sob convulsively aloud even while alone.

At length the door was thrown open by a servant, and the Lady Lavinia walked majestically forward. Her countenance, though yet beautiful, was sad, and care-worn, and stern. She looked the picture of Justice, when firmly, yet reluctantly, about to use her keenest sword.

"Oh, my dearest sister!" shrieked, more than spoke, Mrs. Thoroton, as she rose in an attitude as though she would have fallen upon that lady's neck. But the latter shrunk from her touch, as from that of something polluted, and exclaimed, in a chilling tone of rebuke,

"Clarice! I am indeed astonished to see you here. At this time, under these circumstances, how could it have been supposed that you would ever ask, or venture, nay, *dare* to look me in the face again? Rather should I have expected that you would for ever have avoided one whom you had so deeply, so irretrievably injured; and have retired to some remote and unknown place, where the last remnant of your life might be spent in profitable reflection and undisturbed repentance, over your most base dissimulation, and, to me, unpardonable crimes."

"You will forgive me, sister, you will, when you know the truth—it was not my fault—it was not, indeed! My husband did all the wrong himself, and, by the most horrible threats, compelled me to be silent."

"Nay," replied Lavinia, "attribute it not all to your husband; he is gone, and cannot answer for himself; but such an impeachment of the dead only aggravates your offences: the wrong cannot all have been with him, and none with you—"

"It was—it was, indeed!"

"Better not assert it, Clarice. You will gain no credit with your fellow-creatures; and how Heaven may judge such blindness, I leave to your own conscience to feel."

"Oh," exclaimed Mrs. Thoroton, in an affected agony, "that Heaven would judge me now, openly before you, and then you would know my innocence!"

"Horrible!—most dreadful! I cannot endure this frightful falsehood," said Lavinia; "if you have lost all respect for yourself in this world, at least, Clarice, at least have some consideration, some pity for your immortal soul. Knowing, beyond all doubt, what I now do—for the woman Agatha has discovered every thing—these protestations are frightful and terrible to me. Do not persist in them, or they may call

down some fierce judgment which you do not perhaps believe in nor expect."

"I have no fear," replied Clarice. "I am innocent of all that is attributed to me—I am, as truly as I speak."

The Lady of Woodhouselee felt that her conviction of her sister's criminality was beginning to be shaken, for she could not wholly believe in the existence of a deliberate solemn liar—a falsifier in the name of the Great Eternal, who knoweth all things, and the secrets of all hearts.

"Can you, Clarice," said Lavinia, in a voice that, for the first time during this interview, betrayed some tender emotion, "can you truly look me in the face—remember the past for many years—recall your own actions respecting my blessed child, who is now miraculously restored to me, and call sincerely on God to witness that you have been to me as a sister ought to have been, and that you are free of guilt in this matter? Take heed of this, I do not ask you to do this—Heaven forbid I should become my sister's tempter!—but, tell me, can you, if you think upon the peril of your soul, do such a solemn act of denial?"

"And if I do," replied Mrs. Thoroton, "am I to be believed?"

"We must not lose and abandon all faith in one another," responded Lavinia, "and solemn human testimony ought to be received. I cannot refuse to believe you, at least, far less guilty than I have been led to believe."

"Bring me a Bible," said Clarice, with deeper dissimulation than one-half mankind could suppose possible amongst the other, "and let me not only call God to witness the truth of what I say, but let me say it with His holy Word in my hands, that my sister may hear and believe."

"Nay, there is no need for that," replied Lavinia; "the absence of the Word cannot weaken the ear of God himself."

"I had rather," answered Clarice, as she rose to take up from an adjoining table a small volume, the form and emblazonry of which at once declared its sacred character. "This is the blessed book—my present witness to testify to the Witness Unseen, that what I shall utter to you, dear sister, is of the truth. And here, as I hold this holy volume in my hand; now, as I speak before Him who shall be my judge to all eternity at the last day, I testify and swear that I have never had a willing hand in any mischief towards either my beloved sister Lavinia, or her son who was her first and last born. But I vow that my husband—now in his grave—was the sole instigator—"

Mrs. Thoroton felt a little choking in the throat, and her eyes wandered from the face of her sister, but she recovered that, and continued,—

"The sole instigator and perpetrator of all the evil with which wicked tongues have charged me individually. And if I have uttered falsehood, like the wife of Ananias, may the visitation of Heaven—"

"Hush! peace!" exclaimed Lavinia, as the tears burst from her eyes, "say no more; do not such a crime as will call for judgment here!"

But lo! her reproof and check were needless. Mrs. Thoroton could not speak again! Her eyes assumed a strange demoniacal expression; her face became convulsed, and drawn on one side into frightful distortion; her whole body on the same side was paralysed, and in terror and agony, as well as because half her limbs had become useless, she fell like a dead weight to the floor.

Horrified beyond the possession of reason at this direct vision of the eternal judgments, Lady Lavinia shrieked piercingly and wildly, and sank insensible upon the couch which she had occupied. Almost instantly the door flew open and servants entered, followed by Mr. Sandhill, Mr. Hollis, and Miss Sylverthorne, whom the Lady of Woodhouselee had so recently left assembled in another room, while she retired to have this fearful interview with her sister.

Mrs. Thoroton was sensible though helpless. The use of one side was gone, and her articulation so nearly destroyed, that scarcely more than one description of sound remained in her power to make, and even that one seemed to render her visitation the more awful, for whenever she emitted it, it took harshly the sound of the word *liar*—and "liar, liar, liar," served to signify all and every thing that she struggled to make heard.

Along with all this horror, her features never resumed their natural form and position. Altogether, the miserable, wretched, and lost woman presented a spectacle which turned momentarily the blood of every beholder cold.

She was raised from the ground and carried to a bed, while the nearest physician received a summons to attend upon her. Meanwhile, the attentions of Miss Sylverthorne restored Lady Lavinia to her consciousness, when she cried, in the deepest agony,—

"My poor sister! my unhappy sister! What has befallen her? Is she dead? But I dare not think of it,—not of her being dead! Oh, no!—it would be too dreadful!"

"She is very ill, my dear friend," said the sweet, calm voice of Miss Sylverthorne; "very ill, but not near death. Mr. Sandhill has sent for a physician, who will be here immediately. But what shall we say to him when he comes? We are ignorant of the cause of all this; and he will certainly ask questions."

"Say my sister has had a paralytic seizure, and the fright made me faint; but say no more. He must know the cause himself, or find it out; for there was something, my dear, which preceded it, that I can never tell to a living soul. So ask me no questions—no questions."

When the physician arrived, and beheld the shocking figure of Mrs. Thoroton, he at once pronounced her case hopeless as respected a cure; and added, that a second attack would certainly terminate her sufferings. When such might occur was uncertain, but the event itself was inevitable.

In vain, on the recovery of the Lady of Woodhouselee, did Mr. Sandhill and Mr. Hollis (who had some time previously been received as her son, in form) endeavour to get to the bottom of this mysterious occurrence. True to her sister in this pitiable situation, and conscious that no good could ever come of an explanation of the fearful prelude to this tragic incident, Lavinia abstained from all disclosures connected with it; nor were the literal facts of the case ever known until the period of her own death some years afterwards, when, upon her dying pillow, she revealed them to her happily-restored son.

To return to Mrs. Thoroton, however, and briefly relate the sequel of her sad history.

Having so far recovered the first effects of the shock as to be safely capable of removal, she sufficiently explained by her signs her desire to be taken to her own house on the Hampstead-road. The request was instantly complied with; for all under the roof, which then sheltered her,

felt as though some preternatural being was about the place while she remained, and gladly heard of the hour of her departure. But she wished to see her sister again before she went; a sad request, which that lady knew not how either to grant or to deny. Lavinia dreaded the very idea of beholding her, even once again. And yet she wept over the seeming cruelty of refusing that, perhaps, last request, of a wretched and condemned being, who no longer could excite in her bosom any severer feelings than those of pity. She felt that it would be a terrible trial, but duty and humanity appeared to require it at her hands, and she resolved to undergo it at the risk of any suffering.

The Lady of Woodhouselee advanced alone to the room where her sister lay; and, on entering it, placed her left hand over her eyes, and extended the other towards the bed. She saw not the being before her, but she heard that unnatural piercing sound, and trembled as with an ague.

"Clarice!" said she, half chokingly, "you can understand me?"

Again that fearful voice was heard, uncontrollably articulating the no less fearful one word—if word it could be called—that now alone remained upon her tongue of a whole language.

"I have come to tell you I forgive you all, from my very heart's core. My grief is beyond expression, and I pray Heaven to help you in this frightful extremity. Take my hand, but pardon me if I dare not look at you."

Mrs. Thoroton extended her left arm, which was the only one of which the use remained; but instead of taking the hand her sister offered, she violently snatched hold of that which shaded her eyes, and tearing it down, caused Lavinia to look at her involuntarily. The effect of this unexpected movement rivetted Lavinia for a moment or two to the spot. And the two sisters gazed at each other as though by the power of fascination—one of fear and terror, the other of gratitude too overwhelming to satiate itself. In the next minute the Lady of Woodhouselee violently extricated herself from the grasp that had held her, and with strength given her for the occasion, rushed out of the chamber, but then would have fallen at the door had not Miss Sylverthorne caught her in her arms.

Mrs. Thoroton was taken home in a coach, and from that time the two sisters never saw each other more. It was their last interview in fact, but an enduring one in memory to her who most deserved to have forgotten it.

Notwithstanding this final separation, the good Lady Lavinia took especial care that her unworthy sister wanted for no attentions that this world could bestow, to ameliorate her wretched condition, and reconcile her to herself. And much did she stand in need of such a supporter; for having once seen her own countenance in the glass, she was seized with such horror and remorse, that she confined herself to two rooms, one within the other, during the remaining portion of her weary life. She had one woman as a constant and sole attendant; but forbade any of the other servants ever to look at her, even if they should meet her by accident, on pain of instant dismissal. So that the singular social phenomenon occurred in that unhappy house of servants remaining for years without ever seeing their mistress from the beginning to the end of their stay.

Thus then lived Mrs. Thoroton, banished from her family, frightful to her fellow-creatures, obnoxious to herself, and a living mystery of sin upon the tongue of common fame.

Chapter the Forty-Seventh.

CONCLUDES THE STORY OF MR. HOLLIS—SHOWS THE FINAL SUCCESS OF SAUL—AND WINDS UP OUR HISTORY WITH AN ACCOUNT OF LAUNCELOT'S LAST WHIMSICAL ADVENTURE.

The meeting which we have alluded to as having already taken place between the Lady Lavinia and her son, had been so arranged and brought about by the skilful judgment and keen perception of Mr. Sandhill, as to produce the least possible excitement on either side. By gradual communications and gentle allusions, and well-timed delays, he prepared the minds of both to meet, with comparative calmness, that otherwise too affecting moment, when the patroness of the poor artist should be lost in the mother, and the grateful recipient of that generous patronage be exalted to the blessings and dignities of such a mother's son.

Notwithstanding all this preparatory care and precaution, it proved a strange admixture of joy and sorrow, that meeting. Joy at the unexpected brightness of the present and the future, and the lingering regret over the miseries and sufferings of the past. For though we may distinctly admit the literal truth of that philosophical remark which is ever on the lips of the common comforters of society, "that it is of no use to sorrow over what is past and irremediable," yet nature regards something else besides mere utility; and in the comprehensiveness of her feelings and her benevolence sighs over pains gone by, even while she admits that sighing is no remedy. But sorrow over the past is sympathy *with* the past; and they who feel it not, can have but little sympathy with either the present or the future. Such philosophy is calculated to beget indifference only; and such indifference is opposed to the first and finest principles of our nature. It is useless to regret the past! Why, true, so far as the past is concerned, but untrue with reference to the now-time and the time to come. Repentance itself is sorrow for the past; but at the same time it is that dawn of the present which promises noon-day glory coming.

And so the Lady Lavinia and her son spent many serious hours together, hours that heard many heart-heavings, and saw many tears. But they were sighs and tears which, like quiet winds and rain drops upon a waste of flowers, only made the sweetness of the charm more perfect.

Innumerable were the plans and projects marked out by the good lady to promote the happiness of her restored child; it seemed as though his past endurances were only to be atoned for by continual attentions, and countless efforts to render every object of his life agreeable. He could express no wish that was denied, or scarcely form one that, in some degree, had not been anticipated.

Meanwhile, Mr. Sandhill had taken all necessary steps to effect those legal arrangements which were needful to secure Mr. Hollis in his new position, and restore him to the possession of the family name. So that, in due time, he was invested with that of his deceased father; and, as Sir Stephen Woodhouselee, took possession of the whole heritable estates. He did not, however, abandon the profession he had chosen, and for which Nature had so especially designed him; it was a part of his very life, and as necessary to a happy existence, as food for the support of that existence itself. He laboured as assiduously as ever, though with far greater pleasure, being free from the frightful presence of that dire

spectre of want, which too often terrifies the poor man of genius from the pursuit of the highest branches of his art, and bends the angel of intellect to the ordinary drudgery of a common man, or else denies him daily bread. They are wretched and mischievous philosophers who contend, that genius best flourishes under necessitous and difficult circumstances; and may be held upon a par, in the intellectual world, with the gardener, who, in the physical, should plant his most delicate and beautiful flowers in sand, and his tenderest trees upon a rock. Yet this miserable, drivelling falsehood has become remarkably prevalent of late, and been industriously propagated by many—especially by certain Scotch writers—who ought to have known better. The reason, however, is evident. This oppression and crushing of genius, under the flimsy pretext of extracting more of its sweets, serves at once to cover a multitude of "sins of omission," which the multitude perpetrate against genius, and also to save in its full and plump integrity that visible idol of popular worship, *the pocket*. Because genius will produce under misfortune and misery, *therefore* misfortune and misery form the best compost in which to plant it. Just as, by parity of reasoning, because a wild songster of the forest will sing his notes in captivity, therefore the cage, the sand, and the prisoner's allowance of food and water, constitute the best means of making him sing. Admirable reasoning, and well worthy this selfish, avaricious age! As though peace of mind, and freedom from the paltriest of anxieties,—those which regard merely how we shall subsist from week to week,—did not leave both heart and intellect more free to disport in the regions of imaginative happiness, than the continual gnawing fear of coming to want, and the crushing mental consciousness of being unappreciated by one's fellow-creatures!

But of this, enough. Sir Stephen Woodhouselee sufficiently proved the utter fallacy of this pitiable fustian, when, in his own person, he experienced the delight of being placed beyond worldly care. His pencils became dipped in light, rather than in gloom, and a new and brighter spirit appeared to control the creations of his inventive fancy. The stimulus which dullards, and they alone, seem to require,—that of bodily requirements and love of money,—was needless to him. He knew there was pleasure enough in creating beauty for beauty's sake alone; just as there is in truth-telling, solely for the love of truth. But the mob cannot yet understand this; it sees only one mainspring of human actions, and that the worst — love of money. Wealth! wealth! wealth! A sad plague; but one, the progress of which the rod of Moses himself could not arrest.

It will excite no surprise in the reader when he is informed that, precisely in character with what might be supposed from the preceding observations, the elevation of Sir Stephen to wealth and dignity had the natural effect of improving his pictures very materially in the eyes of the common multitude of gazers; and many were included in that category, whom we should little have expected to see there. There was a consequence, an ideal importance, now attached to his works, which before they wanted. The beauties of Sir Stephen far outshone the beauties of Mr. Hollis; because, in the one case, there was a comparatively great man to please, and in the other, only a little and insignificant man, about whom every body was indifferent. But such is man, the world over;—consistent, discerning, reasoning man! The fool of his own devices,—the worshipper of riches and titles of his own making!

And now, having traced our hero thus far, but one little matter remains to be related concerning him, in order to complete—as is commonly supposed—his happiness.

Although our painters had not, in that day, dreamed of the establishment of art-unions as a means of promoting their comforts, Sir Stephen Woodhouselee resolved to establish a heart-union of his own, upon a somewhat different principle. He determined to get married. And as Miss Christabel Sylverthorne had long previously anticipated that such an event would, in all human probability, some day come to pass,—since Sir Stephen had, upon various solemn occasions, hinted as much within her timid hearing,—she was not greatly surprised on being lovingly requested by him, to grant him the favour of allowing herself to be conducted to the altar of the old church near the Hall, there to become Lady Woodhouselee. And grant it she did, of course; for she would have done the same, had he still remained the poor artist that he was, when first their acquaintance began. So the old Hall underwent a thorough renovation and repair;—not a tasteless patching with modern stuff upon an antique fabric, but rather a sort of revivification of glories long since faded; and in due season the village bells announced to the country round, that a baronet and his lady, of the right old family of the Woodhouselees, were come again to reign in all the gentleness of charity and peace amongst them.

Truly enough has it been said, that man proposes, but Heaven disposes. Nine months had not elapsed after the event just now recorded, when the same village-bell again was heard over the surrounding country, as before; but this time it swung gloomily and at intervals,—tolling for sorrow over one of the twain whom so lately it had welcomed with the sharp, quick sounds of rejoicing. The new-made bride was dead, and about to be carried into the bosom of the earth. She had been carried off by a rapid fever; and her husband was even now lying in a state of uncertainty as to life or death, from the same cause. But the scythe of destruction was whetted; and Death, like a strong mower, when the harvest is ripe, left not the field after one stroke alone. Seven days afterwards, and the new heir of Woodhouselee was no more. Nor was even this all. The now doubly widowed mother, the Lady Lavinia, soon began to sink under these dreadful visitations; and before the year of marriage was out, she, too, laid down her burden at the feet of Time.

And after that, there were many claims upon the property, and many heirs and pretended heirs, and much passionate litigation. Nobody read aright the plain lesson written up in the premature fate of the last possessor. All were for this world, and could see this world alone. So, in the end, and to satisfy many equal, though remote, claims, the estate was offered for sale.

On the day of the auction, a tall, gaunt, sallow-looking man, accompanied by a lady richly dressed, drove into the village, and attracted considerable observation. Some old people fancied they had seen him before, and especially the grandmother at the inn, but could not call to mind when and on what occasion. However he made inquiries about the estate of Woodhouselee, employed an agent to go over it with him, and estimate its value; and when the sale took place he was amongst the crowd, and bid for it. His chief opponent was old Squire Forrest, who

had made up his mind to become the purchaser, even if at a higher sum than its estimated value. But the tall stranger outbid him every time. Old Mr. Forrest began to exhibit considerable petulance of manner at the opposition he experienced, when Saul, for he it was, turned towards him with a bitter and sarcastic expression of countenance, and remarked,

"If you had desired the estate for your son Robert, Mr. Forrest, I might not have opposed you. But as it is, I guess he is contented with less ground."

The old man was cut to the quick by this ferocious allusion, but returned no answer; he did not even know who he was that so addressed him.

Finally, the estate was knocked down to Saul Le Blanc. When he heard the words which made it his, he smiled grimly as he turned to his daughter Agatha, and whispered,

"There! It is done. Did I not tell you years ago, that if Woodhouselee did not become mine in the end, there was no truth in my faith?"

Agatha looked into her father's face, and turned pale: all eyes saw that, but knew not the cause, for no ear save her own had caught that mysterious reminiscence.

Had not the character of Le Blanc been that of stern unchangeableness, and his heart as impenetrable as flint, he could not have enjoyed the final object of his ambition even when attained, considering the means he had employed, and the various wretched associations connected with its history. But he was a man upon whom remorse never had power, and who was never known to express regret over any action of his life. His nerve was as of iron, and his determination and self-possession as unshaken to the last as a decree of fate.

Materially otherwise, however, was it with his daughter Agatha. All the acts of deepest charity, the penances and devotions of her remaining life, appeared inadequate to her restoration to what the world considers individual happiness. Her time was wholly employed in the practice and pursuit of good; and yet she possessed so little of the power of a self-excuser that to the last hour of her life she felt only error and sin within herself, and built her hope for the future solely upon faith and mercy.

It now only remains to be recorded respecting the sage Gabriel Widge and his clever son Launcelot, that the former discovered, when too late, the folly of attempting to manufacture ability through the agency of mere education; while the latter concluded his glorious career exactly where that of his natural as well as professional contrast, Mr. Hollis, began. In other words, Launcelot eventually declared that the arts were so wretchedly encouraged in England as to offer no inducement to clever fellows like himself to pursue them as a means of subsistence; and, therefore, he resolved to paint no more portraits, though he did not form that strong resolution until his sitters had almost altogether forsaken him.

Before things had come to this crisis, however, he had tried, without adequate success, that last refuge for the mediocre geniuses in art—itinerant portrait painting, at so much, in such a style; the said style being of a peculiar composite order, made up of wiry outlines, blue coats, and brickdust-coloured flesh. In the tasteful city of Bath he might have enjoyed a chance of succeeding had not the place happened, as it did, to be

pre-occupied by a fellow of exactly his own stamp, an unsuccessful student of the Academy, named Wickens, who monopolised the practice of the city in painting *signs* for hanging upon the insides instead of the outsides of the houses of its inhabitants. Of this fact, however, Mr. Widge (who calculated upon Bath as a sure spot for practice), was altogether ignorant, until some time after he had announced, through the medium of the newspapers, the important circumstance of his own arrival upon professional duties. Then it was that Wickens, a sour, bad-tempered, and miserably jealous bit of humanity, sent to Mr. Widge, whom he had the assurance to consider as his rival, an ill-written, mis-spelled, and otherwise ungrammatical note, in which he informed Launcelot that he himself (the writer) had the distinguished honour of enjoying the patronage of the city, and consequently it would only be a waste of time and loss of money on the part of Mr. Widge to attempt to do any thing in, as the note expressed it, "a region which Mr. Wickens considers his own particular sphere."

"Why, the impudent dog," thought Launcy, "talks as though Bath were his own kennel, and no other had a right to enter into it. He deserves a kicking, and he shall have one. This piece of insolence is unexampled."

So, on the following morning, Launcelot, armed with a common schoolmaster's cane by way of walking-stick, and highly primed with the explosive powder of professional indignation, sought out Wickens's lodgings. And yet, as we have proved on a former occasion, Mr. Launcelot was an errant coward at bottom, though amply clothed outside with furious bluster and superficial fierceness. In those respects, however, he was, as far as possible, outdone by his unsuspecting antagonist, Wickens, than whom, in reality, a more pitiable coward never sneaked before his fellow-man, if, indeed, any man could honestly deserve to be considered the "fellow" of such a deplorable poltroon. The latter, however, whose vanity never allowed him to see his own blunders, no sooner beheld the swaggering figure of Mr. Widge at his door, than he took for granted that the gentleman had of course come to consult about a portrait; and therefore, without allowing time for explanation, launched out in a strain of the most fulsome and disgusting flattery, upon the subject of Mr. Widge's fine head, and beautiful hair, for a picture. This nauseous torrent Mr. Launcelot put a stop to, by demanding of the self-sufficient dauber, whether a fresh artist had not recently arrived in Bath, who—begging Mr. Wickens's pardon—was generally admitted to be much superior to Mr. Wickens himself.

"Superior to me, sir!" exclaimed the last-named disciple of the brush; "impossible—preposterous, sir. Only see his pictures—"

"I *have* seen them," said Launcelot.

"Then, sir, you must be satisfied that he is a miserable hand."

"Is he?" exclaimed Launce, wrathfully. "A miserable hand you think him, do you?"

"Well, sir, I rather thought so, sir," responded Wickens, somewhat timidly; for he did not half like his customer's manner, and began to feel much terror from his own fears.

"Oh, you rather thought so! very well; and what do you rather think now, you miserable, slanderous rascal; now you know that *I* am that same artist?—my name is WIDGE. And you have had the brazen folly to send me this heap of impudence and ignorance."

And at the same moment Wickens found his own letter to Launcy skimmed violently into his face, and beheld a stout arm uplifted with a cane at the end of it, ready to descend upon his shoulders. Luckily for the poor culprit, the door of his room opened back into, or rather across, a corner, so as to form, when put to the wall, a triangular retreat, like a spontaneous corner cupboard. Wickens knew of this, having tried it before, and instantly seizing the door-handle in his hand, hopped with amazing agility behind it, and drawing it closely up after him, had disappeared no less dexterously than Zamiel, in "Der Freischutz," vanished through a stage-trap. Widge stood astonished at the moment, and strove to pull the door back, but Wickens's dreadful alarm supplied him with so much strength, to act rather on the protective than the defensive, that he really was as fast and secure as if locked up in a chest. And as he began also to sing out lustily for assistance, and Widge dreaded the idea of being caught in the fact of committing an assault, the latter rapidly dropped down stairs, and streamed away along the streets before his footsteps could be pursued.

Meanwhile, Wickens heard his antagonist depart, and cautiously ventured to peep, and then to come out from his hiding-place. Finding the coast clear, his fury now knew no bounds, he stamped and swore, knocked down a bottle of turpentine, burst a bladder of paint, and vowed nothing less than annihilation against Launcelot Widge. But hearing feet upon the stairs, and seeing in the looking-glass that he looked alarmingly white, he hastily touched up his cheeks with a little vermilion in order to prove that he was not frightened, and had scarcely finished the operation when his landlord entered to know what was the matter.

"What matter, indeed!" said Wickens, "you may well ask what's the matter. I have had a desperate battle, that's all the matter. Did you not hear a man cry out?"

"I heard your voice calling for help," observed Bobbleby, the landlord.

"Oh, no!—pooh, pooh—you are mistaken. It was the other man—a fellow—that new artist as he calls himself—came here and quarrelled with me—insulted me infamously—and we fought, of course. He's broke that bottle and smashed that bladder in the struggle; but you may depend upon it, Mr. Bobbleby, he won't come here again in a hurry. My face feels as red as fire with nothing but the exertion."

"It *is* uncommon red," remarked Bobbleby, "and yet, Mr. Wickens, you seem to be all of a shake; but that's owing to the exertion as well, I suppose?"

"It is," replied Wickens, "it has made me quite nervous. But I've thrashed my man in style, I can assure you, and so far that is satisfactory."

And thus did this heroic portrait-painter pocket the insult he had suffered, in order to prevent any further exposure of his cowardice and falsehood; while Launcelot, who felt, when his passion was abated, that he ran some risk of having either a magistrate's warrant issued against him, or of the commencement of an action for assault and battery, packed up his goods in all haste, and that same night took coach to London.

Finally, he converted himself into an ornamental house-painter and decorator and, having entered into partnership with his old friend Stretcher, carried on a profitable and useful business to the end of his days.

END OF "LAUNCELOT WIDGE" AND OF VOL. XII.